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# SOUTHERN
# Historical Society Papers.

## VOLUME XXXVII.

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# ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA.

At page 97, commencing with the fifteenth line from the bottom, should read "*cut the Pennsylvania Railroad, lay Lancaster under contribution, and attack Harrisonburg from the rear, expecting the balance of the.*"

Page 101, sixth line from the top, for *the* read *and* General.

Page 105, in the ninth line from the top, insert *in* before his book.

Page 107, in the fourteenth line from the top, for *countermarch* read *countermarched.*

Page 108, in the sixteenth line from the top, for *Heath* read *Heth.*

Page 114. The quotation marks should be after *proportion*, on first line at top, and none at end of paragraph.

Page 115, tenth line from the bottom, for *Heath* read *Heth.*

Page 123. The quotation commencing on the ninth line from the top should end on the tenth line after the word *to-morrow.*

Page 139, in the seventh line from the bottom, for *it* read *and.*

Page 142, in the twelfth line from the top, for *valet* read *servant;* in the fifteenth line for *duly* read *dimly*, and in the twenty-sixth line for *blackened* read *blackness.*

Page 144. The signature should be David *Gregg* McIntosh.

Southern Historical Society Papers.

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# WORK OF THE ORDNANCE BUREAU

## Of the War Department of the Confederate States, 1861-5.

**By J. W. MALLET, ex-Lieut. Col. of Artillery and Superintendent of Confederate States Ordnance Laboratories.**

President Jefferson Davis bluntly stated the truth when he wrote that "it soon became evident to all that the South had gone to war without counting the cost. Our chief difficulty was the want of arms and munitions of war."

In the interval between the election and the inauguration of President Lincoln, when one Southern State after another was withdrawing from the Union, men's minds were full of rapidly passing political events, and much doubt was felt as to whether there would be a war; certainly but few looked forward to war on so great a scale, or to be waged for so many years, as actually took place.

As soon as it became clear to the authorities of the newly established Confederate States' government that an armed conflict was inevitable, they must have been alarmed at the terrible lack of material preparation for it at the South. In the arsenals of the United States within Confederate limits there were 120,000 muskets (for the most part altered from flint-lock to percussion), besides some 12,000 or 15,000 rifles, and with some arms belonging to the individual States, it may be set down that about 150,000 serviceable fire-arms for infantry were available.

There were a considerable number of heavy sea-coast guns at the fortified sea ports, and others were seized on board men-of-war at Norfolk and among the stores of the Norfolk navy yard. But there was no serviceable field artillery except a few old iron guns of 1812 and a few more modern pieces belonging to the States. There was scarcely any gun powder save 60,000 pounds, mainly old cannon powder, at Norfolk. And there were practically no arms for cavalry, no fixed ammunition nor percussion caps, no accoutrements—cartridge boxes, knapsacks, haversacks, etc.—no saddles and bridles, no artillery harness, no adequate stores of shoes, nor of horse-shoes, nor provision of the many minor articles of equipment required by an army in the field. Of special machinery for ordinance use there was none save that for the manufacture of small arms at Harper's Ferry. This was saved, though somewhat damaged by fire, when the armory was abandoned by the U. S. officers in charge; this machinery was removed to Richmond, Va., and Fayetteville, N. C., where it was set up and operated. At first, all arms and ordinance supplies of the United States were claimed by the several seceding States, in which they were found, and no little delay was caused by the necessity for negotiating their transfer to the custody of the Confederacy.

The first steps towards provision for ordnance needs were taken by the Confederate government while it was still at Montgomery, Ala. Col. (afterwards Genl.) Josiah Gorgas, who had been an ordnance officer in the U. S. army, was commissioned as Chief of the Ordnance Bureau, and near the end of February, 1861, Capt. (afterwards Admiral) Raphael Semmes was sent to New York and Maj. (afterwards Lieut.-Col.) Caleb Huse to London with instructions to buy arms, gun powder and munitions. For a few weeks the supplies bought by Capt. Semmes came South through the as yet unbroken channels of commerce, but naturally this very soon ceased, before any important results had been attained. Maj. Huse found no very large supplies upon the European market, and for the most part, had to make contract for future delivery; but by December, 1861, he had sent over many thousand stand of modern rifled muskets, which, with other supplies, were got safely through the Federal blockade, and thereafter he remained at his post up to the close of the war, his shipments being of incalculable value all through 1862, '63 and '64. Originally furnished with a credit of £10,000 only, he very soon made contracts to the extent of nearly fifty times that sum.

The seat of the Confederate government having been moved to Richmond, Col. Gorgas was, in the spring of 1861, busily engaged in organizing his work and arranging for the ordnance demands of the large forces which were being rapidly mustered into service. He had to look to three sources of supply: arms, etc., already on hand, importation from abroad and manufacture within the bounds of the Confederacy.

The arms already on hand came forward chiefly in the hands of the men who first volunteered and were equipped as far as possible by the States from which the regiment came. In response to a call for private arms, a good many thousand shot guns and old sporting rifles were turned in, and served to some extent to satisfy the impatience of men eager to take the field until better provision could be made for them, or they provided for themselves on some of the battle fields of the early part of the war.

The importation of arms and ordnance supplies of all kinds from Europe through the blockade soon assumed great importance. Maj. T. L. Bayne was put in special charge at Richmond of this branch of the service, agencies were established at Bermuda, Nassau and Havana to manage it, and gradually the purchase was made of a number of steamers specially suited to blockade running, the R. E. Lee, Lady Davis, Eugenia, Stag, etc., which brought, chiefly to Wilmington and Charleston, stores for which there was the most urgent need, and took out cargoes of cotton in payment, which were almost as eagerly desired in Europe. Most of the mercury used in the early part of the war for making the fulminating mercury of percussion caps was obtained from Mexico, and after the "Trans-Mississippi" region had become isolated from the rest of the Confederacy and had in the main to look out for its own supplies, much material of various kinds was obtained from Mexican sources across the Rio Grande, though the long distances to be covered without railroads seriously limited this traffic. Until a short time before the fall of Fort Fisher, (in January, 1865) which, under the gallant Col. Wm. Lamb, defended Wilmington, blockade running continued to be of untold importance.

In arranging for the manufacture of arms and munitions at home, there were set on foot establishments of two different kinds—those which are intended to be permanent, built and equipped for their special purpose and intended to concentrate work on a large scale—and those of a more temporary character, capable of yielding results in the shortest time, and intended to meet the immediate demands of the war with such resources as the country then afforded.

The first of the permanent works undertaken was a first class powder mill, the erection and equipment of which were placed in charge of Col. G. W. Rains, of North Carolina, who had been an officer of the U. S. regular army, and was a most accomplished and energetic man. The site selected was a large piece of land on the line of the canal at Augusta, Ga., where work was begun in September, 1861. All of the massive machinery was constructed in the Confederate States, the largest parts, the heavy incorporating rollers and pans, being made at the Tredegar Works at Richmond. Powder began to be produced in April, 1862, and the works continued in successful operation up to the end of the war, furnishing all the gunpowder needed, and of the very best quality. The statement may seem startling in view of the difficulties under which this establishment was built up. but it is no exageration to say that it was amongst the finest and most efficient powder mills in the world at the time, if not the very best in existence. The erection of a central ordnance laboratory for the production of artillery and small arms ammunition and the innumerable minor articles of ordnance equipment was decided upon in September, 1862, and placed in my charge, and work was begun a few weeks later. A tract of about 145 acres was purchased near Macon, Ga., and enclosed, a branch track was run out from the Macon and Western R. R., and the erection of buildings begun. The line of the three main buildings, connected with each other, had a frontage of about 1,200 feet, the middle building being about 600 feet long. The design which I prepared for the establishment, and which was approved by Col. Gorgas, included about 40 other detached buildings. The main buildings were practically complete at the close of the war, and some of the smaller ones has been begun. All of the brick was made at a yard which I opened at another point near Macon. Orders were sent to England for a large and various assortment of special machinery for making percussion caps, friction primers, pressed bullets, etc., etc., and for several large steam engines to furnish motive power. A large instalment of this machinery, including the largest pair of engines, had reached Bermuda when blockade running practically came to an end, near the close of the war.

The third permanent establishment projected was a large central armory, which was to be equipped with a thoroughly modern plant of machinery for making small arms, and to which would have been removed the machinery temporarily in operation at Richmond and Fayetteville. This was put in charge of Lieut.-Col. J. H. Burton, who had had experience at the government factory at Enfield, in England. It was determined to place this armory also at Macon, Ga., where one of the temporary arsenals had already been established. The buildings were begun in 1863, and they were pushed forward, but they were not nearly as far advanced as those of the laboratory when arrested by the end of the war. Col. Burton went abroad to contract for the necessary machinery, chiefly with the firm of Greenwood & Batley, at Leeds, England, and a good deal of work had been done towards filling the large contracts.

The work of preparing ordnance supplies for the immediate demands of the armies in the field had to be scattered at a number of different places throughout the South. The railroads were not very amply equipped at the outbreak of the war, and were grievously over-burdened in operation, so that it would have been impossible to transport material to any single point from great distances or to secure like transportation over long lines for finished products. It was, moreover, uncertain how far any particular place could be counted upon as secure from molestation by the enemy. And there was not time for the removal of machinery and appliances from the places at which they were to be found. Hence the various temporary ordnance works grew up about existing foundries, machine shops, railroad repair shops, etc., and at the few small U. S. arsenals and ordnance depots. The chief of these in the early part of the war were at Richmond, Va., Fayetteville, N. C., Charleston, S. C., Augusta, Savannah and Macon, Ga., Nashville and Memphis, Tenn., Mount Vernon and Montgomery, Ala., New Orleans and Baton Rouge, La., Little Rock, Ark., and San Antonio, Tex. The events of the war before long compelled the abandonment of some of these, New Orleans and Nashville being the most important, and from time to time others were added to the list, as, for instance, Columbia, S. C., Atlanta and Columbus, Ga., Selma, Ala., and Jackson, Miss. Of these latter places Atlanta and Selma became most important. At these various places different lines of work were specially pushed as local facilities made feasible. Heavy artillery was at first turned out only at Richmond, though later it was produced handsomely at Selma, first in conjunction with the navy ordnance officers and afterwards by them alone. Field artillery was made and repaired chiefly at Richmond and Augusta, small arms at Richmond and Fayetteville, and caps and friction primers at Richmond and Atlanta, accoutrements quite largely at Macon, while bullets (cast) and small arms cartridges were prepared almost everywhere. In like manner the products of the different arsenals and work shops naturally went in large measure to supply such armies and forts as were nearest, though demand from a distance often had to be met. Thus the Army of Northern Virginia was mainly supplied from Richmond, as was also Wilmington; the army of Tennessee drew chiefly upon Atlanta and Augusta, on which places also Charleston and Vicksburg, to a large extent, counted; while all the armies and fortified sea ports looked to Augusta for powder. It should be added that large supplies of such articles as saddlery, harness, accoutrements, etc., were obtained by contract with private persons widely scattered over the country. The Tredegar Works at Richmond, under the able management of Gen. Jos. R. Anderson, were of overshadowing importance.

In 1861, the Southern States were almost wholly occupied with agricultural pursuits, and their resources immediately available in the way of manufacturing establishments were poor indeed. There were two small private powder mills in Tennessee, two in South Carolina, one in North Carolina, and a little stamping mill in New Orleans. There were but two first class foundries and machine shops—the Tredegar Works at Richmond and the Leeds Foundry at New Orleans; the loss of the latter was one of the sorest consequences of the fall of that city. There were several fairly respectable machine shops of the second class. There were woolen mills in Virginia, notably the Crenshaw Mills at Richmond, and several cotton mills, turning out coarse cloth, which, however, proved of enormous value, two of the largest being at Augusta and Macon. There were twenty paper mills, for the most part small, of which eight were in North Carolina and five in South Carolina. There were small iron furnaces and forges in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama. But the production of iron by these were very meagre. There had been recently established at Ducktown, Tenn., the smelting and rolling of copper, though upon no great scale, and some lead was being produced from the ore of Wytheville, Va. There were, of course, numerous carpenters' and blacksmiths' shops, and there were a very moderate number of tanneries. Coal was mined chiefly in Virginia, the Cumberland field of Tennessee, and in Alabama, and as yet upon no great scale. Skilled mechanics were scarce, and of those in the country a good many had come from Northern States and returned thither when actual hostilities began.

As the war went on the newly organized arsenals and ordnance shops, in addition to their task of producing new munitions of war, had to do an immense amount of work in repairing arms sent in from the field and utilizing material captured or gleaned from the battle fields. Arangements were made with the field ordnance officers for the collection of such material, and very large lots of lead, shot and shell, infantry and artillery ammunition, etc., were thus secured. The small arms from the fields of the Seven Days battles below Richmond and the second battle of Manassas, and from the capture of Harper's Ferry by Genl. Jackson, were, in 1862, of immense value.

In the scramble of the early part of the war to obtain at once arms of *some* kind, both at home and abroad, a most heterogeneous collection was gathered. There were in the hands of the troops Springfield and Enfield muskets, Mississippi and Maynard rifles, Hall's and Sharp's carbines, and arms of English, German, Austrian and Belgian manufacture, of many different calibres. I had at one time samples of more than twenty patterns of infantry weapons alone. Much the same state of things existed as to artillery, both seacoast and field guns. As an illustration I may mention that when I joined Genl. R. E. Rodes' brigade for field service, the battery of Capt. (afterwards Col.) Thos. H. Carter, which was attached to the brigade, had a scratch lot of guns consisting of two smooth-bore six-pounders, one twelve-pounder howitzer, these all of bronze, and one three-inch iron rifle. As a natural consequence there was serious trouble at the arsenals and in the field, from confusion in regard to ammunition—trouble which was made worse by the gauges in use in the ordnance shops, which were not very accurate and often did not agree among themselves.

This fact primarily led to my becoming connected with the ordnance corps. I was in the summer of 1862 serving most pleasantly as aide-de-camp on the staff of General Rodes, whom I had known well before the war. Another friend of his was Colonel Briscoe Baldwin, chief ordnance officer on the staff of General Lee, and who had been for a while in charge of Richmond arsenal. Colonel Baldwin visited our camp below Richmond at the time of the battle of Seven Pines, talked with me about the state of the ordnance service, and asked me to go with him to the office in Richmond of Colonel Gorgas, who had expressed a wish to see me. The result of several interviews with him was that I was, though with a good deal of reluctance, transferred to the ordnance corps with a commission as Captain of Artillery, and ordered to at once endeavor to bring order out of the confusion that had been referred to. In August and September, I made a visit to all the principal ordnance establishments, conferred with the chief field ordnance officers, and drew up a report, with recommendations for rules to be observed, which was submitted to Col. Gorgas, approved by him, and ordered to be printed and distributed. Orders were sent to Europe for a number of accurately tested steel guages. Under orders from Col. Gorgas I prepared the plans and preliminary drawings for the Central Ordnance Laboratory which has been already mentioned. My instructions were then to make my headquarters at Macon, reporting directly to the Chief of

Ordnance at Richmond, to set about the construction of the central laboratory, and with an assistant officer and a military store-keeper to supervise the erection of the buildings and prepare the specifications for the machinery, but also to personally visit at frequent intervals all the important arsenals, the headquarters of the principal armies in the field and the chief fortified seaports, in order to harmonize and improve the work being done, and by reports to the Chief of Ordnance to keep him informed of the relations of the different parts of the work. My original orders required that these visits should be made once a month to each point, but it was quite impossible to literally accomplish this, and I was often directed specifically to go to this or that point where some particular trouble had arisen. Thus I was several times ordered to go to Charleston during the height of the siege in 1863 to look into complaints as to the burning of time fuses and injury from dampness to ammunition in the bomb-proof magazines of Fort Sumter and on Morris and Sullivan's Islands. Some of the most striking pictures of the war which my memory preserves are of scenes beheld during these visits, as for instance the suffocating interior of the sand-bag bomb-proofs of Battery Wagner on Morris Island and the assault of this work on the 18th of July, 1863; the skirmishing in front of Rocky Face Ridge of Genl. Johnston's army in May, 1864, at the opening of the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta; and the Army of Northern Virginia just after it had taken position in front of Petersburg in July, 1864, after the memorable campaign of the wilderness, when I saw for the last time my well and affectionately remembered chief, General Rodes, killed in the following September at Winchester.

During the Civil War of 1861, the armament and warlike munitions of the world were very different from and much simpler than those of the present day. Armour-clad vessels and torpedoes had been experimented with, gun-cotton and nitroglycerine were known, but not in practical use, rifled cannon were being rapidly improved and brought into service, but there were no "machine guns," and there was as yet very little use made of waterproof metallic cartridge cases for small-arms; the main reliance was on gun powder as the only explosive, muzzle-loading artillery and hand rifles, paper cartridges and separate percussion caps.

To produce on a large scale even such equipment as this involved in the Southern States, shut out from free commerce with the rest of the world, most formidable difficulties arising from dearth of materials, machinery and skilled labor. As regards the materials for making gun powder, search was made for nitre earth, and considerable quantities were obtained from caves in Tennessee, Georgia and North Alabama, as also from old buildings, cellars, plantation quarters and tobacco barns. Col. I. M. St. John was, in 1862, given separate charge of this work, and developed it systematically on a large scale. He also established artificial "nitre beds" at Columbia and Charleston, S. C., Augusta and Savannah, Ga., Selma and Mobile, Ala., and elsewhere. The end of the war had come before these beds had become "ripe" enough to be leached, but it was estimated that by that time they already contained some three or four million pounds of salt-petre. In fact, much the larger part of the nitre used at the Augusta powder mill came in through the blockade. Sulphur was early secured, as there were found at New Orleans several hundred tons intended for use in sugar making. For the third ingredient of powder, namely charcoal, recourse was had chiefly to cottonwood (mainly *populus heterophylla*) from the banks of the Savannah river. It was abundant, and gave an excellent product. Lead was obtained from the ore of Wythe county, Va., from the gleanings of the battle fields, and quite largely from the collection throughout the country of window weights, lead pipe, cistern linings, etc. Small lead smelting works were set up at Petersburg, Va., and under the direction of Dr. Piggott, formerly of Baltimore, not only was the ore from Wythe county and a few other points reduced, but even some progress was made in desilverization by the Pattinson process, several tons of enriched lead being set aside, which, however, before cupellation, had to be sent as bullets to the field under one of the sudden urgent demands for ammunition. Much lead was also brought from abroad through the blockade. A moderate amount of sheet copper was found at Cleveland, Tenn., produced from the Ducktown ore, but later recourse was had for making percussion caps and friction primers to the turpentine stills scattered through the pine forests of North and South Carolina.

Really important results were produced in 1862 and '63 in the development of the iron ores of the country, particularly in Alabama, unconsciously laying the foundation for this great industry as it now exists. The Nitre and Mining Bureau under Col. St. John, partly by its own officers and partly through contractors, opened mines, erected furnaces and rolling mills, and turned out large quantities of iron of superior quality. But before this work had got well underway much care was taken in the collection of shot and shell, and of scrap iron of all kinds. During the bombardment of Charleston, as a heavy Parrott shell came down, the little street urchins were to be seen ready for a rush to claim it, or its fragments if it burst, in order to claim payment for the iron at the arsenal. Much ingenuity was shown by a few skilled mechanics in constructing with but poor appliances special machinery for ordnance purposes, such as the rolling, punching and forming of percussion caps, the drawing the tubes for friction primers, the "squirting" of lead rods, and making pressed bullets, etc. Much labor was spent, but success never achieved, in drawing the copper cylinders for small-arms, cartridges. Careful search for trained mechanics was made throughout the country and among the army in the field, and details for ordnance service were made on proper evidence of the value of such service, great pains being often necessary to prevent any mere evasion of military duty. Some attempts were made to import mechanics from Europe, but with practically no success. Every effort was made to convert unskilled into skilled labor by the teaching of the few who were already themselves trained.

From time to time, under stress of necessity, some poor makeshift materials had to be substituted for better ones. At one time, for instance, the supply of nitric acid for making fulminate for caps had been exhausted, and two or three million caps had to be issued which were charged with a mixture of potassium chlorate and sulphur. These did fairly well if kept dry, but soon became untrustworthy in damp air, so that an extra number was issued with each packet of cartridges until the use of fulminate could be resumed. In view of the scarcity of leather, and almost absolute lack of india-rubber, extensive use was made of heavy cotton cloth, for some purposes in double or quadruple thicknesses heavily stitched together, treated with one or more coats of drying oil. Sheets of such cloth were issued to the men in the field for sleeping on damp ground, and belts, bridle reins and cartridge-boxes were made in whole or in part of the same material. Linseed oil answered best for making this cloth, and much was imported through the blockade, but it was eked out to some extent by fish oil, a fishery being established on the Cape Fear river to procure it, while the fish were in part utilized for the food of operatives.

In spite of the difficulties to be overcome and the constantly urgent pressure for immediate production of results, the work of the Confederate Ordnance Department was able to boast of some useful new experiments and some improvements. One of the most notable of these was the method of steaming the mixed materials for gunpowder just before incorporation in the cylinder mills, which was invented and brought into use by Col. Rains, and which very greatly increased the capacity of the mills for work, besides improving the quality of the powder. As other examples may be mentioned the casting of shells with polygonal cavities, securing the bursting into a determinate number of pieces, ingenious devices for the ignition of time fuses for the shells of rifled guns, etc.

As giving some idea of the scale on which the current work of the arsenal was done, the following statement may be quoted from a paper written by Genl. Gorgas after the war. The principal issues from the Richmond arsenal from July 1st, 1861 to January 1st, 1865, including work done by the Tredegar Company and by outside contractors, were:

| | |
|---:|---|
| 341 | Columbiads and siege guns. |
| 1,306 | Field pieces (including captured guns repaired). |
| 1,375 | Gun carriages. |
| 875 | Caissons. |
| 152 | Forges. |
| 6,852 | Sets of artillery harness. |

| | |
|---|---|
| 921,441 | Rounds of field, siege and sea-coast ammunition. |
| 1,456,190 | Friction primers. |
| 1,110,966 | Fuzes. |
| 17,423 | Port-fires. |
| 3,985 | Rockets. |
| 323,231 | Infantry arms (chiefly arms from battle fields repaired). |
| 34,067 | Cavalry arms (chiefly arms from battle fields repaired). |
| 44,877 | Swords and sabres (chiefly arms from battle fields repaired). |
| 375,510 | Sets of infantry and cavalry accoutrements. |
| 180,181 | Knapsacks. |
| 328,977 | Canteens and straps. |
| 72,413,854 | Small-arm cartridges. |
| ,115,087 | Gun and carbine slings. |
| 146,901,250 | Percussion caps. |
| 69,418 | Cavalry saddles. |
| 85,139 | Cavalry bridles. |
| 75,611 | Cavalry halters. |
| 35,464 | Saddle blankets. |
| 59,624 | Pairs spurs. |
| 42,285 | Horse brushes. |
| 56,903 | Curry combs. |

Beside the immediate work of the Ordnance Bureau, it had to undertake a great number of most onerous outside tasks rendered necessary by the disorganized condition of society. While indispensable help was obtained from the railroads, they had in turn to be helped, and largely, in making repairs to their rolling stock and tracks. In fact, a silent partnership grew up, and materials and labor had to be used almost in common for a common end. It is easy to see how vitally necessary it was that the railroads should be kept going; but few people now seem to be aware how nearly exhausted at the close of the war the railroad system of the South had become. Almost every yard of siding that could be spared had been taken up to patch the main lines, less important roads had been despoiled to help out the greater ones, fractional parts of wrecked locomotives had been built up into new ones of more or less feeble constitution, cars had been mended until they would hardly hold together, and it may not unreasonably be doubted whether, aside from sources of weakness, this alone might not in a few months more at furthest have put an end to the maintenance of Confederate armies in the field.

To keep up the all-important importations through the blockake, the Ordnance Department purchased, as has been stated, its own blockade running steamers, beside contracting largely with private adventurers. It also erected at Wilmington a steam compress for preparing cotton bales for shipment, and it arranged through its agents for the purchase of cotton in the interior, and for its transport by railroad to the ports whence it was to go abroad. And, not only had ordnance officers everywhere great difficulty in securing and keeping their workmen, but they had largely to concern themselves with feeding, clothing and housing them, both the men themselves and not infrequently their wives and children, who were in many cases refugees from parts of the country in possession of the enemy. As an example, several mechanics trained in working the percussion cap machines of the Atlanta arsenal had been brought from Nashville—some of them with their families. When Atlanta was closely assailed by Genl. Sherman, Col. Wright, commanding the arsenal, sent his cap factory and the workmen down to me at Macon, where I had it set up and put to work again as soon as possible. It had been turning out caps for but a short time when a telegram warned me of impending danger to Macon, and as this was the only cap making machinery nearer than Richmond, I was ordered to save it, if possible, and to use my judgment as to whether it should be sent for further use. I decided upon Selma, and had within a few hours to arrange for taking down the machinery, including a 30 H. P. engine, loading it, with the chemical stores, upon railroad cars, and sending all off, with about twenty-five people, including several women and children, with some food to carry them through the very uncertain time of their transit to Selma.

On the whole it is perhaps remarkable that there were so few serious accidents and disasters in dealing with dangerous explosive agents, but there were some such with sad consequences. Quite early in the war there was a destructive explosion in a building at Jackson, Miss., in which small-arms' cartridges were being made, and some fifteen or twenty poor girls were killed, portions of their bodies and clothing being thrown up among the branches of trees standing near. Later a similar accident at Richmond, in one of the shops on an island in James river, due, it was believed, to careless handling of a tray of friction primers, caused the death of a number of women and girls and grievous burning of others. It made a deep impression on the people of the city at the time. There were at least two explosions of fulminating mercury; one at Richmond and one at Augusta; in each of these but a single man, I believe, was injured. The incorporating house of a small private powder mill near Raleigh, N. C., blew up in 1862, with the loss of three or four lives. At the time of the abandonment of Atlanta in 1864, a number of railroad cars containing a large part of the reserve ammunition of Genl. Hood's army, by some mistake were left on tracks of which connection with the main line had been broken, and these valuable ordnance supplies were, under orders, destroyed by explosion; their replacement as speedily as possible threw a great strain upon the arsenals. In the early days of April, 1865, a railroad train conveying ammunition on the road from Columbus to Macon, Ga., was blown up, with small loss of life, but with serious loss of stores and the production of a craterlike depression in the ground where there had been a low embankment. The march of great events caused this to be scarcely noticed.

Among the trials and tribulations of ordnance officers some little account was to be taken of occasional desertions of workmen, and occasional reminders of the need for guarding against treachery. There was not much trouble of this sort, but it was now and then spoken of, and at one time, I remember, there was no small uneasiness felt as to the fidelity of a rather important mechanic at the Richmond arsenal.

In view of the general lack of previous experience in ordnance matters, the personnel of the corps, both at arsenals and in the field, honestly deserved praise for intelligence, zeal and efficiency. As a rule, the officers not only did their individual work well, but showed the most cordial readiness to confer with and to help each other. Many names deserve to be remembered. Among the most prominent, and among those of whom I saw most and most corresponded with, were Lieut. Cols. J. H. Burton,* Superintendent of Armories; T. L. Bayne, in charge of the Bureau of Foreign Supplies, and I. M. St. John at the head of the Nitre and Mining Bureau; Lieut. Col. G. W. Rains, of the Augusta Powder Mills and Arsenal, Lieut. Col. Leroy Broun, commanding Richmond Arsenal, Maj. M. H. Wright, of the Atlanta Arsenal, Lieut. Col. R. M. Cuyler, of Macon Arsenal, Maj. J. A. De Lagnel, of Fayetteville, Maj. J. T. Trezevant, of Charleston Arsenal, and Lieut. Col. J. L. White, of Selma Arsenal; of the field ordnance officers, Lieut. Co. B. G. Baldwin, Chief of Ordnance, Army of Northern Virginia; Lieut. Col. H. Oladowswi, Chief of Ordinance, Kenny of Tennessee, and Maj. W. Allen, Chief Ordnance Officer of 2d corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Some of these officers held other ranks at different periods of the war, and some of the arsenals referred to were commanded by others at different times. All of the men I have named are, I believe, now dead. Most of them passed away many years ago.

This is also true of our commanding officer, Colonel, in the latter part of the war, Brigadier General J. Gorgas, the Chief of Ordnance of the Confederate States, who well deserved to be held in honored and grateful rememberance by all who served under him. His difficult task was performed with great ability. Obstacles that could be overcome were resolutely faced with intelligent energy, and insuperable difficulties and hindrances were borne with uncomplaining patience. Out of confusion his organizing skill brought such order as was possible. He was firm and at the same time most kindly and encouraging in his relations with all his subordinate officers. Never bouyant, he never gave way to depression. By his personal example and by the tone of his orders and correspondence, he spread about him the spirit of hearty performance of present duty, regardless of self, but in ever present mindfulness that it *was* duty. It is pleasant to know that now, after nearly half a century since Gen. Gorgas' service to the Confederate Government ended, his son, Col. W. C. Gorgas, of the Medical Department of the United States Army, is conspicuously reproducing his father's organizing power as the Chief Sanitary Officer of the Panama Canal Works.

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*Although doubtless having previously had his rank, Mr. Burton did not, I believe, in 1863 and 1864 hold any military commission in the service of the Confederate States.

There remains to mention but one other phase of the work of ordnance officers in the troublous times of 1861-'65—namely, the organizing and drilling of forces for local defense against the enemy, made up of the white workmen and other employees at several of the arsenals. There was quite a respectable force of this kind at Richmond; Augusta had a good strong battalion of infantry and a battery of field guns, and at Macon the arsenal, laboratory and armory together furnished a small battalion of two companies, of which I held command, and a section of artillery commanded by Maj. Talliaferro. As these forces included a considerable number of detailed soldiers who had seen service in the field, the moderate amount of drill which could be given them gave a more efficient product than could otherwise have been hoped for. To speak only of what fell under my own observation, the Macon battalion was called out for service on three occasions. First at the end of July, 1864, when Gen. Stoneman's cavalry appeared at Macon, having been detached from Sherman's army in front of Atlanta with a view to destroying the Macon works and releasing the Federal prisoners at Andersonville. We were out for a couple of days and nights and intermittantly under fire for several hours, with a few casualties, when the enemy was driven off by the small Confederate force, consisting of a fragment of a Tennessee battalion, some Georgia troops and the ordnance command, and a day or two later, Stoneman with about 700 mounted men surrendered to Gen. Iverson who had been sent after him. When brought into Macon as prisoners of war, Gen. Stoneman and his staff officers, who were jaded by hard riding and lack of sleep on their raid, seemed much mortified on learning by what sort of force they had been repelled. Again, in the latter part of November of the same year, Gen. Sherman, having begun his march to the sea, the fifteenth corps of his army, with Kilpatrick's cavalry forming the extreme right of the army, made a feint upon Macon, and there was a skirmish with the small Confederate force that could be sent out from Macon. The ordnance battalion was called out, but did not see the enemy. Finally, at the very end of the war a serious move upon Macon was made by the heavy column of cavalry commanded by Gen. Jas. Wilson. This force came down from north Alabama, had a heavy fight with Forrest at Selma, and then swept eastward through Montgomery and Columbus to Macon, destroying much property on the way. Large ordnance stores were sent out of his way, to Macon, but could not be got any further on account of the previous wrecking of the railroads by Sherman. Gen. Howell Cobb, who was in command at Macon, determined to defend the place with its valuable ordnance works and accumulation of stores, though the prospect of success was not brilliant, there being but a few hundred men available with which to face a splendid body of five or six thousand cavalry. The ordnance battalion was again called out as a part of the defending force. As there was a practically unlimited supply of ammunition on hand, all of which would, of course, be lost if the place were captured, it was ordered that as brave a show as possible should be made by keeping up heavy fire all along the line as soon as the enemy should appear. We were on the afternoon of the 20th of April—eleven days after the surrender of Gen. Lee's army and six days after President Lincoln had been assassinated—drawn up on the line of earth work which had been prepared several months before, and were hourly expecting the arrival of Wilson's force, known to be near at hand, when a joint telegram was received from Generals Johnston and Sherman in North Carolina, announcing negotiations for the close of hostilities, and ordering an immediate armistice between Wilson's command and the Confederate forces opposed to him. Our men were kept in position but ordered not to fire, and a flag of truce with the telegram was sent out to meet the head of the enemy's column. The officer commanding the leading regiment refused to halt, but sent on the flag to Gen. Wilson, who was at some distance in the rear.

As soon as he received it he rode forward and halted his forces, but claimed that the place had been captured, as his leading troopers had penetrated our lines by literally a few yards when they were brought to a halt. Gen. Cobb resisted this claim, saying that the armistice should have been enforced as soon as the flag of truce had reached the advance, and that even when it was put in force resistance was still possible. The Confederate troops were withdrawn from the earth works, a single Federal regiment only, the 17th Indiana cavalry, was allowed to come into the city, and a long discussion of the question of the capture of the city took place, lasting up to a very late hour of the night, and finally it was agreed that the question should be left open for settlement by the higher military authorities, so that a few days later the paroles of all Confederate soldiers in Macon were made out in conditional form, it being stipulated that if the capture of the city should be declared by competent military authority to be valid, rendering the garrison prisoners of war, the parole should be binding, otherwise of no effect. So far as I know, that question has not to this day been settled! For myself, individually, the temporary recognition of a state of truce or armistice had the odd result that in the small hours of the night of the arrival of the enemy I found myself in command of a squad of cavalry of the Indiana regiment riding round to post these men as sentries at the various ordnance works and warehouses of ordnance stores, by agreement with Maj. McBirney, Chief Ordnance Officer on Gen. Wilson's staff, he and I acting under orders from Generals Wilson and Cobb, with a view to safe-guarding the city from possible disaster by fire or explosion.

What are one's feelings now in recalling these long by-gone days of the Civil War?—days of such activity and physical and mental strain, of poor and insufficient food, discomfort, fatigue, turmoil and danger, but of youth and hope, and the infectious ardor of spirit caught from a whole people united as brothers in a common cause. As one's mood changes from day to day, that far distant past, with its great events and one's own little insignificant part, seems sometimes a mere unsubstantial dream of that which never could have had real existence, and sometimes the most real, almost the *only* real part of one's life, the part most thoroughly worth living, and in comparison with which all that went before and all that has come since appears but petty and of small account.

# STUART'S CAVALRY IN THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

### By Col. John S. Mosby.

### A Review by COL. T. M. R. TALCOTT.

After reading Col. Mosby's book, which I had not seen until recently, I asked Col. Walter H. Taylor whether he had made any reply to it, and received the following letter from him:

"NORFOLK, VA., MARCH 12th, 1909.

COLONEL T. M. R. TALCOTT, RICHMOND, VA.

Dear Colonel,—I have received your letter of the 10th inst. I read what Mosby had to say about Gettysburg some time ago. I did not attach much importance to his statements and did not publish, neither have I any intention to publish, anything in reply. I think some of the partisans of General Stuart have done him more harm than good in their contributions concerning army movements in the Gettysburg Campaign.

What I have claimed is simply this: Although certain discretion was allowed General Stuart as to his movements, he was admonished all the while to keep in touch with our main army and to keep General Lee informed as to the movements of the enemy. Secondly: that General Lee was greatly disturbed and embarrassed at not receiving any tidings from General Stuart concerning the movements of the enemy.

Some of General Stuart's defenders have claimed that he simply exercised the discretion allowed him when he crossed the Potomac where he did and pursued the route that he did; and that it was impossible for him to keep General Lee informed of the movements of himself and the enemy because the enemy intervened between him and General Lee. It is not a good defense of General Stuart to say that it was impossible for him to communicate with General Lee when he had himself put himself in a position where it was impossible, although admonished all the while not to do this. In a few words, it seems to me that this describes impartially just how far General Stuart was to be blamed. * * *

Yours very truly,

(Signed) W. H. TAYLOR.

In the preface of his book, Col. Mosby says:

"These pages have been written as a duty I owe to a soldier to whom great injustice has been done. The statements in the two reports of the commanding general in regard to his orders and the management of the cavalry in the Gettysburg campaign have been generally accepted without question; and the criticisms of his staff officers and biographers on the conduct of the Chief of Cavalry have assumed them to be true. * * I have tried to explain how his name is signed to papers that do so much injustice as well to himself as to General Stuart."

In a note on page 203, Col. Mosby says:

"My criticism of General Lee's report, which I believe he signed without reading, does not imply any criticism of him as a general. * * * * It is doubtful if he ever read it, or if it was even read to him."

On page 209 he further says:

"The report is understood to have been written by a staff officer. * * * It is unfair to Stuart as it says nothing about Ewell having gone several days in advance into Pennsylvania; and that Stuart was ordered to join him with three brigades of cavalry—or that Stuart had authority to cross the Potomac in Hooker's rear—or that he left two brigades of calvary with Longstreet and General Lee."

As regards Col. Mosby's belief that General Lee signed his reports without reading them, or even having them read to him, Col. W. H. Taylor, whose attention I called to Col. Mosby's note on page 203, of his book, has this to say:

"In reference to Colonel Mosby's note on page 203 of his book, you and I know that General Lee never sent a formal battle report to the Department that was not carefully revised before he signed it; and Col. Mosby's gratuitous assertion that the report of Gettysburg was signed without being read, and his doubt if General Lee ever read it, or if it was even read to him, is a bald assumption on his part, contrary to the evidence of those who were present and know the manner employed and the care exercised in the preparation of all of his reports."

My own observation, as a member of his staff, of General Lee's preparation of official documents was not as frequent or for so long a period as that of his Adjutant General; but even without this emphatic statement from Col. Taylor, I cannot for one moment entertain the suggestion made by Col. Mosby that General Lee signed his official reports of the battle of Gettysburg without reading them, or having them read to him.

Col. Mosby says that General Lee's report is unfair to Stuart because it says nothing about Ewell having gone several days in advance into Pennsylvania. It was not that Ewell advanced ahead of time, but that Stuart was two days behind time in crossing the Potomac, which permitted the Federal army to intervene between his command and that of Ewell; so that after crossing the Potomac, instead of going west to Fredericktown, Md., as indicated by General Lee, Stuart was forced to move northward through Westminster to Carlisle, Penn., in order to effect a junction with Ewell at that point.

Col. Mosby is mistaken in saying that General Lee's report made no mention of the fact that Stuart had authority to cross the Potomac in Hooker's rear, as will be seen by reference to the extracts from the reports, hereinafter quoted.

Col. Mosby's statement that General Lee's report is unfair to Stuart, in that it says nothing about Stuart's having "left two brigades with Longstreet and Lee," is in support of his contention, in defense of Stuart, that Lee had sufficient cavalry to keep him informed of the enemy's movements during Stuart's absence. The two brigades referred to were by General Lee's instructions to Stuart, left in Virginia, to watch the flank and rear of the army until the enemy retired from their front, then picket the passes of the Blue Ridge and close upon the rear of the army; but it was not until after the enemy was in Maryland and the order to follow had been repeated, that they crossed the

Potomac and joined General Lee. It cannot, therefore, be properly said that Lee had these two brigades of cavalry available to mask his movements and keep him informed of the enemy's movements during the absence of Stuart. If they were not available because of failure to obey orders, Stuart must have erred in the selection of the officer whose duty it was to carry them out.

To facilitate comparison of the two reports, in so far as they relate to the cavalry, the following extracts from them are given in alternate quotations from each report, under nine different headings, as follows:

(1) *Cavalry was directed to hold the mountain passes until the enemy crossed the Potomac.*

First Report:

General Stuart was left to guard the passes of the mountains and observe the movements of the enemy, whom he was instructed to harass and impede as much as possible, should he attempt to cross the Potomac.

Second Report:

General Stuart was directed to hold the mountain passes with part of his command as long as the enemy remained south of the Potomac.

(2) *If the enemy attempted to cross the Potomac a part of the cavalry was to cross into Maryland.*

First Report:

In that event General Stuart was directed to move into Maryland.

Second Report:

And with the remainder to cross into Maryland.

(3) *Discretion as to his crossing the Potomac east or west of the Blue Ridge was given at the suggestion of Stuart.*

First Report:

Crossing the Potomac east or west of the Blue Ridge as in his judgment should be best.

Second Report:

Upon the suggestion of the former officer that he could damage the enemy and delay his passage of the river by getting in his rear, he was authorized to do so, and it was left to his discretion whether to enter Maryland east or west of the Blue Ridge.

(4) *After crossing the Potomac Stuart was to take position on the right of the advancing column.*

First Report:

And take position on the right of our column as it advanced.

Second Report:

But he was instructed to lose no time in placing his command on the right of our column as soon as he perceived the enemy moving northward.

(5) *When Longstreet and Hill were encamping near Chambersburg June 27th, nothing had been heard from Stuart.*

First Report:

By the 24th, the progress of Ewell rendered it necessary that the rest of the army should be in supporting distance, and Longstreet and Hill marched to the Potomac. The former crossed at Williamsport, and the latter at Shepherdstown. The columns reunited at Hagerstown, and advanced thence into Pennsylvania, encamping near Chambersburg on the 27th. No report had been received that the Federal army had crossed the Potomac, and the absence of the cavalry rendered it impossible to obtain accurate information.

Second Report:

It was expected that as soon as the Federal army should cross the Potomac, General Stuart would give notice of its movements, and nothing having been heard from him since our entrance into Maryland, it was inferred that the enemy had not left Virginia.

(6) *By the route Stuart pursuel the Federal army was interposed between his command and our main body.*

First Report:

General Stuart continued to follow the movements of the Federal army south of the Potomac, after our own had entered Maryland, and in his efforts to impede its progress advanced as far as Fairfax Court House. Finding himself unable to delay the enemy materially, he crossed the river at Seneca and marched through Westminister to Carlisle, where he arrived after General Ewell had left for Gettysburg. By the route he pursued the Federal army was interposed between his command and our main body, preventing any communication with him until he arrived at Carlisle.

Second Report:

(Nothing).

(7) *The march towards Gettysburg was slower than it would have been if the movements of the Federal army had been known.*

First Report:

The march towards Gettysburg was conducted more slowly than it would have been if the movements of the Federal army had been known.

Second Report:

General Ewell was recalled from Carlisle and directed to join the army at Cashtown or Gettysburg, as circumstances might require. The adance of the enemy to the latter place was unknown, and the weather being inclement the march was conducted with a view to the comfort of the troops.

(8) *Intelligence of Stuart's arrival at Carlisle was received on July 1st, after Hill had met the enemy.*

First Report:

The leading division of General Hill met the enemy in advance of Gettysburg on the morning of July 1st. During the afternoon intelligence was received of the arrival of General Stuart at Carlisle, and he was ordered to march to Gettysburg and take position on our left.

Second Report:

(Nothing).

(9) *Jones and Robertson were ordered to join the army as soon as it was known that the enemy was in Maryland.*

First Report:

(Nothing).

Second Report:

As soon as it was known that the enemy had crossed into Maryland, orders were sent to the brigades of Robertson and Jones, which had been left to guard the passes of the Blue Ridge, to join the army without delay, and it was expected that General Stuart with the remainder of his command would soon arrive.

These are in substance all of the statements in General Lee's two reports "in regard to his orders and the management of the cavalry in the Gettysburg campaign," which Mosby says, "have been generally accepted without question," but which he does not believe General Lee is responsible for, although they appear over his signature. He thinks the advance of Longstreet and Hill on the 24th was premature and resulted disastrously; he claims that Stuart was carrying out orders of General Lee when he moved directly to Carlisle after crossing the Potomac at Seneca (probably through failure to give due weight to General Lee's letter of the 23rd); and he endeavors to show that General Hill was responsible for the miscarriage of General Lee's plans; and that the scout's report and Ewell's recall were not as stated, but if he has made any specific denial of the above statements of General Lee "in regard to his orders and the management of the cavalry in the Gettysburg compaign," it has escaped my attention.

General Lee says in his first report: "No report had been received that the Federal army had crossed the Potomac, and the absence of the cavalry rendered it impossible to obtain accurate information." Mosby says in answer to this that the cavalry, with Stuart, was not needed to obtain information of the enemy's movements, and that it was better employed elsewhere.

In his second report, General Lee says: "General Stuart was directed to hold the mountain passes with part of his command (i. e., Robertson's and Jones' brigades), as long as the enemy remained south of the Potomac, and with the remainder (three brigades), to cross into Maryland and place himself on the right of General Ewell. Upon the suggestion of the former officer (Stuart), that he could damage the enemy and delay his passage of the river by getting in his rear, he was authorized to do so, and it was left to his discretion whether to enter Maryland east or west of the Blue Ridge; but he was instructed to lose no time in placing his command on the right of our column as soon as he perceived the enemy moving northward. * * It was expected' that as soon as the Federal army should cross the Potomac General Stuart would give notice of its movements, and nothing having been heard from him since our entrance into Maryland, it was inferred that the enemy had not yet left Virginia." Mosby says (pages 179 and 180), "he could not have expected Stuart to communicate with him while he was executing the movement, simply because Stuart was too far away and the Blue Ridge and Hooker's army was between them." This is a denial of what General Lee says he expected of Stuart, and is justified only by Mosby's assumption that Stuart was acting under General Lee's orders in moving directly to Carlisle.

Whether or not General Lee had a right to expect that General Stuart would promptly take position on Ewell's right, and keep him informed as to the movements of the enemy, either directly or through General Ewell, must be determined by the instructions General Stuart had received from General Lee. Col. Mosby himself says (page 214), "The gravamen of the complaint the report makes against Stuart is that the cavalry was absent and that it was needed, not in the battle, but to make preliminary reconnaissances before the battle."

## Lee's Instruction to Stuart.

Col. Mosby says (page 72), that General Stuart rode to see General Lee on the night of June 21st, but there is no record of what passed between them at that meeting. The next day (June 22), General Lee wrote to General Stuart as follows (page 89):

"I have just received your note of 7:45 this morning, to General Longstreet. I judge the efforts of the enemy yesterday were to arrest our progress and ascertain our whereabouts. Perhaps he is satisfied. Do you know where he is and what he is doing? I fear he will steal a march on us and get across the Potomac before we are aware. If you find that he is moving northward and that two brigades can guard the Blue Ridge and take care of your rear, you can move with the other three into Maryland and take position on General Ewell's right, place yourself in communication with him, guard his flank, keep him informed of the enemy's movements and collect all the supplies you can for the use of the army. One column of General Ewell's army will probably move towards the Susquehanna by the Emmittsburg route, another by Chambersburg. Accounts from last night state there was no enemy west of Frederick. A cavalry force (about 100), guarded the Monocracy bridge, which was barricaded. You will of course take charge of Jenkins' brigade and give necessary instructions."

On the same day (June 22), General Lee wrote to General Ewell, as follows: "I directed General Stuart, should the enemy have so far retired from his front as to permit of the departure of a portion of the cavalry, to march with three brigades across the Potomac and place himself on your right and in communication with you, keep you advised of the movements of the enemy and assist in collecting supplies for the army. I have not heard from him since."

Col. Mosby says (page 88), that this letter "settles a question that has been raised whether Stuart's instructions required him to remain in Virginia and march north on the right flank of the two corps that were with Lee, or to move into Pennsylvania and join Ewell on the Susquehanna." It merely advised General Ewell, who had been authorized to move *towards the Susquehanna*, that Stuart would be on his right and in communication with him during his march, and not *after* he reached the Susquehanna.

When on June 22nd, Ewell was authorized to move towards the Susquehanna he was in Maryland, "opposite Shepherdstown," and Anderson's division of Hill's corps was to be at Shepherdstown the next day—which would relieve Early's division and enable Ewell to move his whole corps into Pennsylvania, with Jenkins' cavalry in advance and Imboden on his left. If Hooker was moving northward, Stuart was to cross the Potomac with three brigades of his cavalry, "take position on Ewell's right, place himself in communication with him, guard his flanks," etc., and he was also to "take charge of Jenkins' brigade." The other divisions of Hill's corps were advancing to the Potomac at Shepherdstown. Longstreet had been withdrawn from the Ashby's and Snicker's Gap Roads, west of the Shenandoah, and was to follow the next day. The first and third corps were moving to follow Ewell's advance when General Lee wrote to General Stuart on the 22nd, and asked: "Do you know where he (Hooker) is and what he is doing? I fear he will steal a march on us and get across the Potomac before we are aware."

Col. Mosby says (page 91), that General Stuart received another letter from General Lee, which differed from the first (of June 22), "in suggesting to Stuart to cross the Potomac in Hooker's rear." He quotes from this letter of June 23rd, but does not give it in full. According to the official records, it was as follows:

"Headquarters, Army of Northern Virginia,

June 23, 1863, 3:30 P. M.,

MAJOR-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART, COMMANDING CAVALRY.

General,—Your notes of 9 and 10:30 A. M. today have just been received. As regards the purchase of tobacco for your men, supposing that Confederate money will be taken, I am willing for your commissaries or quartermasters to purchase this tobacco and let the men get it from them.

If General Hooker's army remains inactive, you can leave two brigades to watch him, and withdraw with the three others, but should he not appear to be moving northward, I think you had better withdraw this side of the mountain tomorrow night, cross at Shepherdstown next day, and move over to Fredericktown.

You will, however, be able to judge whether you can pass around their army without hindrance, doing them all the damage you can, and cross the river east of the mountains. In either case, after crossing the river, you must move on and feel the right of Ewell's troops, collecting information, provisions, etc.

Give instructions to the commander of the brigades left behind, to watch the flank and rear of the army, and (in the event of the enemy leaving their front), retire from the mountains west of the Shenandoah, leaving sufficient pickets to guard the passes, and bringing everything clean along the Valley, closing upon the rear of the army.

As regards the movements of the two brigades of the enemy moving toward Warrenton, the commander of the brigades must do what he can to counteract them, but I think the sooner you cross into Maryland, after to-morrow, the better.

The movements of Ewell's corps are as stated in my former letter. Hill's first division will reach the Potomac today, and Longstreet will follow tomorrow.

Be watchful and circumspect in all your movements.

I am very respectfully and truly yours,

(Signed), R. E. LEE,
*General."*

The letter of the 23rd was written by General Lee after receiving two notes from General Stuart, which no doubt stated in reply to his letter of the 22nd that General Hooker's army was still inactive, although Mosby did not so report to General Stuart until the next day. In it General Lee tells Stuart that Longstreet and Hill are moving to the Potomac; and Stuart chose the route via Seneca, with full knowledge that they were following Ewell.

According to the first order, Stuart was to cross the Potomac if Hooker's army was moving northward, and according to the second order he was to do so even if Hooker's army remained inactive. In his last order General Lee suggested that he cross the Potomac west of the Blue Ridge mountains "and move over to Fredericktown," which would place him on the right of Ewell; but discretion was allowed Stuart to cross east of the mountains if he could do so *without hindrance.* In either case, after crossing the Potomac, "he must feel the right of Ewell's troops, collecting information, provisions, etc." He was to be with Ewell on the march *towards the Susquehanna* and not merely to join him "on the Susquehanna."

Of the movements of Longstreet and Hill while Hooker was still lying quiet south of the river, of which Stuart was advised as above stated, Col. Mosby says (page 103):

"This premature movement of Longstreet's and Hill's troops * * * * made the Gettysburg campaign the Illiad of the South. It set Hooker's army in motion for the Potomac the next day."

And on page 173:

"The selection (by Stuart), of the route through Hooker's army was based on the theory that the conditions would be maintained as they were until Stuart got through. The preservation of the status in Hooker's army depended on Lee. At that time the design was perfectly practicable; his army corps were separated by many miles."

And he further says on page 179:

"If Longstreet and Hill had rested one day longer in the Shenandoah Valley, Hooker would have done the same, and Stuart would not have found the roads blockaded by his (Hooker's) column, marching to the Potomac. Early on the evening of the 25th Stuart would have crossed and bivouacked for the night at Seneca."

And again on Page 192:

"If Longstreet and Hill had stayed quiet a day longer Stuart would have crossed the Potomac in advance of Hooker's army early in the evening of the 25th, and the fate of the Confederate cause might have been different. There was no pressing necessity for the movement."

General Lee did regard the movement of Longstreet and Hill as a pressing necessity, for he says in his first report: "By the 24th, the progress of Ewell rendered it necessary that the rest of the army should be in supporting distance."

From the above quotations it would appear that Col. Mosby holds General Lee responsible for the failure at Gettysburg, because he ordered Longstreet and Hill to cross the Potomac "prematurely," and thereby set Hooker's army in motion, which delayed Stuart's crossing at Seneca two days; but Stuart knew they were moving before it was too late to change the route he had selected.

The only ground upon which the advance of Longstreet and Hill could be regarded as premature is that it put the Federal army in motion and delayed Stuart's crossing of the Potomac; and if that made the Gettysburg campaign "the Illiad of the South," it must have been because of the absence of Stuart's cavalry and lack of information; but Mosby elsewhere repeatedly denies that it was the absence of the cavalry that caused the failure at Gettysburg. He goes so far as to say (on page 180): "It would have been far better if the orders had been less rigid and Stuart been given discretion to operate independently of the main army." Furthermore he claims that Hill and Heth should bear the blame because they precipitated the battle by an unexpected collision with the enemy. This might have been avoided if they had been informed of the movements of the Federal army, of which they were ignorant because the cavalry was absent.

There is nothing in either order to Stuart, or in General Lee's letter to General Ewell, of June 22nd, that justifies Col. Mosby's inference that Stuart was "to move to Pennsylvania and join Ewell on the Susquehanna," or to justify his statement on page 180:

"Lee had informed Stuart that he would find Ewell on the Susquehanna. Stuart obeyed orders, and on the morning of the 28th, moved in that direction."

The reason why General Stuart availed of the discretion allowed him to cross the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge will, I think, be found in Col. Mosby's Book (pages 76, 77, 78, 79), where he says:

"I pointed out to Stuart the opportunity to strike a damaging blow, and suggested to him to cross the Bull Run Mountains and pass through the middle of Hooker's army into Maryland. * * * * He could pass the Bull Run Mountains early in the morning and cross the Potomac early in the evening. * * * *

"When I got back from my trip inside Hooker's lines with my drove of mules, Stuart told me that General Lee was anxious to know if Hooker's army was moving to cross the Potomac. He did not ask me to go, but I volunteered to return and find out for him. With two men I recrossed the mountain on the path where I had been bushwhacked the day before; and on the morning of June 23, was again riding between the camps of the different corps in Fairfax and Loudoun. All was quiet, there was no sign of a movement. Hooker was waiting for Lee. * * The camps of the different corps were so far apart that it was easy to ride between them. After gathering the information General Lee wanted, I turned my face late in the afternoon to the Bull Run Mountain. . . Reynolds with the first Corps was at Guilford, about two miles off; the third corps (Sickles), was at Gum Springs about the same distance in another direction; while Meade's corps and the cavalry were six or eight miles away at Aldie."

He says on page 81:

"I got to Stuart early the next morning. He listened to what I told him, wrote a dispatch, sent off a courier to General Lee. * * * * The information was that Hooker's army was still resting in the camps where it had been for a week."

And again, on pages 169 and 170, June 24th:

"Stuart was anxiously waiting to hear what Hooker was doing. He must then have received General Lee's order of 5 P. M., of the 23rd. * * * I told him that Hooker was quiet, waiting on Lee."

"After hearing my report, Stuart wrote a letter to General Lee—the most of it at my dictation—giving him the information I had brought."

The information obtained by Col. Mosby on the 23rd and communicated to General Stuart on the morning of June 24th, after he had received the second letter from General Lee, dated June 23rd, giving him permision to cross the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge, *provided he could do so without hindrance*, no doubt influenced him to cross at Seneca instead of Shepherdstown, for Hooker's army had then made no movement northward; and he believed that by crossing at Seneca he would lose no time in getting into the position assigned him on Ewell's right; but at the critical moment Hooker's movement toward the Potomac began, and delayed Stuart's crossing of the river two days. Thus it occurred that when he entered Maryland on the night of the 27th, the whole of the Federal army was also in Maryland, and communication with General Lee was cut off; for, as Mosby says, Pleasanton's cavalry, which was the rear guard of the Federal army, crossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry at the same time that General Stuart crossed at Seneca. Ewell was by that time at Carlisle, and Longstreet's and Hill's corps were also in Pennsylvania at Chambersburg, having, as General Lee says, advanced so far without any report that the Federal army had crossed the Potomac.

General Lee says in his second report that General Stuart was directed to lose no time in placing his command on the right of our column as soon as he perceived the enemy moving northward. He might have said that Stuart was authorized to cross the Potomac and join with Ewell in his advance without waiting for the enemy to move northward; for Ewell's right was the place assigned to him at the time Ewell's advance was ordered. There was no uncertainty about his instructions to take position on Ewell's right and guard his flank, for they were reiterated whether he crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, as General Lee suggested, or elsewhere. That was the essential point of his instructions, and General Lee had the right to expect that they would be carried out.

Stuart knew he was expected to be on Ewell's right and intended to be there. His report as published by Col. Mosby, states the causes of his delay in getting into position. (pages 176, 177 and 178):

"Accordingly, three days rations were prepared and on the night of the 24th, the following brigades—Hampton's, Fitz Lee's and W. H. F. Lee's—rendezvoused secretly near Salem Depot. * * At one o'clock at night the brigades, with noiseless march, moved out. * * Moving to the right we passed through Glasscock's Gap without difficulty and marched for Haymarket. * * As we neared Haymarket, we found Hancock's corps *en route* through Haymarket for Gum Springs, his infantry well distributed through his trains. I chose a good position and opened with artillery on his passing column with effect, scattering men, wagons and horses in wild confusion; disabled one of the enemy's caissons, which he abandoned, and compelled him to advance in order of battle to compel us to desist. * * I sent a dispatch to General Lee concerning Hooker's movements and moved back to Buckland to deceive the enemy."

From this it appears that at the very outset of his enterprise, General Stuart encountered such a "hindrance" as General Lee anticipated might occur if he tried to pass through Hooker's army, but he did not then abandon his own plans and adopt General Lee's suggestion to cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown; for as Mosby says (page 177):

"He made a wide detour through Fairfax and crossed the Potomac the night of the 27th at Seneca, and went into bivouac on the Maryland shore. On the same night Pleasanton's cavalry corps, the rear-guard of the army, crossed ten or twelve miles above on the pontoon at Edwards' Ferry, and marched on to Frederick."

If Stuart had crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown on the 25th, as suggested by General Lee, he would have been in position on General Ewell's right on the 26th of June, on which date the two columns of the Second Corps left Chambersburg, going towards the Susquehanna and General Lee arrived at that place. (See page 115).

If he had crossed at Seneca on the 25th, as he expected to do before Hooker's army moved, he might still have had time "to move over to Fredericktown," as indicated by General Lee; but when he had crossed the Potomac on the 27th, it was too late to go to Fredericktown, and Ewell's movement had so far progressed that it was too late for Stuart to join him en route to the Susquehanna. The only thing that was then left for him to do was to go on to Dover, where he had reason to believe he would find Ewell's corps. Unfortunately he was again too late, for before he got to Dover, looking for the column that General Lee said would probably move by Emmittsburg, both columns of Ewell's corps had been withdrawn and General Lee was concentrating his army for the battle of Gettysburg.

It is a pleasure to concur with Col. Mosby, when he says, on page 59:

"As the Chief of Cavalry of an army—as a commander of outpost service in masking his own side and unmasking the other—Stuart never had an equal."

General Lee knew this from past experience, and for that very reason felt more keenly the absence of Stuart and his cavalry when they were most needed in the Gettysburg campaign, to mask the movements of his army, and keep him informed of every movement of the enemy.

# CAPT. WILLIAM HENRY MURDAUGH.

## Naval Career and Reminiscences of this Distinguished Officer.

One of the most interesting contributions to Portsmouth war history was the sketch of the naval career of Capt. Murdaugh, one of the most distinguished officers sent out by Portsmouth during the Civil War, delivered by Mayor J. Davis Reed before Stonewall Camp, C. V., recently. The address was as follows:

*Commander, Veterans, Ladies and Gentlemen*:

I feel highly honored at being asked by Stonewall Camp, Confederate Veterans, to deliver an address on the naval career of my kinsman, Capt. William Henry Murdaugh, who served both in the United States and Confederate States navies.

No task you might have given me could have been more cheerfully done, but I regret that one better qualified than myself had not been assigned this work.

Fortunate, Capt. Murdaugh wrote something about his naval career, and much of this I will use.

The subject of this paper should really be the "Naval Career and Reminiscences of Capt. Murdaugh."

William Henry Murdaugh was the eldest son of John D. Murdaugh, who, after graduating at the College of William and Mary, came to this city from his ancestral home in Nansemond county to practice law.

He was a man ever active in city affairs, representing it in the General Assembly for years and also in the State Senate. Among the few instances of father and son meeting in the same service his was one. He was an elector for this district at the election of Harrison and Tyler. President Tyler offered the appointment of midshipman to his son, the subject of this sketch, whose naval career began first on the frigate Constitution, which sailed from here in October, 1841. After an absence of three months she returned disabled and the whole ship's crew and officers transferred to the Brandywine.

While absent in the Constitution, his father, who he had left in perfect health, died, and from this time his life was devoted to the task (which he made a pleasure), of assuming that father's place.

His life when not off in the performance of his naval duties was lived here among many of you, and all with whom he associated can bear testimony to his high sense of honor and unblemished life of modest worth.

In the year 1846 he began the completion of his education as a naval officer at the naval school at Annapolis, this school not having been established when he received his appointment.

Of this school and of his cruise on the Brandywine he writes: "After my voyage around the world I was granted a leave of absence of three months, but little of it did I get. Mr. Bancroft, the Secretary of the Navy, had just established the naval school at Annapolis; this was a pet scheme of his and he caught up all midshipmen he could lay his hands on and corralled them at the school; so a lot of the Brandywine midshipmen met again sooner than had been anticipated. Fort Severn had been turned over to the navy for the school. It had been unoccupied for a long time and was in charge of an old artillery sergeant. We had to shake ourselves down into quarters as best we could and we Brandywines took possession of a detached building that had, I believe, been the bake house for the garrison and called it Brandywine cottage. A row of one-story frame buildings was called Apollo row, because a lot of dilettante fellows had herded together and taken some of the best rooms. Some shed rooms leaning against the west wall which had been used as a cover for field pieces became Mustark Abbey on account of a very handsome fellow amongst those who occupied the rooms who was named Byrons. These rooms went by the name of the Abbey. A large mass of the youngsters who didn't care where they were put brought up in what had been the soldiers' barracks, a large two-story frame building, and this got the name of Rowdy Row. All those names held for years; in fact, until the place was remodeled and better quarters built. Our cottage not being quite ready for occupancy, we had to hold out temporarily in room No. 13 Rowdy Row, so numbered because thirteen fellows occupied it. The cots had not come when we got there, so there were thirteen mattresses on the floor, with pillows towards the walls.

While I was there Nag Hunter threw a somersault on his mattress and stuck the heels of his boots through the plastering at the head of his bed. Books had to be piled high to keep these marks from Capt. Buchanan during his daily inspection.

Franklin Buchanan, he who afterward commanded the Merrimac in the first day's fight in Hampton Roads, was sent to organize the school in its new condition. Buchanan was one of the tartars of the service and the way he slammed us about in those early days of the naval Academy was a caution. It took but a small offense to bring about the carrying out of the terminating clause of most of the rules for the government of the school, "he shall be dropped from the rolls and restored to his freedom." There was quite a weeding out process going on, and while much simply mischievous conduct only brought a heavy bullyragging, as we used to call it, upon offenders, anything that smacked of ungentlemanly conduct infallibly caused one to be restored to his friends.

One Sunday afternoon I was in St. John's Church in the gallery. In a pew below I saw Captain Buchanan. In the midst of the service one Peter W., a large and remarkably handsome fellow, came into the gallery in his midshipman's jacket, a suit service fatigue uniform. Peter was very drunk and would not keep still; he would wander about and once he gave a kind of warhoop. For such conduct we did not think old Buck, as we called him, could wait for the next day to run him out of town.

The next morning all the delinquents were assembled at 9 o'clock at the captain's office. I was one of them, I remember, but my offense was the not expressing myself with sufficient clearness in an official letter I had sent through him. After an awful nagging from the eagle-eyed, eagle-nosed martinet, I fell back and he said, "Mr. W." Poor Peter! How he looked as he stepped forward. He was seedy and disheveled from his spree of the day before, and knowing that he was going to be dismissed, he was a sight to behold. "Mr. W.," was hissed at him, "I saw you in church yesterday afternoon in a round-jacket, and every time you stooped down I saw a fathom of your shirt-tail. Now, sir, this may be dress for a jacktar, but not for a gentleman, I'd have you remember." Poor W., as we trooped out of the office, threw up his head in exultation. Old Buck had not seen that he was drunk nor had he heard the whoop.

The first night I was at sea there was a very heavy swell running and the wind was rising. I was attending to the taking in the jib when the ship made a dip. I saw a green mass of water coming over the catheads. With this sea I went on my back until I was stopped half stunned by my head coming in contact with some hard substance. I was fully sure that I had gone with the water down the fore hatch and that I was down in the bowels of the ship. However, I was only jammed in between the foremast and the pipe rail, my head being caught between two fixed blocks. I might here, as Pepys in his diary says, "be funny," did I choose, after the manner of Sidney Smith, who, when there was a question of putting down a pavement of wooden blocks about Westminster Abbey, said, if they could only get the bishops to put their heads together the job might be done. I have told of my baptism at sea.

We hauled the Constitution alongside the frigate Brandywine and transferred to that ship all our stores, and even the yards and sails. The change from the dark, old-fashioned Constitution to the light, airy, beautiful modern ship, the Brandywine, was a delight to me.

Notwithstanding the glories of old Ironsides, I have ever held her in horror. The horrid winter cruise in which I suffered from cold, wet, hunger and loss of sleep, and when with a heart full of the delights of anticipation of the joys of home to find that home a house of mourning.

Today I got hold of a delightful book written by my old friend and classmate, Admiral Franklin. The title is "Memoirs of Admiral Franklin." The style in which the book is written is admirable and the kindliness with which he speaks of his old friends who went with the South in her troubles is just what might have been expected from such a true, large-hearted man.

Franklin and I stood near together on the navy list. At the parting of our ways his lead to high honors, to the commander of ships and fleets and the companionship of kings and potentates and grandees both native and foreign. Mine led to insignificance and the companionship of mule drivers, tanners, ferrymen and brick makers. Sure I am that he and I have one thing in common, and that is a clear conscience. The great honors might have been mine, too, but in heart I should have known myself to be a poltroon. I have never for a moment regretted taking the course I did take. I thought I did right at the time; I know I did right now.

In the spring of 1843 I sailed from Norfolk in the Brandywine with the corvette St. Louis in company bound to the East Indies, the squadron commanded by Commodore Foxhall A. Parker. The cruise of the Brandywine was an ideal one.

It was the opinion of all officers, old and young, and of the men, old and young, whom I met in after life, that a happier and a better representation ship of the American navy never floated. First our commander-in-chief, a Virginia gentleman of the old school with a distinguished ancestry. Courtly but always gentle and simple in manner and remarkably handsome in person, he was beloved by all who knew him. Then the lieutenant, Charley Chauncey, the executive officer, thorough seaman, great on organization and discipline. He went in the dinghey every day when the ship was in port to pull around her to see that she was free from spot or blemish on the outside. Inboard no yacht was ever neater or more presentable.

Commodore Parker has a fatherly interest in the midshipmen and everything in his power to make us comfortable and to help in the making of us good men and officers. Every fine night at sea he would have the band on deck to make music for us to dance by, and often we would be joined by the older officers of the ship in our waltzes and quadrilles.

We were to be joined at Bombay by Caleb Cushing, whom we were to take to China, the first American diplomat sent to that country. We had with us a number of attaches, etc., belonging to the mission. Among the attaches was Dr. E. K. Kane, afterwards the Arctic hero.

Our voyage to Rio de Janeiro was one of fifty-four days. The novelty of sea life made it interesting to us neophytes. We caught sharks and dolphins and struck porpoises and shipjacks. Sea birds, too, we could catch, such as petrels and boobies, with baited hooks. As we approached the Brazilian coast we were becalmed on the Abrolhoes shoals and we hauled in lots of grouper and red snappers. We luxuriated on this fine fish diet, but we had also not disdained the meat of the shark and porpoise.

As illustrating the force of attraction of objects on the ocean, which is well known, I mention this instance. An English merchantman brig called the Condor was becalmed near us for several days, and two or three times we had to lower our boats and tow her away to a safe distance from our ship.

The St. Louis kept company with us all the voyage to Rio. Sometimes the commodore would signal for her to come within hail and she would run along parallel with us so graceful in her movements I thought, showing the bright copper on her bottom as she lazily dipped or rolled on the long ocean swell. Nobody could speak on these occasions but the commanding officer. On one of these speaking times, when a stone could easily have been thrown from one ship to another, one of the midshipmen of the St. Louis was, we thought, playing smart. He would shin up to the main royal masthead and put his cap on the main truck. This attracted the attention of our commodore, and after the ships had parted company he said to the pitt luff: "I don't see our midshipmen much aloft, Mr. Chauncey. Give the order hereafter that these midshipmen of each watch keep watch in the three tops." This was news to us. Up in the tops we could sit down, even lie down if we thought fit, and nobody could see if we read a novel in our high perch. I was the unfortunate one that got this delightful condition broken up. A soft bright warm day I was in the maintop. To get rid of the gabbling of the men who were on the weather side of the top I took the lee side, and making a sort of an awning of the royal studding sails stretched myself out with the "Hunchback of Notre Dame" in my hand. The quiet and the opportunity were too much for me and I fell into a snooze. Unfortunately the officer of the deck hailed the top. Now it was my province to answer the hail. The men in the top would have given me a shake had they known the condition of things, but they fancied I had gone below for a minute or so, and one of them answered the hail. Then came "where is the officer of the top?" It took some little time to find me in my canvass cover, and as I had heard nothing of what had been going on, they knew as well as I did that I had been asleep. The commodore happened to be on deck. He did not punish me individually, as I had every reason to expect, but he broke up the watch keeping in the tops. My station, when "all hands were called" was in the main top. Well I remember how my heart would sink within me when I heard in the voice shouting to us in the steerage, "turn out, fellows; it's all hands reef topsails." This we always knew meant very bad weather, as the watch on deck could reef the topsails unless it was blowing very hard. To a sleepy headed growing boy, who got too little rest anyway, to have to get out of his warm hammock, hunt maybe for his shoes which were going from side to side of the ship awash in sea water, to have to crawl up into the main top, plastered every now and then against the shrouds and ratlines by the force of the wind, then to have to spend maybe an hour in the top, on the cap of the mainmast head in rain, hail or snow, straining his shrill pipe to be heard through the fury of the gale, the rattling of blocks and flapping of canvass, to get some rope hauled on deck below or another one slackened, was hard lines to say the least of it.

The topsails nowadays are cut in half with another yard added between the dead hours of the night a midshipman's halves, the greatest boon to seamen. Sometimes the old huge topsails while being reefed would catch the wind the wrong way and belly over the ward and put the men in danger of being knocked from the foot ropes. As this condition of things cannot always be seen from the deck in the darkness, often with my heart in my throat would I be shouting to the persons below to luff the ship or brace the yards more in to save the men. How often I think when I heard of the hard times professional men have on shore, preachers of all others getting the most of the pitying, how men go through life never experiencing that agony that comes to one when they feel that the lives of many men are hanging upon his weak judgment. Hic opus est.

From Rio we went to Bombay, a voyage of eighty days, during which we never sighted land. My recollection of India are a confused jumble—the smell everywhere of burning sandal wood, it was before the days of the common use of matches, of Hindoo temples, of endless balls, dinners and picnics given us by the governor general, navy men, army men in red coats, and native princes, veritable princes some, merchant princes others.

The country places of these natives, with the trees in the spacious ground twinking with colored lights, the beautiful open arched houses, the music, the dancing naucht girls, the delicious viands and the cooling drinks made all an earthly paradise to me.

From Bombay we ran down the coast of Hindoostan, sighting the ancient city of Gou in passing. After a short run we anchored off Colombo, in the Island of Ceylon. Here again we were the recipients of all sorts of courtesies and attention.

The Governor, Sir Colin Campbell, was one of England's heroes. A noble looking old Scotchman. I remember that when he came on board the Brandywine the band played "The Campbells are Coming." The commodore and Mr. Cushing were quartered at the Governor's palace during our brief stay at the delightful island. We gave a midday entertainment to the people who had treated us so generously. The anchorage at Colombo being an open roadstead and the ship rolling a good deal, it was not safe to get the ladies from the boats to the ship by the side ladder, so an arm chair was attached to a whip from the main yard arm and after the lady was seated, her skirts enveloped in a flag, at a pipe from the boatswain's mate the men would run away with the whip, the fair one would go half way up to the yard arm and then, by tightening an inboard whip and lowering on the other, she would be landed on the deck."

In the year 1848 he acted as passed midshipman on the sloop Jamestown, a vessel of twenty-two guns and a tonnage of 985. This vessel being in service during the Mexican war.

In 1849 he was transferred to the sloop Decatur, of sixteen guns and of but 566 tons.

In 1851 he was granted a leave of absence to go with the Grinnell Arctic expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, and was master and acting first officer of the two schooners of this expedition.

Dr. Kane, in his history of this expedition, writes as follows:

"August 15. The Rescue, which has proved herself a dull sailer, had lagged astern of us, when our master, Mr. Murdaugh, observed the signal of 'men ashore' flying from her peak. We were now as far north as latitude 75 min. 58 sec., and the idea of human life somehow or other involuntarily connected itself with disaster. A boat was hastily stocked with provisions and dispatched to the shore. Two men were there upon the land ice, gesticulating in grotesque and not very decent pantomime—genuine, unmitigated Esquimaux. Verging on 76 min. is a far northern limit for human life, yet these poor animals were as fat as the bears which we killed a few days ago. Their hair, manelike, flowed over their oily cheeks, and their countenances had the true prognathous character seen so rarely among the adulterated breeds of the Danish settlements. They were jolly, laughing fellows, full of social feeling. Their dress consisted of a bearskin pair of breeches, considerably the worse for wear; a seal skin jacket, hooded but not pointed at its skirt, and a pair of coarsely stitched seal hide boots. They were armed with a lance, harpoon and air bladder, for spearing seals upon the land floe. The kaiack, with its host of resources, they seemed unacquainted with.

"When questioned by Mr. Murdaugh, to whom I owe these details, they indicated five huts, or families, or individuals, toward a sort of valley between two hills. They were ignorant of the use of bread, and rejected salt beef, but they appeared familiar with ships, and would have gladly invited themselves to visit us, if the officer had not inhospitably declined the honor."

September 19, Dr. Kane writes: "The sun, so long obscured, gave us today a rough meridian altitude. Murdaugh, always active and efficient, had his artificial horizon ready upon the ice and gave us an approximate latitude. We were in 75.20 sec. 11 min. north."

On January 11: "It blows at times so very fiercely that I have never felt it so cold; five men were frostbitten in the attempt to save stores; thermometer at 23. In less than two days everything about us was as firmly fixed as ever. But the whole topography of the ice was changed, and its new configuration attested the violence of the elements it had been exposed to. Nothing can be conceived more completely embodying inhospitable desolation. From masthead the eye traveled over a broad champagne of undulating ice, crowned at its ridges with broken masses, like breakers frozen as they rolled toward the beach. Beyond these you lost by degrees the distinction of surface. It was a great plain, blotched by dark, jagged shadows, and relieved only here and there by a hill of upheaved rubbish. Still further in the distance came an unvarying uniformity of shade, cutting with saw-toothed edge against desolate sky.

"At one time, on the 13th, the hummock ridge astern advanced with a steady march upon the vessel. Twice it rested, and advanced again—a dense wall of ice, thirty feet broad at base and twelve feet high, tumbling huge fragments from its crest, yet increasing in mass at each new effort. We had ceased to hope, when a merciful interposition arrested it, so close against our counter that there was scarcely room for a man to pass between."

This expedition was in the Arctic regions for over a year.

Capt. Murdaugh was given a Victoria medal by the British government for his services in this expedition, which, however, he did not receive from the Navy Department, to whom it was sent for delivery, until after his disabilities were removed during the administration of President Cleveland. He also received a medal from the St. George's Society, of New York city, composed of British residents of that city, for the same service in search of Sir John Franklin.

From 1853 to 1856 he was on the steamer Water Witch; in 1857 and 1858 lighthouse inspector; 1859 flag lieutenant of the Brazilian squadron; in 1860 and 1861 on the United States frigate Sabine, and of his service on this ship I will quote from a paper written by him for this camp and read to it some time before his death. (Read pages 1 and 2, lower half of page 3 and part 4, lower part 6, 8, last of page 10):

Capt. Murdaugh entered the service of the Confederacy on the acceptance of his resignation from the United States navy, about May 1, 1861, shortly thereafter taking part in the defense of Fort Hatteras in an attack made by the United States fleet consisting of the Minnesota, Wabash, Susquehanna, Cumberland, Pawnee and Harriett Lane, August 29, 1861. During this engagement he had his arm badly shattered and never fully regained the use of it.

He was, as far as I can ascertain, the first Confederate naval officer to be wounded. He escaped being made prisoner at that time by being carried to the Confederate gunboat Winslow by his men before the fort surrendered.

I find in a scrap book kept during the war the following account of the defense of Fort Hatteras:

"Much of the disaster which occurred on Thursday may be attributed to the fact that we did not possess ourselves of Fort Clark by the bayonet that night, but wiser heads than mine thought otherwise. Certain it is in my opinion that it was one of the causes, second only by the shameful neglect of the authorities in not properly fortifying the coast that caused our defeat. From these two causes we have the following result: The possession of Fort Hatteras, the key of the sound, the road open to invasion at any moment, Capt. Barron, Lieut. Sharp and about 700 or 800 men prisoners.

"I must not forget to mention a trivial circumstance, it may seem, but one which exhibits the brave man and patriot, on going to the fort about 2 o'clock at night Lieut Murdaugh might be seen standing in the moonlight upon the well defended ramparts of Hatteras; he was calmly superintending the work about the guns, having one fixed so as to better bear on the enemy with which he himself intended to fight. No one who saw him could doubt but that he would do good service.

"Fort Clark, then in the possession of the enemy, opened fire also on Hatteras and several land batteries which the enemy had erected on shore. This, with the continuous firing of the fleet composed of the Minnesota, Wabash, Susquehanna and Columbus, pouring a continuous stream of shot and shell. All eyes were turned on the gallant little fort fighting against such desperate odds, amid a perfect hailstorm of shot and shell a boat leaves the fort. What can it mean? My! they are bringing the wounded to the steamer. What a terrible scene. Never shall I forget it. Surely that blackened face, that body covered with blood, cannot be the noble, chivalrous Lieut. M.' Alas it is. He had fallen battling against them by the side of his gun. With words of encouragement on his lips, after several effective shots, but finding the enemy beyond the range, he remarked to his men: 'Well, boys, we will wait until they come up and then give it to them again.' But he had hardly uttered the words ere an eleven inch shell exploded close by, sent several fragments through his left arm, shattering it to pieces."

After his wound had been dressed he was taken to Newbern, receiving every kindness and attention from the people of that hospitable town. From there he was removed to his home, where, after months of illness and suffering, he recovered sufficiently to report for duty, this first being selected with another to seek a safe place for the removal of the navy yard stores and machinery. Charlotte was the place chosen to become our inland navy yard, rendering much service to the country. Soon after he was ordered to join Commodore Barron and Capt. Bulloch in England, who were superintending the building of several ships, one of which he was to command. Capt. Bulloch, in a letter to Commodore Barron, dated Liverpool, August 31, 1864, says:

"I feel now a reasonable certainty of getting a ship very shortly and the commander should be placed in communication with me. Murdaugh, I suppose, ought to have the ship, and he would do his work well. If you can detail him please send him to me at once. If his duties as ordnance officer preclude this, I hope you will let Whittle come. The service requires a man willing to put his shoulder to the wheel and capable of making an executive."

While awaiting the building of these ships his duty was to visit the various arsenals in Europe to obtain the latest improvements in guns, etc.

As an instance of his popularity in the old service as well as the new, some years after the war ended his brother, John Murdaugh, met an officer of the United States Navy at Panama and after enquiring after his brother William, said: "Had I known Buck Murdaugh was in that fort I'd have aimed my gun to fire over it." The United States officer was on one of the opposing fleet.

He missed the command of the Shenandoah, the vessel referred to in Capt. Bulloch's letter, owing to his absence from England at the time of her completion, and it was feared the vessel could not have been gotten out if held in port a day longer than was necessary.

Capt. Murdaugh conceived a plan of carrying the war into the enemy's country by making an attack on some of the ports on the Northern Lakes.

Of this plan Lieut. Minor, of the Confederate States navy, has this to say in a letter to Admiral Buchanan:

"Early in February of last year Lieut. William H. Murdaugh, of the navy, conceived the plan of a raid on the Northern Lakes, based on the capture by surprise of the U. S. S. Michigan, the only man-of-war on those waters, and on mentioning his views to Lieut. Robert Carter and myself I need not tell you how cordially we entered into them, and endeavored by every means in our power to carry them into execution; but it was only after repeated efforts that the government was induced to take any active part in promoting the expedition, though Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy, was in favor of it from the inception of the plan, but money, or rather the want of it, seemed to be the cause of delay, which, however, being provided to the amount of $25,000, we, together with Lieut. Walter R. Butt, one of our wardroom mess on board the old Merrimac, were at last ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to proceed on the duty assigned us, when suddenly the order was changed, it having been decided in cabinet council that our operations on the lakes might embarrass our relations with England and thus prevent the completion of ironclads and other vessels building for us in the private shipyards of that country.

"With this expedition thus broken up, Murdaugh, disheartened, sought other duty, and he, Carter and Butt were ordered abroad, leaving me here as the only representative of a scheme whose prospects were so inviting and so brilliant."

Capt. Bulloch again wanted Capt. Murdaugh detailed to command one of three vessels to make an attack on the New England ports.

In a letter to the Secretary of the Navy from London, January 10, 1865, Capt. Bulloch says:

"I have long thought that a severe blow might be struck at New Bedford, Salem, Portland and other New England towns by sending from this side ships prepared with incendiary shells and Hall's rockets. If you will send out Commodore Davidson and Lieut. J. Pembroke Jones and will detail Lieut. Murdaugh, who is now in Europe, these three officers to command the ships, and each having not more than two subordinates of prudence and experience, I think the expedition could be secretly managed in the spring or early summer."

This scheme was never consummated, coming as it did so soon before the termination of the war.

What I have here recorded does not do justice to the naval career of Capt. Murdaugh. That the services he performed do not appear to be brilliant or distinguished, yet nevertheless they were of great value to the Confederacy.

Nothing was more vital to the success of the Confederacy than the securing of guns and ammunition, and this service required a man of intelligence, tact and diplomacy, and was well performed by him.

One thing is certain, no one sacrificed more for his beloved State and Southland than he did; none were more faithful in the discharge of duty, no matter how insignificant the work assigned might have been; no officer in the United States or Confederate States navies was braver and his record is one that I believe his city and his State can feel justly proud of.

I thank you for your attention.

## BLACK EAGLE COMPANY.

### A Typical Command of Confederate Soldiers.

**By H. E. WOOD, Ex-Color Sergeant, Eighteenth Virginia Regiment.**

As it has been requested that a roster of the different organizations of the Confederate army be given, I will endeavor to give as completed record of the Black Eagle Company of Cumberland county, Va., as I can now remember, after an interval of thirty-eight years. This company was mustered into the service at Richmond, April 23rd, 1861, and was known afterwards as Company E. Eighteenth regiment, Virginia Volunteers, and had the following list of officers, non-commissioned officers and privates:

Harrison, Carter H., first captain, promoted major, Eleventh Virginia Regiment; killed at Bull Run, Va., 18th July, 1861.

Harrison, Randolph, second captain; promoted colonel in Wise's Legion; lost his leg near Petersburg, Va., April, 1865; dead.

Shields, Dr. Thomas P., third captain; wounded at Gaines' Mill, Va., 27th June, 1862; promoted surgeon.

Leitch, Thomas M., second lieutenant; exempted from service 1862.

Cocke, Edmund R., fourth captain; wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.

Weymouth, John E., first lieutenant; wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., 1863; dead.

Austin, Cornelius, second lieutenant; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.

Cocke, William F., third lieutenant; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.

Dobbs, Henry J., color sergeant; promoted lieutenant; wounded at Frazer's Farm, Va., 1st July, 1862.

### Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates.

Bagby, Bates, killed near Petersburg, Va., 1865.

Barker, Charles, exempted from service, 1861; dead.

Barker, Jesse, color sergeant; killed at Sharpsburg, Md., 1862.

Barker, Joce, exempted from service, 1862.

Barker,, John, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.

Bootwright, James, killed on picket post near Richmond, Va., 1862.

Boston, Solon A., color sergeant, killed at Williamsburg, Va., May 1st, 1862.

Bragg, William, exempted from service, 1862.

Bryant, Richard A., died in service, 1862.

Carroll, John D., lost his life capturing a Federal gunboat, winter, 1864.

Clift, M. B., died since the war.

Clopton, Walter, wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.

Cosby, Charles, exempted from service, 1861.

Cosby, George, corporal; wounded at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862; dead.

Cosby, Richard, killed at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.

Daingerfield, John, exempted from service, 1861; dead.

Daniel, John C., transferred to cavalry 1862; dead.

Dawson, Judson, wounded at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.

Dawson, William, exempted from service, 1861.

Dowdy, James, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.

Duncan, Joseph, on detail service during the war.

Fleming, A. J., orderly sergeant; exempted from service, 1862.

Flippen, E. A., wounded at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.

Frayser, James, exempted from service, 1862.

Frayser, Robert, color sergeant; wounded near Richmond, Va., 1862.

Frayser, William, wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.

French, Hugh H., wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., 1863; dead.

Gilliam, Carter, orderly sergeant; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.

Goodman, E. M., exempted from service, 1861.

Goodman, Robert T., wounded July 20th, near Manassas, Va., 1861.

Goodman, W. D., transferred to cavalry, 1862.

Gray, Thomas A., substituted, 1862; dead.

Harrison, Dr. T. J., promoted surgeon, 1861; dead.

Harris, Henry J., transferred to cavalry, 1862.

Hudgins, Elijah G., substituted, 1861; dead.

Hudgins, Frank, wounded at Sharpsburg,, Md., 1862; dead.

Hudgins, T. W., on detail service, 1862.

Hughes, Thomas Anderson, transferred from Twenty-eighth Virginia regiment, 1861; died in service, 1862.

Isbell, James T., exempted from service, 1862; dead.

Jackson, B. F., sergeant, exempted from service, 1862; dead.

Jackson, P. H., exempted from service, 1862; dead.

Johnson, Columbus, on detail service; dead.

Johnson, E. A., killed at Seven Pines, Va., 1st June, 1862.

Johnson, E. S.

Johnson, Howard, came as a substitute in the winter of 1861; deserted near Williamsburg, Va., May 1862; evidently a spy.

Johnson, Lyttleton T., wounded at Frayser's Farm, Va., 1st July, 1862.

Martin, Austin, killed at Manassas, Va., 21st July, 1861.

Mayo, Joseph H., transferred to Cavalry, 1862.

Mayo, William H., transferred to Cavalry, 1862; dead.

Morton, James, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., 1863.

Page, William Nelson, killed at Manassas, Va., 1861, July 21st.

Pendleton, E. H., on detail service during the war; dead.

Pettit, Lucius H., killed near Petersburg, Va., 1864.

Ryals, James D., served as courier to General Pickett.

Sclater, Richard O., wounded at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.

Spencer, John M., (volunteer), wounded at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.

Steger, A. C., wounded at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.

Steger, Robert H., killed at Sharpsburg, Md., 1862.

Toler, Samuel A., killed at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.

Toler, William, exempted from service, 1861; dead.

Walton, Dr. Richard P., promoted surgeon of the regiment; dead.

Weymouth, William, died from the result of wounds received at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.

Wilkinson, George, exempted from service, 1861.

Wlikinson, Richard, exempted from service, 1862; dead.

Wood, H. E., color sergeant; wounded at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.

Wood, J. H., sergeant; wounded five times, losing at one time a pound and a half of flesh from his thigh and hip from a canon shot; is now living near Eaton, Weld county, Colorado, and an active business person.

### RECRUITS.

Anderson, Nat., Carrington, Robert, wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., 1863; Clopton, Mortimer, Covington, Creasy, Creasy, Crenshaw, Dodson, Dyson, Goodman, William; Gordon, Haley, Hewitt, Hurt, Moore, Padgett, William; Poole, Quarles, Ransom, Henry, transferred from Company H., 1863; Smith, Varner, Wakeham, John E., killed near Petersburg, Va., April, 1865; Webb, Winfree, William, was on detail service during the war.

In giving the roster of the Black Eagle Company, of Cumberland county, Va, I venture to say that the morale of that company could be taken as a fair representation of the Virginia troops. In its rank and file were soldiers who had been educated at the University of Virginia, the Virginia Military Institute, Princeton, New Jersey, and the very best medical institutions of learning in the United States. Along with these soldiers of culture and refinement came another class not so fortunate in the walks of life, but who had been educated to a certain standard in the common schools of our country. There were soldiers in this Company who represented as much negro and other property interests as could be found in the State.

There were other soldiers in this company who never owned a negro nor property of any value. These two separate and distinct classes of soldiers, financially and socially, so to speak, contended for their rights on the field of battle as if each individual soldier had been a millionaire.. The humble and unpretentious cot of the peasant was his castle and was no more to be invaded and devastated than the palatial residence of the prince. There was one motive which impelled and united this sentiment into one common thought, that of driving from their homes the invaders. Much has been said since the war about the Confederate war being the rich man's war and the poor man's fight. A palpable fallacy and a flagrant injustice done the brave, patriotic volunteers of that army. I think I can refute to some extent such heinous charges in relating the death of two soldiers of the Black Eagle Company, Captain Carter B. Harrison and Private Jesse Barker.

Captain Harrison, representing, as he did, to the highest degree, the intelligence, culture, wealth and chivalry of the South. He was a soldier and a patriot by birth. With these natural endowments he had been thoroughly trained at the Virginia Military Institute. He organized the Black Eagle Company and mustered it into service, but soon afterwards was promoted Major of the Eleventh Virginia Volunteers. At Bull Run, Va., 18th of July, 1861, the enemy made an attack on his regiment from the opposite side of the stream. Major Harrison asked permission to dislodge them. It was granted. He, with the Jeff Davis Guard, of Lynchburg, Va., charged and drove the enemy from their position. Major Harrison fell mortally wouned, living only a short while, thus exemplifying in life and death all the characteristics of his grand and glorious ancestry, having filled every station in life to which he had been called, according to his highest standard.

## A Good Man.

Jesse Barker, the counterpart as a soldier, was of humble and obscure parentage, possessing no earthly comforts unless it was the battered and faded Confederate uniform which wrapped his body, serving as a winding sheet for his burial, he having been buried where he fell.

Jesse Barker had seen more than a score of his comrades killed and wounded carrying the flag of his regiment. He saw Boston killed at Williamsburg, Va. He saw the entire color guard, consisting of a sergeant and eight corporals killed and wounded at Gaines' Mill, Va. He witnessed the same fatality among his comrades four days afterwards at Frayser's Farm, Va., when the entire color guard was again shot down. He saw the head of Garland Sydnor, of Lunenburg county, Va., one of the noblest soldiers in the army, crushed to a pulp with a cannon shot, bearing aloft this same emblem of liberty and love. With these facts before him, knowing, as he did, that to be the standard bearer of the regiment made his killing or wounding inevitable, yet when a volunteer ensign was called for, Jesse Barker offered his services.

The test came at Sharpsburg, Md. It became necessary to change the position of the regiment, then in action. Major George C. Cabell, of Danville, Va., commanding the regiment at that time, than whom no truer patriot or braver soldier ever drew a sword in defense of a country, gave the command, "Color and general guides post," which meant that the color sergeant should advance fifteen paces to the front of the regiment.

### A SAD AFFAIR.

In the din and confusion of battle Barker did not hear the command and did not advance. Major Cabell, seeing his orders disregarded, and supposing Barker was hesitating about it, reprimanded him, called him a coward, and asked that same brave soldier take the flag and go forward with it. Barker heard that and told Major Cabell he was no coward and was ready then to make as much sacrifice for the cause as any soldier in the army, and, if ordered to do so, he would advance with his flag as far toward the enemy as any other soldier would do, and asked that the order be repeated. Major Cabell again gave his order. Barker quickly advanced the fifteen paces to the front and stood waving the flag he loved so well in the face of the enemy till he fell a corpse.

While Jesse Barker was poor in purse, he was rich in patriotic devotion. He was as true patriot, as fearless and intrepid a soldier as ever faced an enemy, and as proud of being a volunteer soldier in the Confederate ranks as if he had been commander-in-chief of the army.

So much for the rich man's war and the poor man's fight. Each of these soldiers did his duty to the death, rich and poor alike, learned and unlearned.

There is another instance of patriotic devotion and loyalty to the Southern cause, that of John M. Spencer, of Buckingham county, Va. Spencer was too young at the beginning of the hostilities to be enrolled as a soldier, but being very patriotic, he volunteered his services with the color guard of the Black Eagle Company for the battle of Seven Pines, Va. He passed through that baptism of fire and leaden hail unscathed, which nerved him to try his luck again at Gaines' Mill, Va. He was more fortunate this time when he received his mark of honor: was wounded and afterwards joined Mosby's command; was captured and confined at Fort Warren, Mass., till the cruel war was over, and is now living at Berkley, California, as patriotic as ever—a good old rebel yet.

The Black Eagle Company was mustered into service with sixty members, twenty-two of whom were killed in battle, twenty-two wounded, two died of disease contracted in camp, seven were exempted (too old at that time for the service, in 1862, the Confederate Congress at that time made that provision for them), six were retired from physical disability. Only one of the first organizations whose name I can now recall who remained with the company from its inception to its ending escaped a gunshot wound, and he was on detached duty.

When the roll was called on the fatal field of Gettysburg before that immortal charge was made eighteen of the first enlisted members answered ready for duty. When the charge had ended eight were dead, nine were wounded and prisoners. Only one escaped an injury. A nobler band of patriots never banded together for any cause. I am sure they would have done their duty as the Spartans did at the Pass of Thermopylae, or as the allied forces did at Balaklava, or anywhere on earth where devotion to a cause or loyalty for a country would have been conspicuous.

It can be truthfully said of them that they gave their bodies to their country and their souls to their God. If in making this roster I have erred, making it as I had to do from memory, I am sure my ex-comrades will pardon me, and I trust they will not think I have been making an effort to discriminate in mentioning them, as I have done the names of Major Harrison and Jesse Barker. It is a difficult task to discriminate or draw a line of distinction when so many gallant and meritorious soldiers were doing their duty.

### The Roll Book.

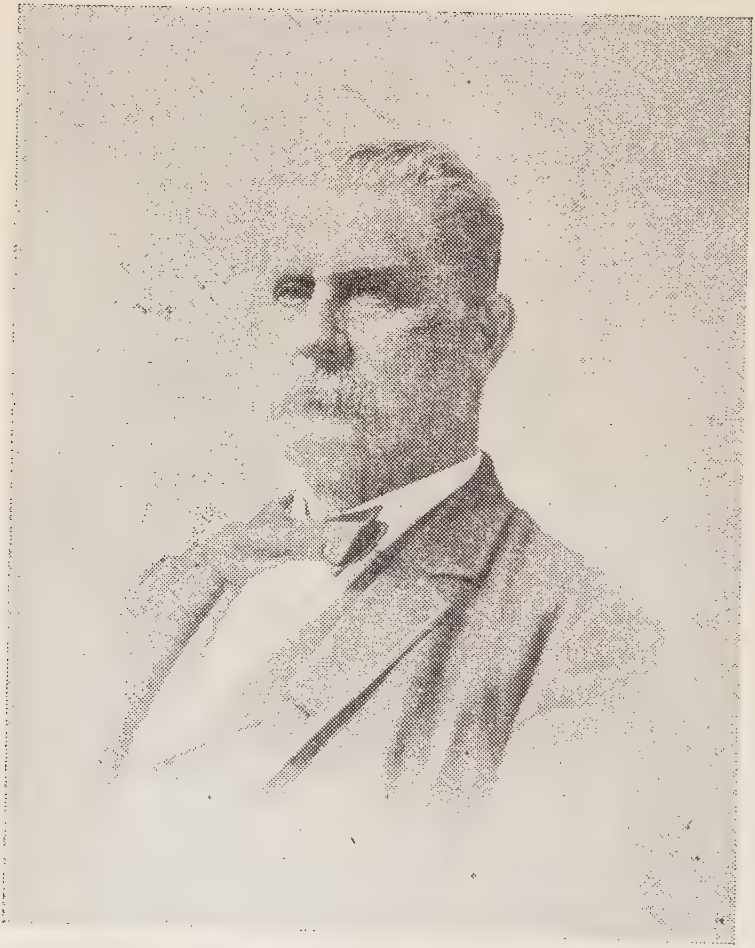
Carter Gilliam, our orderly sergeant, was killed at Gettysburg and his body left upon the field. He had the roll book of our company with him, and as such it was lost. I will relate an incident in connection with our roll book which may be of interest to the surviving members of the company, as told me by Thomas W. Shiffleth, who was color sergeant for the Fourteenth Regiment, Virginia Volunteers—a soldier never known to shirk a duty nor flinch in battle. Shiffleth, in attempting with his flag in his hand to follow General Armistead over the stone fence, had a Federal soldier to thrust his musket in his face, shooting him below the eye, the ball coming out through the back of his head. He fell unconscious and remained in that condition during that day and the following night, till next morning, when he was around to consciousness by a Federal soldier, giving him a kick, supposing him dead, remarking to a comrade he had killed him the day before when attempting to climb over the stone fence.

The Federal, realizing the fact that Shiffleth was yet alive, entered into conversation with him, and in making a display of the valuables he had rifled from the bodies of Confederate dead, our roll book was seen among them, showing he had robbed the dead body of our orderly sergeant.

The Federal soldier at once gave Shiffleth all necessary attention, and had him taken to a hospital, placed upon a cot near the cot of a wounded Federal, who began twitting Shiffleth about the disaster which had befallen our army the day before, remarking that they had whipped us. Shiffleth told him he had not been whipped, and if his cot could be placed near enough for him to get hold of him he could then whip him.

Shiffleth survived the war a year or more, and died from the effects of his wound at Gettysburg. I regret that I could not be more explicit and accurate in recording the names and deeds of the recruits, most of whom came to the company during the winter of 1864 and were not long with the command before its surrender and came from different sections of the State, unlike the old organization, all of whom I knew personally and who were Cumberland county men to the manner born.

H. E. Wood,
Ex-Color Sergeant, Eighteenth Regiment.



MAJOR ANDREW REID VENABLE, JR.

[From Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch.*]

# MAJOR ANDREW REID VENABLE, JR.

By W. GORDON McCABE.

Died, on October 15, 1909, at "Millwood," near Farmville, Va., Major Andrew Reid Venable, Jr., formerly Adjutant and Inspector-General of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, in his seventy-seventh year.

"This fell sergeant, Death, is strict in his arrest," as Shakespeare tells us, and thus has been struck from the rolls of survivors of that glorious army the name of one of the noblest gentlemen and most daring soldiers who ever periled life for hearth and home and country.

But it is only from "the roll of survivors" that his name has been stricken, for on the deathless roll itself, his name shall blaze so long as freemen shall revere those stern and warlike virtues that make men strong to meet with unshaken front the very stroke of fate.

Born of an ancient and honorable race, distinguished from Colonial days for inflexible integrity, high courage and keen intellectual gifts—nourished in the most heroic traditions of the Commonwealth—he proved himself in every relation of life—as husband, father, kinsman and comrade—worthy of the noble stock from which he sprung.

His life before the war (*"the* war" to us beyond all other wars it must ever be), was uneventful—just the life of the average young Virginian of good family, "straining at the leash" and eager to get beyond the somnolent life of prosaic surroundings.

It may be told in few words, for his real life lay within the four years of war. He was born at the "Vineyard" (one of the old Venable estates), in Prince Edward county, on December 2, 1832, son of Samuel Woodson and Jane Reid Venable—was graduated from Hampden-Sidney College before he was twenty, in the class of 1852—disdained to settle down as "a small planter," and so "went West" to seek his fortunes, speedily deciding on St. Louis as his new home. There, owing to his industry, quick intelligence and spirit of enterprise, his business success was almost instant. What is far more to the purpose, it was there that he met socially two people who were to play the chief part in his life—Miss Stevens, a niece of Governor Stevens, of Maryland, a lady destined within a few years to become his wife under the most romantic circumstances—while he was an escaped prisoner in the enemy's country—and Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, U. S. A., who, though but twenty-two, had just proved his warlike mettle in the campaign against the fierce Apaches, as a young officer of the famous old "Rifles," and who, now transferred to the First Cavalry, had been assigned duty at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis.

An intimate friendship sprung up at once between Venable and the brilliant young officer, for they were both enthusiastic Virginians, both far from home and both in the very "May-morn of their youth."

Little did either then dream that, within ten years, one should become a great cavalry leader, "dazzling a world with deeds," and the other ride by his bridle-rein as his most trusted staff officer. But Stuart soon went his way to fight the Sioux and the Cheyennes, receiving in the campaign against the latter a grievous wound in the desperate action at Soloman's Fork, Kan., while Venable, with characteristic tenacity, stuck to his business enterprises with such effect, that, within a few years, he had accumulated what was then reckoned a handsome competence.

But party spirit was running high through all the land and nowhere, North or South, were sectional animosities so intense and bitter as in St. Louis. "The Southern element," as it was called, dominated "society," but the bulk of the population, "the plain people" (in large measure Germans), sided with the "Abolitionists" and "Free-Soilers."

Young Venable, who had been bred up in the "strict States' Rights school," and who, through temperament, contemned everything savoring of compromise" or "expediency," threw himself with all the passion of his ardent nature into the struggle that had even then begun between Secessionists and Union men for control of Missouri in the impending conflict.

Then burst the storm of war, and Venable, without a moment's hesitation, threw up his prosperous business (though he well knew that it meant the sacrifice of everything he had accumulated), and sped to his mother State, where he at once enlisted as a private soldier in the "Third Battery" of "Richmond Howitzers," then under orders to join the "Army of the Peninsula."

He was at this time, as the writer of these lines remembers (for we were in the same gun-detachment), a singularly handsome man, genial, yet dignified, blessed with a keen sense of humor, fond of a good story, but instantly austere at any hint or irreverence touching religious matters, always cheery when hardships had to be endured, and speedily became known to officers and men as one of the most resolute and daring soldiers in the command. The "Third Battery" of Howitzers" saw, perhaps, more actual fighting than any other artillery company in "the Army of the Peninsula," and Venable, born trooper though he was, was always proud and glad, during the years after the war, to meet in "reunion" his old artillery comrades, with whom, as simple cannoneer he had received his first "baptism of fire."

He took part with his battery in all the actions and minor affairs of that army in '61, and of the "Army of Northern Virginia" until the summer of 1862, when he was made "Captain and Commissary" of the First Regiment of Virginia Artillery, commanded by the gallant and accomplished Colonel John Thompson Brown (former Captain of the "Second Battery" of "Howitzers") who at the very beginning of the "Campaign of '64" fell in action at "The Wilderness," mourned by an army.

This position Venable held until the spring of '63.

Commissaries and Quartermasters, with few exceptions, never went into action. Indeed, for them to do so, was contrary to explicit and very proper "orders." So, too, of Surgeons. But Venable could no more keep out of a fight than Stuart's "Chief Surgeon," Talcott Eliason, of whom Stuart says in his rollicking fashion (in his official report of the Gettysburg Campaign): "Surgeon Eliason, though without a superior in his profession, would, from his conduct on the field, excel as a Colonel of Cavalry."

The "Commissary of the First Virginia Artillery" had a way of suddenly turning up in the very thick of things to ask his Colonel some utterly idle and irrelevant question about rations for the men, and the Colonel tried to look severe and the battery commanders winked at each other and at Venable, when the latter said, "And now, sir, if I could carry any orders for you, as I see your Adjutant has gone."

Thus it was that Stuart, who, on Jackson's fall on the evening of May 2nd, at Chancellorsville, had been put in command of Jackson's Corps, met Venable in the very thickest of the battle of the 3rd day. Venable had come up to ask his Colonel whether he didn't think "a bean ration would be good for the men."

He never proposed that momentous question to his "Regimental Commander."

Stuart, who handled Jackson's Corps on that day with superb skill, came suddenly in the woods upon the conscientious "Commissary." They had never seen each other since the old St. Louis days, but the recognition was instant. Stuart, who had sent off every staff officer with urgent, and almost inspired, orders, grasped his hand, and said, "Venable, I've sent off my last man. You *must* take this order to the left. There is no one else. I assume all responsibility." "Certainly, sir," replied Venable, saluting, and most delighted, and away he sped through the woods reverberating with the fierce, wild cries of the victorious Confederates, driving the enemy from their last stubborn stand. All through that glorious day (the tactical masterpiece of the nineteenth century, as was Leuthen of the eighteenth), Venable carried Stuart's orders, and when night fell, as they lay by the camp fire, told a kindred spirit how he chafed at "being in a bomb-proof."

"I shall ask that for your services to-day," said Stuart, "you be assigned my staff."

For Stuart to ask (after his own brilliant work), was to have, and so Venable, within a few days, was assigned to the Headquarter Staff of the Cavalry, with the rank of Major, and announced in "General Orders" as "Assistant Adjutant and Inspector-General of the Corps."

From that time until his capture at the battle of Hatcher's Run (or Burgess's Mill), in the autumn of 1864 (Oct. 27th), the story of Venable's career is the story of that splendid body of horse, whose deeds gave Stuart his imperishable renown.

It was "an open secret" at Cavalry Headquarters, that of all the splendid and capable staff officers there—Heros Von Borcke (of the "Madgeburg Dragoons") and Henry McClellan and young "The." Garnett—Venable was closest to Stuart. Whenever most perlious service was to the fore, Venable was selected for that service, and wherever the Headquarter guidon of Lee's horse blazed in the van of trampling squadrons, there always was Andrew Venable, riding "bit to bit," by the bridle-rein of the gay and debonnair Rupert of the South.

It is sad, in a way, to his surviving comrades, that the story of his brilliant career will never be told. But it is no worse in this case than in that of "Willy" Pegram, or "Jim" Breathed, or Beckham, or "Jimmy Thompson," or Victor Girardey, and many, many others, whose names were "household words" as stubborn fighters, in an army of stubborn fighters, who are yet unknown to-day to the people for whose liberties they yielded up their lives.

Still, one may be allowed to cite one or two instances in that career—if only for his children's sake—to evidence how absolute was his Chief's confidence in the readiness of resource and cool daring of this favorite staff officer in desperate and critical events.

In the Gettysburg Campaign, when Stuart had lost touch with Lee's columns (because of his daring raid towards the Susquehanna), and had finally recognized the imperious necessity of communicating with the commanding general, Venable was the officer chosen to make his way through the hostile country, swarming with the enemy, and carry to Lee the first direct message from his Chief of Cavalry.

The perilous ride was successfully accomplished, and Lee's official report tells us that on the evening of July 1st, Venable reported to him the exact whereabouts of his cavalry.

Stuart himself, in his official report of the campaign (dated August 20th, 1863), says: "The untiring energy, force of character and devotion to duty of Major Andrew R. Venable, Inspector-General, and of Lieutenant G. M. Ryal, C. S. Army, Provost Marshal, deserves my special gratitude and praise."

As we shall see later on, Venable and Ryal were again to have special mention together for signal service, after their brilliant chief had fallen in battle.

In October, 1863, three months after Gettysburg, Lee, ever ready to strike and confident in the aggressive *morale* of his veterans of confirmed hardiness, began a movement around the right flank of Meade's army (then lying in Culpeper), with a view to forcing his late anatagonist again to battle. This is known to old soldiers as "the Bristoe Campaign."

The duty assigned Stuart was to guard Lee's right and screen the movement from the enemy's powerful and skillfully-handled horse. It was a most difficult and delicate service, and Lee's instructions prove beyond question how entirely his Chief of Cavalry retained his great commander's complete confidence. Stuart, chafing under half-muttered cavillings, and eager to have a chance to sweep away every cloud of adverse criticism, showed up at his best from start to finish. In the saddle day and night, he handled his small cavalry force against the preponderating squadrons of the enemy with a happy blending of prudence and audacity that friend and foe alike (among trained soldiers) applauded with generous accord.

But his wise audacity (which, if unsuccessful, would have been termed "foolish rashness") had at one point what is known as "a very close call." The story is familiar to the old troopers of his command and is too long to detail here. Suffice it to say, that he discovered a movement of the enemy's infantry that neither he nor Lee had suspected. As usual, he selected Venable to carry the news to the commanding general, instructing him to "ride by way of Auburn," which Lomax, with his brigade of horse, was supposed to hold. Venable sped upon his mission, and rode confidently into Auburn, only to ride out as fast as he could put spur to horse under a tempest of bullets, for Lomax had just been driven from the place and Kilpatrick's troopers held all the roads. But the trusted staff officer, with more than one "touch-and-go" escape, made a wide detour, knowing every foot of the country even in the darkness, and safely delivered the message to Lee.

In those heroic days, compliments did not fly thick and fast, as in "the great Spanish War," and to be mentioned in dispatches meant a good deal. Of this daring ride, Stuart says simply, in his official report: "Major Andrew R. Venable, Jr., A. A. and Inspector-General, deserves special mention for his conduct in evading the enemy near Auburn and reaching the Commanding General with important dispatches on the night of October 13th."

To this generation, those few words may not mean much. To Andrew Venable's surviving comrades, they are pregnant with martial meaning.

But the "hero of Gettysburg" had no desire to "try conclusions" with his fierce and wary adversary, and slipped away from the crucial test, counting its avoidance a clever manoeuvre. What a complete answer to latter-day military sciolists, who blame Meade for not pursuing Lee after Gettysburg, blatantly assuming the demoralization of that veteran soldiery that had stormed "Cemetery Hill."

The story of Venable's services during the winter of '63-'64, when Stuart, despite his being compelled to scatter his command because of lack of forage, was yet continually "beating up the enemy's quarters" (as his Cavalier prototype was wont to express it), must be sought in official dispatches.

Then, in the spring of '64, began the greatest of Lee's campaigns—a grim wrestle of eleven months, with the guns "going" night and day—in which the Confederate commander, from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, put hors-de-combat more men than he had taken into the campaign, and again, from Cold Harbor to Five Forks, put hors-de-combat as great a number as had been left him for the defense of Petersburg and Richmond.

Grant crossed the Rapidan on May 4th, and on May 5th. Stuart in person conducted Lee's advance (A. P. Hill's Corps) to strike the enemy on the Plank Road. It is no exaggeration, but only severest truth to say that from that moment, the Commander of the Cavalry Corps, night and day in the saddle, with only a few hours' sleep during the twenty-four, never lost aggressive contact with the enemy's infantry and cavalry, until the fatal May 11th, at "Yellow Tavern," when he fell mortally wounded from a random pistol-shot fired by a retreating Federal trooper.

The story of that desperate fight, so tragic in the cruel disparity of numbers, has been too often told to need repetition here. As they lifted Stuart, stricken with his mortal hurt, into the ambulance, he saw some disorganized troopers retreating to the rear. Raising himself up, the old light of battle shining in his eyes, his voice rang out in imperious tones: "Go back! go back! Do your duty as I've done mine. I'd rather die than be whipped." And once again the little handful turned and stayed the tide of thundering onset.

Venable tenderly bore his chief from the field to Richmond, and then, like a true soldier, galloped back at once to the front. He had looked his last on the face of the man of whom to his dying day he could never speak save with deep emotion.

But, as the brilliant cavalry leader lay a-dying, he did not forget this loyal friend and comrade, knit to him by so many ties of joyous camaraderie and common danger.

As was natural, Stuart was passionately fond of horses, was always superbly mounted, and rode like a Centaur. Of all his horses, his "gallant gray" was his favorite, and, just before he breathed out his dauntless soul, after directing that his personal effects shouldd be sent to his wife, turning to his faithful Adjutant-General, Henry McClellan, whispered, "Take the bay and let Venable have my gray."

He then added, "I am going fast: God's will be done," and so the bugles sang "Lights Out" to the wearied trooper, and he fell on heroic sleep.

It may not be impertinent to set down here that the writer of these lines was sittting on his horse at Spotsylvania C. H., close to Lee, when the telegram was handed the latter announcing Stuart's fall at "Yellow Tavern." Lee's simple words on reading the telegram constitute, to our mind, Stuart's noblest epitaph and should have been graved upon the pedestal of his statue: "Gentlemen," he said (evidently greatly moved), "we have very bad news. General Stuart has been mortally wounded." He paused for a few moments, and then exclaimed impressively: *"He never brought me a piece of false information."* Think of it!—from the commander of a veteran army, touching his Chief of Cavtlry—"the eyes and ears" of that army!

After Stuart's death, Venable was for a brief time assigned staff-duty with the Major-General W. H. F. Lee, but in August was reassigned to the Headquarters of the Cavalry Corps, with his old duties as Inspector-General, on the staff of General Wade Hampton.

Time would fail to deal in detail with the active part he bore in the constant cavalry engagements of those stirring August and September days.

But one signal service may, at least, be touched upon.

On September 14th (1864), Hampton, having ascertained through his scouts the exact location of the great "corral" for the "supply cattle" of the Army of the Potomac, determined to make a bold raid in Grant's rear, and, if possible, to "lift" (in Hieland phrase) the fat beeves there congregated, of which the Federals always had plenty, while at this time the chief food of the hungry Confederate was but half a ration of "hard tack" and rancid pork. For many months, indeed, Lee's veterans, like the English just before "Agincourt," had been "shrewdly out of beef," but Hampton knew that (as the Constable of France allowed of his adversaries on the eve of that historic day) "give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils."

To penetrate so far to the enemy's rear seemed to many of the boldest a rash undertaking, but the actual "cutting out" of this immense herd (by official count, two thousand four hundred and eighty-six) was brilliantly accomplished under the very noses of the astounded Federals, and then came the most critical part of the expedition. To "round up" and bring off such a number of cattle demanded the readiest shrewdness, coolest courage and wariest management. The enemy, after their first overwhelming amazement, recovered their wits; telegraph wires were kept hot from City Point to Grant's front, and very speedily Hampton was so hard pressed by both cavalry and infantry that a less resolute fighter would have abandoned his booty and thought only of escape. But Hampton knew Lee's great need of proper food for the men, and at all times was an officer of prompt resource and most stubborn courage. He placed Venable and Ryal in charge of the escort that was to drive the cattle, and turned about himself to hold the swarming enemy in check, until the cattle might be herded across the Nottoway to some point of safety. 'Twas a great feat, accomplished with consummate skill and judgment, and who of us can ever forget the great shout that went up from the gaunt veterans in the trenches, to whom it meant returning health and vigor and renewed strength to fight on for the cause that grew even closer to their hearts.

In his official report, Hampton says (September 27th, 1864): "Major Venable, of my staff, was ordered to superintend this movement of the cattle, and, with Major Ryal, Provost Marshal, who had been very efficient in conducting it up to this time, to place them quickly across the Nottoway River at Freeman's Ford. These officers discharged their duty admirably, and the successful manner in which the cattle were brought off is due very much to their zeal and enterprise."

On October 27th, in the great action at Hatcher's Run, in which Grant received another lesson that we "still could sting," and sting sharply, Venable, while carrying an important message from gallant "Jimmy" Deering (one of Lee's "Boy-Brigadiers") to Hampton, in making his way through the heavily-wooded country, rode headlong into the enemy's pickets and was promptly captured. He was at once carried before the officer commanding that part of the picket line, who, very improperly, threatened him with direful bodily harm when Venable flatly refused to answer a single one of his questions. He would not even tell him to whose command he belonged. The officer became more irate, and more insistent that he should tell him at once the position and number of troops engaged and other like information. Venable, who never "set his life at a pin's fee" in any matter involving soldiery honor, and who could be, on occasion, as scornful as he was fearless, blazed out upon the Federal commander with such scathing words as the latter probably never forgot. In his official report of the part borne by his command in this battle, Brigadier-General Thos. V. Eagan, U. S. V. (on whose line he was captured) has but little to say of the incident, but that little "speaks volumes" to those who knew Venable, and who can "read between the lines:" "Here my skirmishers captured Major Venable, formerly Inspector-General of Stuart's Cavalry, and now Adjutant-General (it is thought, [sic]), of Hampton's Division. *He would give no information!"* That officer little knew the adamant he was "up against!"

The romantic story of Venable's adventures after his capture and confinement in the "Old Capitol Prison," in Washington, his dare-devil escape by leaping through the window of the car that was carrying him to "Fort Delaware," as the train slowed up in the dusk of evening near Philadelphia—his successful concealment, through the active help of "Southern Sympathizers" in that rabid and envenomed "City of Brotherly Love" (old St. Louis friends of Stuart's were these sympathizers), who not only secreted the young Virginian at great personal risk, but pressed upon him unlimited money for emergencies—his cool assumption of the role of an "oil-land promoter"—his frequent trips to the Pennsylvania oil-fields to pick up hints, for better playing the "part"—his writing his *fiancee,* Miss Stevens (who had come on to Baltimore with her aunt, to avoid the persecution in St. Louis of "Rebel sympathizers"), begging her to make a few rapid preparations for marriage, following up the letter (characteristically) with a telegram, "Come with your aunt at once"—their marriage by the Rev. Dr. W. S. Plummer in his "study," who had been his father's classmate at college, and who was then living in Philadelphia—his wife's departure within a few days Southward for Baltimore, while he fared Westward to the oil-fields—his making his way gradually, through help of "the underground," to Hagerstown, Maryland—his dash, one stormy night, on a fleet horse to an unguarded point on the Potomac—the perilous swim across—and so back to freedom, and "Old Virginia"—all this, as wild as any chapter in Stevenson or Dumas, must be told at another time and in another place. A comrade heard him recount the story soon after his return, and begged him to write it down then, and he half-promised to do so, but, as so often happens, never did.

Just after the disastrous "Retreat," which culminated in the "Surrender" at Appomattox C. H., Mrs. Venable got permission from the Federal authorities to come to Virginia, and after many inevitable hardships reached her husband's home in Prince Edward. The whole of that section had been ravaged by the enemy, and desolation reigned supreme. He had now a wife to care for, besides others dependent on him, and, without any idle repining at the malice of fortune, at once went to "work with a will."

Of his life after the war there is small need to speak. It was the same as that of the great majority of his old comrades.

Enough to say, that he illustrated in every task he essayed that pithy dictum of a great English thinker that "the reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another."

His wife now fortunately came into her property, and he himself again accumulated a comfortable competence, which within a few years was lost through misplaced confidence in others. Once more with no repining, he began the battle of life, this time as a simple farmer, and thenceforth devoted himself in chief measure to advancing agricultural interests throughout the Commonwealth, being for years prominently identified with the revived "State Fair" and active in the management of other kindred organizations.

A simple farmer he indeed continued to the end outwardly, but in his "heart of heart" (as Hamlet hath it), he always remained a soldier.

He was never "reconstructed" and disdained to pretend that he was. He was not "glad that the war ended as it did," and was not slow to express his virile scorn for those who thus "bowed down in the House of Rimmon."

For the past two or three years, his health had been steadily failing, but the spirit of the man was invincible, and he never for a moment abated his activities, so that when the blow fell at last, his death proved a great shock to family, kinsmen and friends.

On October 15th, after a few days' illness, he passed quietly away at "Millwood," "surrendering his pure soul unto his Captain, Christ."

He lived in a great time and bore himself through all the "stress and storm" of it in a manner worthy of his historic lineage.

After the war there were long years in which he was tried as by fire, but he ever proved all gold. And he has left to wife and children, to kinsmen and comrades, as a precious legacy, the fragrant memory of his tenderness and purity, his generosity and integrity, his nice sense of honor and chivalric courage, and of all those stern and gentle virtues that we unconsciously associate with the loftiest type of the high-bred gentleman and dauntless soldier.

In contemplating this heroic life, thus rounded, at the last, with the sleep which He giveth His beloved, we, who miss him and hold him in our hearts, rising above our own selfish sorrow, can surely say of him, as Milton says of Sampson:

> "Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail;
> * * * * nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

W. GORDON MCCABE.

December 6th, 1909.

# REVIEW OF THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

### By One Who Participated Therein.

I have frequently been asked by friends and members of my family to write something of my experiences during the great Civil War.

The pressure of a busy professional life has left me little in the way of leisure to gratify this request, and I have always felt that personal experiences were difficult to recall, and at best interested but few people.

I have not been unmindful, too, of Max Mulier's caution that he doubted whether any historian would accept a statement made thirty years after the event, without independent confirmation. In writing his autobiography, he says, "All that I can vouch for is, that I read my memory as I should read the leaves of an old manuscript, from which many letters, nay whole words and lines have vanished, and when I am often driven to decipher as a palimpsest what the original uncial writing may have been, I am the first to confess there may be flaws in my memory, there may be before my eyes that magic azure which surrounds the distant past, but I compromise that there shall be no invention, no Dichtung, instead of Wahrich, but always as far as in me lies, truth."

An occasional visit to the battlefields of Gettysburg in these latter years has served to revive my interest in the scenes, some of which I witnessed nearly fifty years ago.

I have been led to read again some of the discussions which were so rife after the war as to the causes of General Lee's failure. These again caused me to review the whole campaign in the light of the official reports and correspondence which have since been published, and the result of these investigations in connection with the facts of which I was personally cognizant are embodied in the following pages.

Popular interest in the battle of Gettysburg has suffered no abatement from the lapse of time. In popular imagination the shouts of the contending hosts, and the echoes of musketry and artillery still resound through the valleys and linger upon the opposing heights. While the battle is not accounted as sanguinary as Sharpsburg, and not as picturesque in its setting as Fredericksburg, and while there was no brilliant coup de main like that of Jackson's at Chancellorsville, yet, as marking the turning point in the fortunes of the war, and repelling the tide of Southern invasion, it is by common consent regarded as the most momentous of all the struggles waged between the army of the Potomac and the army of Northern Virginia.

To the military student of the campaign, the tactical movements on either side, the manner in which the troops were brought into action, the nature of the ground, the strength of the several positions, and how each of them bore on the final result, furnish on a large scale rich material for the study of the art of war. Notwithstanding the volumes which have been devoted to the subject, no writer has yet appeared, able to paint the picture in all its fullness, tracing with bold sweep the general outlines, and deftly filling in its multitudinous details.

Historical truth evolves itself slowly. In the diary of the Hon. Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy, now being published, he records that Mr. Lincoln was extremely dejected at Lee's escape after the battle, and much displeased that Meade did not press Lee vigorously. The average Northerner, however, while he failed, as did Mr. Lincoln, to realize how close the Union army had been to defeat, was quite willing when success was assured to forget the panic which swept the country ahead of Lee's invading army when it made its swift march to the Susquehanna, and was too elated over the result to care to go much into the inquiry how it all came about. This feeling to some extent, affected the subsequent investigation before a Committee of Congress upon the conduct of the war. Everyone could afford to be generous when there was so much cause for mutual congratulation.

In the South it was different; the increasing exigencies of the Confederate government and its narrowing resources, left it no time during the remainder of its existence, to institute inquiries into the cause of Lee's failure, and at the conclusion of hostilities, the people were too much engaged in their efforts to repair the waste of war, to think of the past and its mistakes.

Still, with the army of Northern Virginia and among its officers and men, from the day their faces were turned again to the Potomac, the causes of the failure have been a theme of repeated, and sometimes angry, discussion.

When the magnanimity of General Lee prompted him, at the end of the third day, to assume the responsibility for the disaster, it allayed for the time any disposition to fix the responsibility elsewhere, and so long as he lived, his influence was felt in restraining heated discussions, which he discouraged as productive of no good, and the effect of which would be to alienate from each other those who had been comrades in arms.

The subject, however, was of such a nature, its discussion could not be finally suppressed. The Gettysburg failure touched too keenly the pride of the army and the reputation of General Lee, to permit silence on the part of his followers when it was believed by many that the responsibility rested upon other shoulders than his own. As time passed the discussion widened, and it became more and more apparent that General Lee's broad and generous mantle had covered the shortcomings of more than one of his lieutenants. One of the contemporary criticisms was directed against General Stuart, the cavalry leader, who was charged with having not only committed a fatal blunder, but with violating his instructions in detaching himself from the army when the Potomac was crossed, and failing to furnish the Commander-in-Chief with the information which it was essential for him to possess. Stuart's brilliant service afterwards, and his death in battle disarmed any disposition to emphasize whatever error he may have committed; but it remained for some of the general staff afterwards to point out and lay stress upon this feature of the campaign. This view was endorsed by General Longstreet, to whom Stuart was reporting immediately before the passage of the Potomac. Colonel John S. Mosby in his book recently published, entitled, "Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign," and in his letters to the press, has undertaken to refute these charges, and to show that Stuart not only acted within his instructions, but that his detour between Hooker's army and the city of Washington, was justified by the result, and that had he been with Lee on the march he could have rendered no special service, and his presence at Gettysburg would have been practically useless.

The most serious controversy, however, growing out of the campaign has been over the conduct of General Longstreet on the second and third days of the battle, and his alleged tardiness and failure to co-operate cordially with the Commander-in-Chief. In his book "From Manassas to Appomattox," and in various publications given to the press, General Longstreet has vigorously defended himself, and adopting the old Roman method has sought to carry the war into Africa, and made counter charges, sometimes with an exhibition of temper which his best friends must regret.

Now, that nearly all the chief actors in the memorable struggle have passed away, certainly those whose feelings were most enlisted in the controversies growing out of it, it is not inopportune to attempt in a dispassionate way a brief historical sketch of the campaign, tracing the movements of the two armies from the time they left the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, Va., noting the objects had in view by the Confederate leaders, and pointing out the causes of General Lee's failure at Gettysburg.

Mr. Davis in his work entitled "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," has put himself on record, that the main purpose of the movement across the Potomac, was to free Virginia from the presence of the enemy. "If (he says) beyond the Potomac, some opportunity should be offered so as to enable us to defeat the army on which our foe most relied, the measure of our success would be full; but if the movement only resulted in freeing Virginia from the presence of the hostile army, it was more than could be fairly expected from awaiting the attack which was clearly indicated."

General Lee's own view of the situation is set forth in a confidential letter, written by him to Mr. Seddon, the Confederate Secretary of War, on June 8, 1863, in which he points out that nothing could be gained by his army remaining quiet on the defensive, which it would have to do unless reinforced, that it was difficult to take the aggressive with so large an army in his front, intrenched behind a river where it could not be advantageously attacked, "and that unless it can be *drawn out* in a position to be assailed, it will take its own time to prepare and strengthen itself to renew its advance upon Richmond, and force this army back within the intrenchments of that city." At the date of this letter General Longstreet, with two divisions of his corps, was absent from the army, having been detached after the battle of Fredericksburg and sent to the south side of the James to cooperate in the capture of Suffolk. Mr. Davis says that in anticipation of General Hooker's advance in May, instructions were sent to General Longstreet to hasten his return to the army with his two divisions, and notwithstanding the instructions were "repeated with urgent insistence, has movements were so delayed that though the battle of Chancellorsville did not occur until many days after he was expected to join, his force was absent when it occurred."

Some explanation of this apparent reluctance on Longstreet's part may possibly be gathered from his account of an interview between himself and Mr. Seddon on his way back to the army, published by the General in his own defence in 1878 in the *Philadelphia Times*, and republished in the *Southern Historical Society Papers,* vol. 5, page 35. At that interview, when the situation of the Western armies was being discussed, General Longstreet says he unfolded a plan of his own, which was to concentrate the Western forces under Joe Johnston, against Rosencranz at Tullahoma, and add his two divisions, which would enable Johnston to crush Rosencrans; after which they could turn their faces North, and with this "splendid army march through Tennessee and Kentucky and threaten the invasion of Ohio." In the march through those States, he thought the army would meet no organized obstruction, and supplies would be plentiful. Mr. Seddon, he says, did not accede to his views, not, he thought from any want of confidence in them, but from the difficulty of weakening Lee.

The General adds that he was so thoroughly impressed with the practicability of his plan, that when he reached General Lee he laid it before him with a certain confidence "justified by their close personal and official relations." He failed to convince General Lee, mainly, he says, because if adopted it would force Lee to divide his army: He says General Lee then asked him if he did not think an invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania would accomplish the same results, to which he replied he did not see that it would, and the movement would be too hazarous, "and the campaign in thoroughly Union States would require more time and greater preparation than one through Tennessee and Kentucky." The account proceeds, "I soon discovered that he (Lee) had determined he would make some forward movement, and I finally assented that the Pennsylvania campaign might be brought to a successful issue if he could make it offensive in strategy, but defensive in tactics. This point was urged with great persistency," &c. These interviews, as reported by General Longstreet himself, are referred to because they reflect at the very outset his mental attitude, and indicate an unwillingness to enter upon the Maryland-Pennsylvania campaign before it began. They also reveal an aggressive attitude on the part of Longstreet towards Lee, which was unsuspected until this announcement.

After the battle of Chancellorsville, the two armies lay confronting each other on the banks of the Rappahannock: General Hooker's correspondence at that time shows that notwithstanding his recent disastrous repulse, he was meditating another advance, and this seems to have been General Lee's expectation.

Hooker, however, was handicapped by instructions from Washington. The administration seemed unwilling to commit itself to the hazard of another forward move, and when Hooker inquired of headquarters whether it would be within the "spirit of his instructions" to throw his army South of the river, it met with that well known response from Mr. Lincoln, "I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river, like an ox, jumped half over a fence, and likely to be torn by dogs, front and rear, without a fair chance to go one way, or kick the other." Animated by the views contained in the letter to Mr. Seddon, and assured of the return of Longstreet's two divisions, General Lee took the initiative, and on the 3d of June, just a month after the battle of Chancellorsville, the movement began. McLaws' divisions of Longstreet's corps, which had remained with the army, was quietly withdrawn from the front at Fredericksburg, and put on the march to Culpeper Court House, where Hood's division, marching from Hanover Junction, joined it. On the following day Ewell's corps was set in motion for the same point, proceeding by a circuitous route through Spotsylvania Court House and Verdierville, to escape observation, and crossing the Rapidan about twenty miles above its junction with the Rappahannock. The third corps under A. P. Hill, with extended front, was left to face the enemy. These movements were conducted with the utmost secrecy, but their magnitude prevented them from entirely escaping the observation of the enemy.

Hooker's balloons were on the lookout during the day time, and deserters and spies brought him information that changes were in progress, but their object and meaning remained a riddle, and he received little or no assistance from the cavalry towards its solution. On June 4th he telegraphed Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, that it was reported several of the enemy's camps had moved during the night previous, and on the 5th he sent word to Meade, the enemy appeared to have moved the greater part of its forces from the front.

In a letter to Mr. Lincoln on the same date, after stating what he thought would be the probable direction of the enemy, he added, "After giving the subject my best reflection, I am of opinion it is my duty to pitch into his rear, although in doing so, the head of his column may reach Warrenton before I return. Will it be within the spirit of my instructions to do so." It would appear from this, that General Hooker's confidence in himself had either been destroyed, or he was in the anomalous position of being in command of a large army without the power of directing its movements. Hooker, however, was not entirely suppressed by the reply from Washington.

On the 6th inst., General Sedgwick, with part of his corps, crossed the river on pontoons, below Fredericksburg, and made a demonstration on Hill's right, occupying the highway which led to Bowling Green in Hill's rear, but the movement did not appear to excite serious apprehension with the Confederates, although Hooker, South of Fredericksburg, was nearer Richmond than Lee at Culpeper, and although Hill was without a supporting musket nearer than Longstreet and Ewell, thirty miles away. On Sedgwick's advice Hooker withdrew his force to the north side of the river.

In separating his army so widely, General Lee doubtless counted upon the concealment which he had practiced in the movements of the troops. The cavalry did admirable work in acting as a screen. He had a right to reckon, too, upon the forbearance of his opponent. He felt assured that Hooker would never venture, or would not be permitted to uncover Washington, and while he had put the bulk of his army farther from Richmond than where Hooker's army lay, he was not without rail communication to the capital. About the same time Hooker planned a more important expedition to the right. In a letter to Halleck of June 6th, he expressed his determiniation to break up the rebel force of cavalry in Culpeper, saying he meant to send for this purpose all his cavalry, *stiffened* by about three thousand infantry, and Pleasanton, the Chief of Cavalry, was directed to disperse and destroy the rebel forces in the vicinity of Culpeper, and destroy its trains and supplies, after which he would be free to move as he thought proper, the instructions added, "It is believed the enemy has no infantry."

General Stuart had now under his command five brigades of cavalry, and that arm of the service was greater in numbers and in better condition than it had ever been before, or ever was afterwards.

On the 7th of June Stuart arranged for a grand review of his cavalry by General Lee, who was greatly pleased at their appearance, and on the following day, in writing a private letter to his family, he says, "I reviewed the cavalry in this section yesterday. It was a splendid sight. The men and horses looked well. They had recuperated since last fall. Stuart was in all his glory," &c.

At daylight on the morning of the 9th, under Pleasanton's directions, Buford with a division of cavalry crossed the Rappahannock at Beverly Ford, while Gregg with two divisions and the infantry crossed the stream about seven miles below at Kelly's Ford, the objective point of both columns being Brandy Station, about six miles north of Culpeper Court House, towards which the roads from the two fords converged. The south bank of the stream at the upper ford was picketed by a single company of cavalry, Jones' brigade being encamped about a mile and a half in rear, with a battalion of horse artillery parked in front of the brigade and between it and the river. Buford's advance overwhelmed the small force at the river, and came near running over and capturing the guns in rear before the horses could be harnessed and the pieces put in position. A few moments hesitation enabled the gunners with the prompt assistance of the cavalry, to check the first onset until better positions could be gained, and fresh supports arrived. After a stubborn and exciting struggle, Buford was checked and driven back. Gregg, meanwhile, crossing at the lower ford, and meeting little opposition, advanced rapidly to Brandy Station, and Stuart, whose camp was at Fleetwood, a half mile distant, found himself with the enemy in his rear and front at the same time. The situation was enough to dismay anyone with a heart less stout than Stuart's, but he proved himself equal to the occasion. Leaving a brigade to hold Buford in check, he quickly gathered his remaining forces, and threw himself upon Gregg with the strength of a giant. The most sanguinary cavalry battle of the war ensued, and Gregg was finally forced to withdraw, and he and Buford re-crossed the river during the afternoon, without having made the discovery that Longstreet's and Ewell's forces were in the vicinity.

In his official report of that date, Pleasanton states that a train of cars was run up to Brandy Station, filled with infantry, who opened on his men, and on the following day he reports having learned from *contrabands* that five or six divisions of infantry were near Culpeper and Orange Court House, but the Confederate infantry were kept concealed, and it proved unnecessary for them to participate in the engagement.

General Hooker seems to have been possessed of the idea about this time, that a cavalry raid on a large scale was projected on the Confederate side. In a letter to Lincoln of the 10th inst., he suggests the probability of a heavy column of infantry being sent by the Confederates to "accompany the cavalry on the proposed raid," in which case there would be nothing left to prevent a rapid advance on Richmond, and he concludes with the inquiry, "If it would not promote the true interests of the cause for me to advance to Richmond at once?" This proposal, like the previous one, met with no favor from Mr. Lincoln, and under the circumstances, it is not surprising.

Hooker was ignorant of the true situation of Lee's army, and so were Lincoln and Halleck. In a letter to General Dix, of the 12th instant, Hooker says, "All of Lee's army, so far as I know, is extended along the immediate bank of the Rappahannock from Hamilton's Crossing to Culpeper. A. P. Hill's corps is on his right, below Fredericksburg; Ewell's corps joins his left, reaching to the Rapidan and beyond that river is Longstreet's corps."

At the date of that letter, Ewell was crossing the Blue Ridge, more than two days march from Culpeper, and Longstreet in a direct line was thirty miles or more from Hill.

Any disposition felt by Hooker to advance, does not seem to have been seconded by his corps commanders.

General Sedgwick had given it as his opinion, that it was not safe to mass troops south of the river below Fredericksburg, and General Sykes expressed himself as opposed to any movement across the river with his forces at Banks' and United States Fords. Baffled and perplexed, and weighed down by his instructions from Washington, Hooker informed Halleck on the 13th, that he was about to transfer the operations of the army from the line of the Aquia to the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and as daylight dawned on the morning of the 14th, the last division of the Army of the Potomac could be seen filing over Staffords Heights on its way to Aquia.

A. P. Hill had been instructed that when the enemy evacuated his position, he should, if he deemed it practicable, cross the river and attack his rear, but this he did not see fit to attempt, and setting out at once on the march, he reached Culpeper in the evening of the 16th, from whence he proceeded to cross the Blue Ridge at Chester Gap, reaching Shepherdstown on the 23d, and relieving the division of Ewell's left there to watch Harper's Ferry.

The first point in General Lee's game of strategy was now won. He had succeeded in drawing out his adversary from behind his intrenched works, to a position where he could be assailed on equal terms, and this without a hostile shot, except on the part of the cavalry. But this was not the only success. On the day before Hill moved, Ewell had Milroy surrounded at Winchester, and on the 14th he captured the place with about four thousand prisoners, and all the artillery, Milroy escaping with a fragment of his force to Harper's Ferry.

What must have been Hooker's surprise at receiving on that date, a telegram from the President, "Do you consider it possible that fifteen thousand of Ewell's men can now be at Winchester?" Later in the day Mr. Lincoln sent another message from Washington: "So far as we can make out here, the enemy have Milroy surrounded at Winchester, and Tyler at Martinsburg: If they could hold out a few days, could you help them? If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg, and the tail of it on the Plank Road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere, could you not break him?" But it was now too late, the opportunity had gone. Had there been wise counsel at Washington, the forces at Winchester and the garrison at Harper's Ferry would have been withdrawn to the defenses of Washington, and the safety of that place assured, Hooker should have been allowed to strike Hill and advance on Richmond.

As the duty of protecting the Confederate capital was entrusted to General Lee, much solicitude was excited about this time by the reports of a Federal expedition threatening Richmond, by way of the Peninsula, which caused him to write to Mr. Davis, on the 15th, "I hesitate to draw the whole of A. P. Hill's corps to me; two of Pickett's brigades are at Hanover Junction and Richmond, so that I am quite weak." On the 19th, writing from Milwood, he says the difficulty of procuring supplies retards, and renders more uncertain our future movements. To draw Hooker still further away from his base, however, and to embarrass him as to the Confederate movements, Longstreet was pushed forward from Culpeper, along the east base of the Blue Ridge, through Fauquier and Loudoun counties, with instructions to occupy Ashby's and Snickers' Gaps, which he continued to do to the 20th, when he withdrew and camped on the left bank of the Shenandoah. When Longstreet began his move from Culpeper, Stuart with his cavalry was directed to cover his right flank, and guard the passes through the Bull Run Mountains, a range which runs parallel to and east of the Blue Ridge.

In the meantime Ewell crossed the Potomac on the 15th, with two of his divisions and proceeded to Hagerstown, Maryland, while Jenkins's brigade of cavalry was sent to Chambersburg, to scour the country and gather in supplies.

These movements of the Confederates greatly mystified Hooker; it was of the greatest consequence to him to know whether they portended simply a reconnaissance and cavalry raid, or whether they were the prelude to another invasion. He could not afford to follow Ewell, and throw his army across the river, leaving Washington exposed from the South side, and Lee's whereabouts, and whether he might not be sending reinforcements to the Western army remained a great perplexity.

On the other hand, General Lee expresses himself in doubt, when Hooker swung his right wing towards the waters of the Upper Potomac, whether his purpose was to occupy Harper's Ferry, or whether he meditated crossing the mountains and pushing into the valley.

While it was part of Lee's plan to get Hooker out of Virginia, he had no wish to hurry him at this juncture. On the 19th he wrote to Ewell, "Longstreet's corps has been operating with a view to embarrass the enemy as to our movements, so as to detain his forces east of the Mountains, until A. P. Hill could get up to your support; should the enemy force a passage, you would be separated, which it is the object of Longstreet to prevent if possible. * * * I very much regret that you have not the benefit of your whole corps, for with that north of the Potomac, should we be able to detain Hooker's army from following you, you would be able to accomplish as much unmolested, as the whole army could perform with General Hooker in its front. Not knowing what force there is at Harper's Ferry, or could be collected to oppose your progress, I cannot give you definite instructions, especially as the movements of General Hooker's army are not yet ascertained."

Hooker now had his army posted to cover all the approaches to Washington from the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, his right resting about Fairfax Station, and his left at Warrenton, about thirty-five miles distant. Such being the position of the two armies, a most important duty was devolved on the respective cavalry leaders. On the one side, General Pleasanton's task was to penetrate the Confederate lines, and ascertain the situation; on the other side, General Stuart's duty was to keep down the curtain, which had heretofore kept Lee's force concealed.

Pleasanton had declared, "He would make the enemy show his hand, if he had any in this part of the country." He dispatched Gregg with a division to Aldie, at the mouth of a pass in the Bull Run Mountains, and a stiff fight occurred on the 17th of June. Stuart's forces were somewhat scattered over the large area covered by them, and the engagement was fought on his side chiefly by Fitz Lee's brigade. Captures were made by both sides, and the losses by each were severe. On the 19th, the fight was renewed at Middleburg, to which point Pleasanton had dispatched another force, taking Stuart in rear. A division of infantry reinforced Pleasanton, and Longstreet sent back a division to Snicker's Gap to assist Stuart, who was finally compelled to retire beyond Upperville. The fighting lasted several days. Pleasanton in his reports, claims to have penetrated several of the gaps in the Blue Ridge, but admits he met there no bodies of infantry, and the extent of the information imparted to Hooker was that the enemy's infantry was west of the Blue Ridge.

On the 23rd, General Lee wrote to Mr. Davis, "The attempts to penetrate the mountains have been successfully repelled by General Stuart with the cavalry. General Stuart, last night, was within a few miles of Aldie, to which point the enemy had retired."

The campaign had now reached a stage when the part which Stuart was to play was second only in importance to that of the Commanding General. To an army operating in the field, an efficient cavalry force is its most important auxiliary; moving in the enemy's country it is doubly so.

It was now to be seen whether Stuart would "make good" the confidence of his commander, and the hopes of his friends.

He was now in the full flush of youth and early manhood, being scarcely thirty years of age. He was a splendid horseman and possessed a superb vitality. His courage was conspicuous, and the appearance of his black plume always in the thickest of the fight, made him the idol of his troopers. To him, if to anyone, would the words apply:

"From plume to spear a cavalier,
Whose soul ne'er parleyed with a fear,
Nor cheek bore tinge of shame."

Did he now fail Lee in the hour of supremest need?

Did he violate instructions upon which the safety and welfare of the army depended? The answer to the latter question must be determined from the records, and to these we will briefly refer.

On June 20th, General Lee's headquarters were at Berryville, on the road from Snicker's Gap to Winchester. On the 22d, the first and third corps being within reach, he addressed a letter to General Ewell, telling him if he was ready to move, to do so. The letter advised Ewell that his best course would be toward the Susquehanna, taking the routes by Emmittsburg, Chambersburg, and McConnellsburg, and that the trains, if possible, should be kept on the centre route, and the cavalry should be used in gathering supplies, obtaining information and protecting his flanks. "It will depend (said General Lee), upon the quantity of supplies obtained in that country, whether the rest of the army can follow. There may be enough for your command, but none for the others. Every exertion should, therefore, be made to locate and secure them. Beef we can drive with us, but bread we cannot carry, and must secure it in the country." The letter farther added that his progress and direction should depend upon the development of circumstances; "If Harrisburg comes within your means, capture it." A. P. Hill, the letter announced, had arrived the day before in the vicinity of Berryville, and would be moved on immediately: that Longstreet had withdrawn from the Blue Ridge, and that on the day before the enemy had pressed the cavalry so hard that McLaws' division had to be sent back to hold Ashby's Gap.

Later on the same day, at 3:30 P. M., Lee sent Ewell the following letter:

"I have just received your letter of this morning from opposite Shepherdstown. Mine of today, authorizing you to move toward the Susquehanna, I hope has reached you ere this. After dispatching my letter, learning that the enemy had not renewed his attempts of yesterday, to break through the Blue Ridge, I directed General R. H. Anderson's division to commence its march towards Shepherdstown. It will rest there tomorrow. I also directed General Stuart, should the enemy have so far retired from his front to permit of the departure of a portion of the cavalry, to march with three brigades across the Potomac, and place himself on your right, and in communication with you, keep you advised of the movements of the enemy and assist in collecting supplies for the army. I have not heard from him since. I also directed General Imboden, if opportunity, offered, to cross the Potomac and perform the same offices on your left," &c. * * *

The letter to Stuart, written the same day, is as follows:

"General: I have just received your note of 7:45 this morning to General Longstreet. I judge the efforts of the enemy yesterday were to arrest our progress, and ascertain our whereabouts. Perhaps he is satisfied. Do you know where he is, and what he is doing? I fear he will steal a march on us, and get across the Potomac before we are aware. If you find that he is moving northward, and that two brigades can guard the Blue Ridge and take care of your rear, you can move with the other three into Maryland, and take position on General Ewell's right; place yourself in communication with him, guard his flank, keep him informed of the enemy's movements, and collect all the supplies you can for the use of the army. One column of General Ewell's army will probably move toward the Susquehanna by the Emmittsburg route; another by Chambersburg. Accounts from him last night state there was no enemy west of Frederick," &c.

It is quite plain from this letter, that Stuart's taking his three brigades into Maryland and putting himself on Ewell's right, was, in case he found the enemy moving northward, and that the two remaining brigades could guard the Blue Ridge and take care of the rear; and it would also appear that the instructions contemplated that if such a move were made, Stuart would be able immediately to put himself in touch with Ewell, and be able to assist him in collecting supplies. This letter was sent by General Lee to Stuart, through Longstreet, as acknowledged by the latter in his letter of the same date, at 7:30 P. M., addressed to General Lee, in which he says: "Yours of 4 o'clock this afternoon is received. I have forwarded your letter to General Stuart, with the suggestion that he pass by the enemy's rear, if he thinks that he may get through." In forwarding Lee's letter, General Longstreet also addressed a letter to Stuart, dated Millwood, June 22, 1863, 7 P. M., saying: "General Lee has enclosed to me this letter for you, to be forwarded to you, provided you can be spared from my front, and provided I think you can move across the Potomac without disclosing our plans. He speaks of your leaving, via Hopewell Gap, and passing by the rear of the enemy. If you can get through by that route, I think that you will be less likely to indicate what our plans are, than if you should cross by passing to our rear. I forward the letter of instructions with these suggestions. Please advise me of the condition of affairs, before you leave, and order General Hampton, whom I suppose you will leave here in command, to report to me at Millwood, either by letter or in person, as may be most agreeable to him. I think that your passage of the Potomac, by our rear at the present moment, will in a measure, disclose our plans. You had better not leave us, therefore, unless you can take the proposed route in rear of the enemy." As the letter from Lee to Stuart said nothing about moving by Hopewell Gap, which is a gap in the Bull Run Mountains, any allusion to that Gap must have been contained in a letter from Lee to Longstreet, enclosing him the letter to be forwarded to Stuart; and if such a letter exists, the official records do not disclose it.

It must be borne in mind, that at this time Longstreet was at Millwood, in the valley, west of the Shenandoah, with his columns headed north toward the Potomac. General Lee was in the neighborhood of Berryville, a little north of Millwood, while Stuart was holding the gaps in the Blue Ridge. It was possible for Stuart to have withdrawn three brigades and pass between Longstreet and the enemy towards the Potomac, and this seems to be what Longstreet meant when he speaks of passing "by our rear." At the time the instructions were given, it may have been regarded feasible to cross the river east of the Blue Ridge. "The proposed route in rear of the enemy" would necessarily require a detour, and lead Stuart to the river at a much lower point. It appears most extraordinary that "the proposed route in rear of the enemy" should not be alluded to in the direct instructions given by Lee to Stuart, but come indirectly through Longstreet. At any rate, the "suggestions" made by Longstreet, fell in with Stuart's temper, and he proceeded to act upon them, notwithstanding General Longstreet, in the article already referred to, says: "As I was leaving the Blue Ridge, I instructed General Stuart to follow me, and to cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown, while I crossed at Williamsport, ten miles above. In reply to those instructions, General Stuart informed me that he had discretionary powers; whereupon I withdrew."

The correspondence between Lee and Stuart is not complete without adding an extract from a letter, dated 23d June, in which General Lee says:

> "* * * If General Hooker's army remains inactive, you can leave two brigades to watch him, and withdraw with the three others, but should he appear to be moving northward, I think you had better withdraw this side of the mountain tomorrow night, cross at Shepherdstown the next day, and move over to Fredericktown. You will, however, be able to judge whether you can pass around their wing without hindrance, doing them all the damage you can, and cross the river east of the mountains. In either case, after crossing the river, you must move on and feel the right of Ewell's troops, * * * but I think the sooner you cross into Maryland after tomorrow, the better."

In view of these letters, it seems reasonably plain that while General Lee's first purpose, communicated to Stuart the same day he gave orders to Ewell to move, was to have Stuart join Ewell at once, if the move could be made, that purpose was modified by the letter of the following day, leaving the crossing at Shepherdstown or east of the mountains to his own judgment, with the injunction that in either case, he should move on and feel the right of Ewell's troops. In giving Stuart this discretion, General Lee did not anticipate, nor did Stuart foresee that in availing of it, he might be put completely out of touch with Ewell. Colonel John S. Mosby, in his book, "Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign," makes himself largely responsible for Stuart's decision as to choice of routes. He says that after the affair at Middleburg, he penetrated the enemy's lines, and found the different army corps widely separated, no corps being nearer than ten miles to any other: That he reported their location to Stuart, and that it would be an easy matter for a column of cavalry to pass between them, and at the same time strike a damaging blow at the wagon trains with which all the roads were filled, and suggested to him to cross the Bull Run Mountains and pass through the middle of Hooker's army into Maryland. Mosby was a great favorite with Stuart, and had frequently supplied him with valuable information. No one knew the country so thoroughly as he did, and his opinions were entitled to great weight. He supported his suggestions with arguments that appealed to Stuart. He pointed out that the Bull Run Mountains could be passed in the morning, and the Potomac crossed early in the evening, and communication be severed between Pleasanton and Hooker, and that if the former's cavalry were sent in pursuit, it could never overtake them, and that the best way to preserve Lee's communications was to assail Hooker's, &c.

According to Colonel Mosby, Stuart told him that Lee was anxious to know if Hooker's army was moving to cross the Potomac, which he volunteered to find out. That he did so, and found no signs of movement. That Hooker seemed to be waiting for Lee; that this information was given to Stuart on the morning of the 24th, who was to forward it to Lee. Stuart and Mosby then arranged that the latter should again cross the Bull Run Mountains, and meet Stuart the next day at a designated point, where Mosby would guide the advance as it moved on through Hooker's army to Seneca Ford.

The idea, no matter by whom suggested, of passing through Hooker's army or by his rear, and interposing between him and Washington, doubtless possessed great fascination for Stuart. It suited his daring spirit and love of adventure. The prize held out in the way of spoils had its attractions, for if the cavalry on either side had a weakness, it was for intercepting and capturing wagon trains. Probably Stuart was not unmindful of the fame and success he had achieved by his successful ride round McClellan in 1862, and regarded this as offering opportunities for even a more brilliant adventure. If he drew in advance any parallel between the two, he failed in the present instance, to reckon on the fact that its whole success was dependent upon his ability at a critical moment, to unite with a distant and independent force.

Stuart's movement began during the night of the 24th, but the meeting at the appointed place between Stuart and Mosby never took place. Stuart found Hooker's army in motion and Hancock's corps in possession of Thoroughfare Gap, and across his path to Haymarket. He could not resist throwing a few shells at Hancock's passing columns, but the road being blocked, and finding himself unable to pursue his course west of Centreville, he determined to make a wide detour, which carried him around the enemy's rear to Fairfax Station, which the enemy had just left, moving westward to Leesburg. In consequence the Potomac was not reached until the evening of the 27th, when it was crossed during the night, under many difficulties. If everything else had gone smoothly with Stuart, this delay was fatal, and threw his plans out of gear.

Hooker's army, after concentrating about Leesburg, began the passage of the Potomac on pontoons at Edwards' Ferry, about twelve miles east of and below Harper's Ferry, on the 25th, and the movement was completed on the 26th. In the meantime Hill crossed the river at Shepherdstown on the 24th, and Longstreet at the same time at Williamsport. The two columns united at Hagerstown, and proceeded thence to the neighborhood of Chambersburg, which was reached on the 27th, where a rest was made of two days. The two cavalry brigades of Robertson and Jones followed, and instructions were sent to Imboden, commanding a cavalry force, to move from Hancock and join the army.

When Stuart crossed the river, he learned that Hooker was at Poolesville, Maryland, and his army in motion for Frederick. Had he paused when he reached the river and turning back, moved up by the south bank and crossed at Shepherdstown, he would have had no more miles to travel following Lee in reaching Gettysburg than he passed over in the route he took, and with the road free of obstacles, could have accomplished it in less time. But his choice of routes in the first instance, however unhappy it proved to be, cannot be said to have been a violation of his instructions. In his official report of the compaign, made on the 20th of August, 1863, he says, that after the affair at Aldie, "He began to look for some other point at which to aim an effective blow, and he submitted to the Commanding General, the plan of leaving a brigade in his front, and passing through some gap in the Bull Run Mountains, attain the enemy's rear, passing between his main body and Washington, and cross into Maryland, joining our army north of the Potomac. The Commanding General wrote me authorizing this move, if I deemed it practicable, and also what instructions should be given to the officer in command of the two brigades left in front of the enemy. He also notified me that one column should move via Gettysburg and the other via Carlisle, towards the Susquehanna, and directed me after crossing, to proceed with all dispatch to join the right (Early), of the army," &c. The report of which this is an extract, is written with unusual care, and apparently to meet some of the criticisms, which even at that time were levelled at Stuart. It was addressed to General Lee's Chief of Staff, and its accuracy does not appear to have been challenged by any endorsement on the report.

In the official reports of the campaign by General Lee, dated July 31st, 1863, and prior to the date of Stuart's, he says: * * *

"General Stuart was left to guard the passes of the mountains and observe the movements of the enemy, whom he was instructed to harass and impede as much as possible, should he attempt to cross the Potomac. In that event General Stuart was directed to move into Maryland, crossing the Potomac east or west of the Blue Ridge, as in his judgment should be best, and take position on the right of our column, as it advanced," &c.

In a subsequent, more elaborate report on the 20th of January, 1864, substantially the same language is repeated, with this addition, "* * * Upon the suggestion of the former officer (Stuart) that he could damage the enemy and delay his passage of the river by getting in his rear, he was authorized to do so, and it was left to his discretion, whether to enter Maryland east or west of the Blue Ridge; but he was instructed to lose no time in placing his command on the right of our column as soon as he should perceive the enemy moving northward. * * * It was expected as soon as the Federal army should cross the Potomac, General Stuart would give notice of its movements, and nothing having been heard from him since our entrance into Maryland, it was inferred that the enemy had not yet left Virginia." The accuracy of this last report has been questioned by some of General Stuart's friends and partisans, and it has been suggested that not being written by the hand of General Lee himself, it does not properly reflect what he intended to say.

There can be no doubt of the fact, that there was prevalent at the time in the army, a deep sense of disappointment over Stuart's absence during all the march into Pennsylvania, and a disposition to hold him strictly to account. It is equally true that General Lee was greatly disturbed, and keenly felt his absence, so that we are disposed to accept the language of the report, notwithstanding the fact that Stuart must be acquitted of any violation of the letter of his instructions.

At a small dinner party, composed of ex-Confederates, some years after the War, at which Col. Charles Marshall was present, the discussion turned upon the Gettysburg campaign, and those present were not a little startled, by Col. Marshall's declaring, that he had tried to have General Stuart court-martialled. "Who?" everyone exclaimed, "not Jeb Stuart." "Yes, Jeb Stuart," he said, and proceeded to make the following statement, which I reduced to writing the next day, and is in nearly these words: "It was my habit and duty to prepare General Lee's reports, that is, a skeleton draft, which I would submit to him to modify or reject, and to this end, all the official reports, from those of corps commanders down to infantry captains, were referred to me. It was often necessary to reconcile conflicting reports, and to do this, I would send for the officers, point out in their presence the discrepancies, and require them to be so modified as to substantially agree. I never could get a report from Stuart after the Gettysburg campaign. I sent for it repeatedly. Finally General Lee said he must have it, and I went to see Stuart. He gave me a first-rate dinner, the best he had, but no report. He promised it however by a certain day, and it came. I then concluded my report for General Lee. In doing so I dealt with Stuart in the plainest language, in fact, I had told him before, I thought he ought to be shot.

"General Lee was unwilling, however, to adopt my draft. I had explicitly charged him with disobedience of orders, and laid the full responsibility at his door." Here the narrator detailed the orders which Stuart had received, to move forward along our flank, and that he had not occupied the position he was expected to, but by his own confession had pursued a different course. Marshall proceeded to say, "that in declining to adopt his report, General Lee did not question the accuracy of the report, but said he could not adopt my conclusions or charge him with the facts as I had stated them, unless they should be established by a court martial."

Marshall added, "that General Lee was excessively fond of Stuart as he was himself, that he possessed a most noble and lovable nature," and described how deeply General Lee was affected at hearing of Stuart's death, "leaning forward and placing both hands over his face to conceal his emotion."

After crossing the river and damaging the canal, Stuart resumed his march on the 28th. He met, as anticipated, large wagon trains, much of which was captured, with a number of prisoners, which added greatly to the length of his column and impeded his march. The destruction of stores, and the tracks of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad further delayed him, so that Westminster was not reached until the evening of the 29th, where a slight skirmish occurred. The next morning, June 30th, the march was resumed in a direct line for Hanover, Pa. Here a considerable body of cavalry was encountered, which had to be disposed of, and sending the wagon trains and prisoners by way of Jefferson, Dover was reached on the morning of July 1st. Here Stuart learned that Early had marched his division in the direction of Shippensburg, and after a short rest, he moved on to Carlisle, which was held by a considerable body of militia. During the night of July 1st, he learned through dispatches from General Lee, that the army was at Gettysburg, and had been engaged on that day.

The late Judge James D. Watters, of the Third Judicial Circuit of the State of Maryland, then in Harry Gilmor's command, has related to the writer more than once, his thrilling experience connected with carrying these dispatches. He was ordered to report with a small squad of well mounted men at General Lee's headquarters. Each man of the squad received sealed orders, addressed to General Stuart, with the injunction to scatter and find Stuart at the earliest moment possible, and if there was danger of capture, destroy the dispatches, but reach Stuart at any hazard and direct him to join General Lee with the least possible delay. Stuart according to the narrative, was found and the dispatches delivered. With a brief rest for the messengers, and with orders for the command to follow, Stuart set out in hot haste for Lee's headquarters.

The larger part of Stuart's forces reached the army during the day of the 2nd, in time, he says, to thwart a movement of the enemy's cavalry upon the Confederate rear, from the direction of Hunterstown. His ammunition, he says, was nearly exhausted from his numerous skirmishes, and his men and horses greatly jaded. During the previous marches, he said, whole regiments slept in the saddle, their faithful animals keeping the road unguided. In some instances they fell from their horses, overcome with physical fatigue and sleepiness.

Stuart, however, did not forfeit the confidence of Lee, as will appear by the cordial correspondence between them after the battle, on the retreat to the Potomac, where Stuart was again in his element and rendered most valuable service. In one of these letters, signed by General Lee, he says, "I know it to be a difficult, as well as a delicate operation, to cover this army, and then withdraw your command with safety, but I rely upon your good judgment, energy and boldness to accomplish it, and trust you may be as successful as you have been on former occasions."

The last communication between Longstreet and Stuart was Longstreet's letter of the 22d, already quoted. The last between Lee and Stuart, was Lee's, of the 23d, written at five P. M., the closing injunction of which was, that "in any event the sooner he crossed into Maryland after tomorrow, the better." The information referred to by Mosby, as given by him to Stuart, if forwarded by the latter, must have been intercepted, as it never reached General Lee. When two divisions of Ewell's were thrown across the river at Williamsport, and one held at Shepherdstown, General Lee wished to mark the effect of the movement on Hooker, but Hooker remained quiet, and Ewell maintained his position until he set forward on the 22d, marching through the Cumberland Valley, and occupying successively Hagerstown, Greencastle, Chambersburg and Carlisle, making requisitions and securing supplies. He reached Carlisle on the 27th, with two divisions, Johnson's and Rodes', while Early was deflected to the east, and directed to move across South Mountain to Gettysburg and York. Early passed through Gettysburg without opposition, on the 26th, and reached York on the 27th. While the requisitions made by Early upon the authorities at York, were being complied with, Gordon with his brigade was dispatched to Wrightsville, on the 28th, to secure the Columbia bridge over the Susquehanna, his purpose being, if he obtained possession of the bridge, to cross his force over the river, cut attack Harrisburg from the rear, expecting the balance of the division to move on it in front. Gordon found a body of militia the Pennsylvania Railroad, lay Lancaster under contribution, and entrenched to protect the bridge, which he tried to take in flank, and cut off from the bridge, but his ignorance of the ground prevented his doing so.

The opening of the artillery upon the militia, put them to flight, but when Gordon, following closely, reached the middle of the bridge, it was found to have been fired, and he was compelled to halt.

The calavry operating with Early, consisted of a batallion under Colonel White, who was dispatched to Hanover Junction to destroy the depot and bridges in that neighborhood. A similar force under French, was sent to destroy the bridges over the Codorus, between Hanover Junction and York, and those at the mouth of the Conewago. Had Stuart been twenty-four hours earlier and met Early at York, the whole situation would have been changed, and Meade's dispositions made, upon hearing that the pressure against Harrisburg was relieved, would have been altogether different.

When Ewell was in occupation of Boonsboro and Hagerstown, for some days prior to the 22d, he could easily have turned east and occupied Frederick. It has been asked by military critics why General Lee did not make such a move, as Hill was nearby at Shepherdstown, and Longstreet less than a day's march away, and it is claimed that by concentrating at Frederick, he would be well on the way towards Washington and Baltimore, and could have beaten Hooker in detail, as he crossed the river and approached to give battle.

The answer is, that Hooker never would have delivered battle at Frederick; he would have retired precipitately to the neighborhood of Washington, and as one of General Lee's objects was the securing of supplies, such a move would have diverted him from that purpose. On the 25th, he wrote to Mr. Davis, from Williamsport, "I have not sufficient troops to maintain my communications, and have to abandom them. I trust I can throw General Hooker's army across the Potomac, and draw troops from the South, embarrassing their plan of campaign in a measure, if I do nothing else and have to return."

Besides the larger field for collecting supplies, nothing would be so effective in drawing the Federal forces from the South, in General Lee's estimation, as an extended excursion into Pennsylvania, and threatening the capital of that State.

To return to the Army of the Potomac: Hooker and Halleck were not agreed as to the policy to be pursued. Halleck wished him to march to the relief of Harper's Ferry. Hooker considered the occupation of that place as of no military consequence, and he wished to remove the stores and abandon it, making use of the garrison elsewhere. That Lee should pass it by with a garrison there and on the surrounding heights, of thirteen thousand men, would indicate that he agreed with Hooker.

On the 24th, Hooker reported to Halleck, he concluded Ewell to be over the river, and as soon as the force which marched to Shepherdstown yesterday should cross, he should commence moving himself, and if he could do so without observation, send over a corps or two to sever Ewell from the balance of his army. In his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, General Hooker thus explains his movement:

"As soon as I ascertained that another corps of his (Lee's) was crossing the Potomac, I commenced crossing my own army, and by the time I was over, the whole of the rebel army was on the north side of the Potomac. From Edward's Ferry, where I crossed, I directed General Reynolds to send detachments to seize the passes of South Mountain, Turners and Cramptons, in order to anticipate the enemy passing through them, and confine him to one line of invasion, and directed him to follow those detachments with the first, third, and eleventh corps and take position at Middletown. On the 23d of June, the following instructions were communicated to the 12th corps: 'Hold your command ready to march tomorrow at four A. M.' It was to march in the direction of Harper's Ferry, where I was going myself. It had been placed under my command by the orders of the General in Chief, and I directed the twelfth corps to march in that direction for the purpose of being joined by the garrison there, and moving upon Lee's rear upon the Potomac. My object was to destroy his bridges, if he had them; to draw away the guard that was left upon the river, and also to intercept the commerce that Ewell had established in flour, grain, horses and horned cattle, which he was constantly sending to the rear. * * * In connection with this I may state that I was unwilling to send one corps upon Lee's rear, apprehending he might turn upon it and crush it. I had taken the further precaution to send three corps to Middletown to be in position to attack his flank, if it was attempted."

On the evening of the 26th, Hooker proposing to carry out his purpose, telegraphed Halleck, asking, "Is there any reason why Maryland Heights should not be abandoned?" adding that he proposed to visit the place on the next day to satisfy himself on that point. Halleck replied the next morning: "Maryland

Heights have always been regarded as an important point to be held by us, and much expense and labor incurred in fortifying them." This seems to have been the last straw with Hooker to break the camel's back. On returning to his headquarters and finding Halleck's reply, at 1 P. M., on the 27th, Hooker telegraphed Halleck, asking to be relieved at once of the command of the Army.

Halleck replied at 8 P. M., that his request would be referred to the President. No doubt he was secretly pleased at the opportunity afforded of getting rid of Hooker, but it was an awkward thing to change commanders in the field on the eve of an impending battle, and the situation caused grave anxiety at Washington. The matter was one which admitted of no delay, and after a conference with his advisers, the President selected Meade to succeed Hooker, and an order was immediately prepared to that effect, which, together with a letter from Halleck, was entrusted to General Hardie, to be delivered in person to Meade. The letter was received by him during the early hours of the morning of the 28th. In reference to the selection of Meade, Mr. Wells, in his diary, says, with some apparent chagrin, the cabinet were advised about it the next morning, and "were consulted after the fact."

In his modest acknowledgment of the order, General Meade announced that he should move toward the Susquehanna, keeping Washington and Baltimore well covered, and if the enemy was checked in his attempt to cross the Susquehanna, of if he turns toward Baltimore, give him battle. Meade's letter must have been satisfactory to Halleck, for he was assured that every available assistance should be given him: That General Schenck's troops outside of the line of defenses, at Washington, and General Couch's forces on the Susquehanna, were subject to his orders, and were directed to co-operate with him. At the same time Meade asked permission to withdraw a portion of the garrison at Harper's Ferry, leaving a detachment to guard Maryland Heights, to which Halleck replied: "The garrison at Harper's Ferry is under your orders, you can increase or diminish it as you think circumstances justify." In addition to these re-inforcements, a large number of horses as remounts were for-

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warded by the Quarter-Master, which helped to swell the numbers of the cavalry.

On the 27th, Hooker had written to Halleck, when he asked for more troops, saying, "That there may be no misunderstanding as to my force, I would respectfully state that including the portions of General Heintzelman's command, the General Schenck now with me, my whole force of enlisted men for duty will not exceed one hundred and five thousand men."

General Meade in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, puts the number slightly less: The field returns of the Army of the Potomac, on file among the official records at Washington, show present for duty, officers and men, on June 30th, 117,930.

There are no existing data from which the strength of the Confederate army under Lee, can be gathered with equal accuracy. Colonel Walter H. Taylor, assistant Adjutant General, after consulting the Archives in Washington, and making a study of the subject, estimates General Lee's strength, embracing his entire effective force of all arms, to have been in round numbers, 67,000.

The 28th was employed by General Meade, in making himself acquainted with the situation. On the 29th he informed Halleck that the army was in motion towards Westminster and Emmittsburg, the first and eleventh corps being destined for the latter place, the third and twelfth for Taneytown, and the other three for Frizzelburg, Union and New Windsor, with the cavalry guarding the flanks and rear: That if Lee was moving for Baltimore, he should get between his main army and that place. If he was crossing the Susquehanna, he would rely upon Couch holding him in check, until he should fall upon his rear and give battle. That he had abandoned Harper's Ferry, and the garrison there, with the exception of a detachment sent to Washington, would join him. That the line by rail from Frederick to Baltimore was abandoned and in moving forward he should incline to the right toward the Baltimore and Harrisburg Railroad (Northern Central).

Early's demonstration towards York, caused Meade's inclination to the right, but when informed from Washington that the pressure towards the Susquehanna was relaxed, he swung his right wing forward so as to touch Manchester, and his line then connected that place with Taneytown.

On the 30th of June, Reynolds was again assigned to the command of the first, third and eleventh corps, constituting the left wing of the army. On the evening of that day, two divisions of the first corps lay at Marsh Run, half way between Emmittsburg and Gettysburg, and within about five miles of the latter place. The remaining division lay a little to the southwest at Moritz Tavern. The eleventh corps was at Emmittsburg, and the third a mile or so to the east in the direction of Taneytown.

The distance of these troops from Gettysburg was about as follows: The first corps five miles, the eleventh corps ten miles, and the third corps ten or thirteen miles, according to either of two routes open to it. The twelfth corps, under Slocum, near Littletown, was about ten miles away, and marching to the battle-field, on the day of the 1st, reached there about 7 P. M., a little in advance of the third corps under Sickles, marching by the Emmittsburg road. Buford, with a division of cavalry, had moved on the left of the army when it left Frederick, into the Cumberland Valley, which he reported clear of the enemy. Passing through Fountain Dale, where the roads from Emmittsburg and Gettysburg unite, he took the Gettysburg road, and occupied that place at 11 A. M. on the 30th.

A brigade of Heth's under Pettigrew, which had been sent forward on that day, found Buford's cavalry in possession of the place, and retired without a collision. Heth's camp fires could be seen that evening on the mountain side at Cashtown, by Buford's pickets, who advanced some miles from Gettysburg on the road to that place, and Buford in his report says, that by daylight on the morning of the 1st of July, he had gained positive information of the "enemy's position and movements." The other two cavalry divisions under Gregg and Kilpatrick, moved on the right flank of the army and were busily engaged looking up Stuart, who was now discovered to be moving still further to their right. Kilpatrick succeeded in coming up with him at Hanover, where a sharp engagement ensued, but Stuart, though superior in numbers, could not afford to have his progress delayed, and he shook off Kilpatrick as quickly as possible and resumed his march. In a letter written by General Reynolds, on the 30th, to Butterfield, chief of staff, he says: "If we are to fight a defensive battle in this vicinity, the proper position is just north of Emmittsburg, covering the Plank road to Taneytown. He (the enemy), will undoubtedly endeavor to turn our left by way of Fairfield, and the mountain road leading down into the Frederick and Emmittsburg pike near Mt. St. Mary's College."

Circulars and orders issued on the 30th, from army headquarters, show General Meade to have been altogether undecided at this time what course he should pursue. It was announced in one of these, that the Commanding General had received information that the enemy was advancing, probably in strong force, on Gettysburg, and it was his intention to hold the army "pretty nearly in its present position until the plans of the enemy were more fully developed."

General orders of the same date from headquarters, directed the advance of the first, third and eleventh corps to Gettysburg, while a letter, also of the same date, written by Meade to Reynolds, at 11:30 A. M., after advising him of the location of the enemy, adds the following postscript: "If, after occupying your present position, it is your judgment that you would be in a better position at Emmittsburg than where you are, you can fall back without waiting for the enemy or for further orders. Your present position was given more with a view to an advance on Gettysburg, than a defensive point."

During the day of the 30th, and as late as midnight, dispatches from General Couch, at Harrisburg, continued to pour into Washington, that the Confederate forces were rapidly leaving Carlisle and moving towards the Cumberland Valley. These dispatches forwarded to General Meade, must have caused him to change his mind, after the orders were issued to Reynolds to occupy Gettysburg the next day, for on July 1st, a circular was issued from headquarters at Taneytown, stating: "The Commanding General was satisfied the object of the movements made by his army had been accomplished by the relief of Harrisburg, and the prevention of the invasion of Pennsylvania beyond the Susquehanna, and it was no longer his intention to assume the offensive, unless the enemy's movements or position, made such an operation certain of success, and further, that should the enemy attack, it was his intention, after holding them in check a sufficient time, to withdraw the army from its present position, and form line of battle along the direction of Pipe Creek. That for this purpose General Reynolds, in command of the left, would withdraw the forces at present at Gettysburg. The time for falling back, it was added, would be developed by circumstances."

It is apparent from these orders, that General Meade did not design to bring on a battle at Gettysburg, and that he attached no strategic importance to the place. He was evidently in no hurry to seize it, for like every one else, he was in ignorance of its strength as a defensive position. The letter from General Meade to Reynolds, advising him to withdraw, never reached the latter. It required several hours for a courier from headquarters at Taneytown to reach Reynolds, and he moved from Emmittsburg early on the morning of the 1st, to accompany Wadsworth's division on the way to Gettysburg. So late as 12:30 of the 1st of July, and after the battle was begun, the contemplated withdrawal was still in the mind of General Meade, as will be seen by a letter, written at that time by Butterfield, chief of staff to Hancock, directing that "in view of the advance of Generals A. P. Hill and Ewell, on Gettysburg, and the possible failure of General Reynolds to receive the order to withdraw his command by the route through Taneytown, thus leaving the centre of our position open, that you proceed with your troops on the direct road to Gettysburg from Taneytown. When you find that General Reynolds is covering that road instead of withdrawing by Emmittsburg (which it is feared he may do), you will withdraw to Frizzelburg, as directed in circular of directions for the positions issued this morning."

So far then as General Meade was concerned, the battle of Gettysburg was a pure accident.

Let us see how it was on the other side. In his official report of July 31st, already referred to, General Lee states "that preparations were made to advance upon Harrisburg, but on the night of the 28th, information was received from a scout, that the Federal Army, having crossed the Potomac, was advancing northward, and that the head of the column had reached South Mountain," &c.

In General Longstreet's official report he makes a similar statement: "That on the night of the 28th, one of the scouts came in with the information, that the enemy had passed the Potomac, and was probably in pursuit of us," and his book, "From Manassas to Appomattox," the scout is described as one who had been employed by him, and that he brought the additional intelligence of Meade's assignment to the command of the Federal army. Colonel Mosby has pointed out the extreme improbability, or as he thinks impossibility, that the scout referred to could have brought the news of Meade's assignment.

The messenger conveying the order of assignment did not reach Frederick until the morning of the 28th, and the order would not be promulgated and become known generally among the troops, so that it could be picked up by a spy until probably late in the day, when it would be next to impossible for a scout in the Federal camps at Frederick to reach Longstreet at Chambersburg the same night. It would appear too, notwithstanding the language of both these official reports, that General Lee must have had some knowledge of Hooker's movements prior to the news brought in by the scout on the night of the 28th. For in his letter to General Ewell, dated June 28, 1863, 7:30 A. M., from Chambersburg, he says, "I wrote you last night stating that General Hooker was reported to have crossed the Potomac, and is advancing by way of Middletown," &c. He adds, "That in that letter he had directed him to return to Chambersburg, or if there were any reason against it, to proceed in the direction of Gettysburg." The information, then, which reached General Lee on the 28th must have been that the column had reached South Mountain and not that it had crossed the Potomac. That it had reached South Mountain, and that up to this time, he had not heard a word from Stuart, doubtless surprised and disturbed him. Two cavalry brigades of Jones and Robertson, which had been left behind on the Potomac, and who were to receive their orders from Stuart, appear to have been still lagging on the banks of that stream, and Robertson only reported on the 2d of July.

General Lee was in a hostile country, and the only information he could pick up was the loose and uncertain news gathered from rumor, and brought to him by scouts. It was of the utmost consequence to him to have accurate and reliable information of the movements of the enemy: As the cavalry are said to be the eyes of an army, General Lee was like a blind man groping in the dark.

As an illustration of the conditions which prevailed at the time with the Confederate forces, the following incident may be mentioned. A number of the artillery horses in the third corps had given out since the march began from Fredericksburg, and there was urgent need for fresh ones to supply their places. Before Fayetteville was reached, Lieut. J. Hampden Chamberlayne of the corps, a brave and resolute officer, was directed by the Chief of Artillery to proceed with a small detachment of men drawn from the several battalions into the country adjacent to the line of march and gather up some draft animals. The lieutenant and most of his men were quickly gobbled up by the hostile cavalry hovering upon the Confederate flanks, and the mishap was only learned through those who escaped.

Up to this time the chief occupation of the army had been gathering in supplies; it now became necessary to concentrate. As soon as positive information was received of General Meade's movements, General Lee issued orders to bring his different corps within supporting distance.

His headquarters were with Longstreet's corps at Chambersburg. Colonel Charles Marshall, General Lee's Military Secretary, was heard to say on one occasion, "It is a fact which seems to have escaped comment, that when the army was in motion, General Lee always moved with Longstreet's corps, and there was a reason for it. That General Lee once said, 'that when he wanted General Jackson to do a thing, all he had to do was to send him an order; when he wanted General Longstreet to do a thing, the safest way was to go along with him.'"

Early says that orders recalling him were received at York on the 29th. As these came through Ewell, who was thirty miles distant at Carlisle, and Carlisle is about the same distance from Chambersburg, it is probable that Ewell sent orders to Early immediately on receipt of the first letter from General Lee, written the night previous to the 28th. On receipt of General Lee's letters, Ewell, who was about to set out for Harrisburg, having sent forward his engineer to reconnoitre the defenses of that place, recalled his scattered divisions and turned his immense trains to the rear. The latter moved in a continuous stream towards Chambersburg, passing through that place the greater part of the night of the 29th. Johnson's division accomcompanied these and moved to Green Village, about seven miles from Chambersburg, whence it turned east on the 30th and marched via Scotland towards Gettysburg. The other two divisions of Ewell's countermarch, and Rodes moved, on the 30th, almost due south, about twenty miles to Heidlersburg, nine miles northeast of Gettysburg; and Early moved almost due west to a point three miles distant from Rodes on the road leading to Berlin.

In view of the order to Ewell to return to Chambersburg, and the subsequent order "to proceed to Cashtown or Gettysburg as circumstances might dictate," it is a little surprising to find in A. P. Hill's official report, after stating that his corps on the 29th was encamped on the road from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, that he proceeds to say, "I was directed to move on this road, in the direction of York, and to cross the Susquehanna, menacing the communications of Harrisburg with Philadelphia, and to co-operate with General Ewell, acting as circumstances might require," without any mention of change of plan, or the reception of orders other than those originally given. His report proceeds, "accordingly on the 29th I moved General Heth's division to Cashtown, some eight miles from Gettysburg, following on the morning of the 30th with the division of General Pender, and directing General Anderson to move in the same direction on the morning of July 1st. On arriving at Cashtown, General Heth, who had sent forward Pettigrew's brigade to Gettysburg, reported that Pettigrew had encountered the enemy at Gettysburg, (principally cavalry) but in what force he could not determine. A courier was then dispatched with this information to the General commanding, and with orders to start Anderson; also to General Ewell informing him, and that I intended to advance the next morning and discover what was in my front." Heth's division of Hill's corps moved on the 29th from Fayetteville to Cashtown, at the east base of South Mountain, where it remained until the morning of the 1st. Pender's division on the afternoon of the 30th, moved up to the north or west side of the mountain, from which point it moved on the morning of the 1st.

Anderson's division reached Fayetteville on the 27th, where it remained until the morning of the 1st. Longstreet's corps, except Pickett's division, which was left at Chambersburg to guard the rear, was moved on the 30th to Greenwood.

The respective distances of these two corps from Gettysburg on the morning of the 1st was as follows: Heth's division nine miles; Pender's in rear of Heath's a short distance further; Anderson's at Fayetteville, seventeen miles; two divisions of Longstreet's corps, Hood and McLaws at Greenwood, fourteen miles; and Pickett's at Chambersburg, twenty-four miles. General Lee, writing from Greenwood on July 1st to Imboden, who with a force of cavalry had marched from West Virginia and was about joining the army, directs him to relieve Pickett, who was to move forward to Greenwood, and giving further directions says, "You will at the same time have an opportunity of organizing your troops, refreshing them for a day or two and getting everything prepared for active operations in the field, for which you will be speedily wanted. Send word to General Pickett at this place to-morrow, which is eight miles from Chambersburg, the hour you will arrive there, in order that he may be prepared to move on your arrival. My headquarters for the present will be at Cashtown, east of the mountains." This letter does not indicate that Lee regarded an action as then imminent, but the opposing columns must have been almost, if not quite, in contact before the letter was dispatched.

Neither side showed any haste to get into motion on the morning of the day that was again to witness a trial of strength between the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia. Wadsworth's division, the nearest to Gettysburg, after a leisurely breakfast, took up its line of march at 8 o'clock along the Emmittsburg pike. Pender left at the same time from the top of South Mountain, and as the two divisions of Heth's and Pender's filed into the Cashtown pike, the rays of the morning sun were already adding to the heat of a sultry day. Heth's division led, the infantry to the front, a battalion of artillery, Pegram's, following; then Pender's Division; a battalion of artillery, McIntosh's, well to the front, the infantry following. The smell of battle was already in the air and the jocularity which always attends the early stages of a march, was tempered by a secret feeling that serious business was ahead. A few miles march brought Heth's skirmishers up against Buford's pickets, and the first scattering shots served as tell-tale messengers that the conflict was at hand. A running fight followed between the dismounted cavalry and the infantry, the former offering a stout resistance wherever the ground afforded cover. At 10:10 A. M. Buford sent to Meade this dispatch, "The enemy's force (A. P. Hill's) are advancing on me at this point and driving my pickets and skirmishers very rapidly. There is also a large force at Heidlersburg that is driving my pickets at that point from that direction. General Reynolds is advancing and is within three miles of this point with his leading division. I am positive that the whole of A. P. Hill's force is advancing." Buford could not then have received Pleasanton's order of July 1st, directing him "to fall back to Taneytown and then to Middletown in case the enemy should advance upon you and press you hard."

When Heth's line of skirmishers paused before a heavy line of dismounted cavalry posted on both sides of the road, he ordered forward his two leading brigades, and Archer moving to the right, formed in line on that side of the road, while Davis moving to the left, formed on the opposite side. Buford had massed his cavalry and posted them along a ridge which extended across the road, as a favorable point to make a stand. Before Heth's brigades had fully deployed, Pegram, who never lost an opportunity to be first in the fight, unlimbered in the road, a section of rifle guns and threw a number of shells at a body of horsemen in the distance. It was currently reported at the time that one of these struck General Reynolds and caused his death. Pegram's battalion of artillery, moving on the north side of the road, followed Davis' advance, and McIntosh's battalion, quickly coming up, followed Archer on the south side of the road, the guns of either battalion being used in the advance whenever a favorable opportunity offered.

When Davis moved to the attack, the dismounted cavalry occupied the east slope of Willoughby Run, and several hundred yards beyond and in the rear of the ridge occupied by them, was a higher and more commanding ridge, running generally in the same direction and extending northerly to Oak Hill where the view was lost in the forests. Davis' right rested on the turnpike and overlapped, for a considerable distance the line of an unfinished railroad, running nearly parallel with the turnpike, with alternate cuts and fills. A considerable portion of the ridge was in wood, the intervening spaces being open and under cultivation or in grass and intersected by ditches and fences. As Davis advanced the contest became warm and he soon discovered that the position he was assailing was supported by artillery and infantry. General Reynolds, riding with Wadsworth's division when it left Marsh's Creek, hearing the firing, turned the head of the column to the left and marched it across the fields to the Cashtown road at Seminary Hill, riding on himself in advance.

It was while observing the ground and giving directions where the approaching infantry should be posted that he was mortally wounded and the command devolved on General Doubleday.

The leading brigade of Cutler had scarcely time to form in line before meeting the shock of Davis, who had ordered a charge. A fierce fight followed, but Cutler was finally driven back, and after one or two vain efforts to resist the rush, was forced from the field towards the town, the artillery being gotten away with much difficulty. In a short time the fight was renewed, and Davis was in turn driven back, but rallying his men, he made a second charge and regained his advanced position. By this time Cutler was receiving support, and the appearance of a considerable force on Davis' right forced him to retire, and in doing so a number of his men were captured in the railroad cut. The loss in this engagement was severe, and the captures considerable on both sides. Cutler reported his loss in one regiment as two hundred and seven killed and wounded out of three hundred and eighty in the space of half an hour. Some of the other regiments fared no better. Davis reported that out of nine field officers present, but two escaped unhurt.

Archer, after pushing the cavalry out of his way, crossed Willoughby Run in the face of the enemy, and moved forward to the charge on the eastern slope of that stream. His progress was retarded by the undergrowth, but after clearing that with great effort, his men advanced with a yell, and delivered their fire within forty or fifty feet of the enemy's lines. They were met by the "Iron Brigade" under Meredith, composed of a splendid body of troops from Wisconsin, Michigan and Indiana. Meredith largely overlapped Archer and the latter's flanks became exposed and subjected to a cross fire which compelled a retreat. In recrossing the stream, he together with a considerable portion of the command were taken prisoners.

In describing how the action was brought on, General Heth says, that being ignorant what force was at or near Gettysburg, and supposing it to consist of cavalry, most probably supported by a brigade or two of infantry, he made a reconnaissance to determine in what force the enemy was, and whether or not he was massing his force on Gettysburg, and that accordingly Davis and Archer were directed to advance, "the object being to feel the enemy;" that ascertaining from the first conflict, that the enemy was in heavy force, he proceeded to form his division in line of battle, and after resting an hour or two, he received orders to attack, and was notified that Pender would support him."

The question has pertinently been asked, if the movement was in the nature of a reconnaissance, and the object was "to feel the enemy," why was it necessary after that had been done to renew the battle. The enemy had been pretty severely felt, and the reconnaissance had ended in a most serious engagement, and it was known that General Lee did not wish to bring on a general engagement.

General Heth's reply is that he was ordered after a rest to renew the attack. The question recurs, why then, was the battle renewed? The discussion of the question has provoked some criticism upon the conduct of the corps commander and the events of the first day.

Captain Cecil Battine, of the 15th Hussars in the English army, who has written a most graphic and intelligent account of the campaign, thinks Hill did not display his usual vim during the first day, and that his actions were characterized by a timidity unusual to one of his intrepid nature, and that he committed a mistake in putting his troops into action by brigades and fighting the battle piecemeal. On the other hand, Colonel Mosby fiercely assails Hill in having departed from General Lee's plan in moving beyond Cashtown. He contends that this place and not Gettysburg was selected by Lee as the point for the concentration of the army, and that Hill and Heth in making the so-called reconnaissance, were acting entirely upon their own initiative, and with a selfish desire to acquire a little glory on their own account. Neither of these criticisms, the one suggesting timidity, the other charging unauthorized temerity, are deserved. Hill and Heth were both brave and gallant soldiers, and Hill met an honorable death in the face of the enemy in front of Petersburg on April 2d, 1865.

When General Lee ordered Hill's division to report to Jackson in July, 1862, he wrote to Jackson that he would find A. P. Hill a "good officer," "with whom you can consult."

Previous to the battle of Cedar Run, Hill was ordered by Jackson to move his division on a certain road at daylight the next morning.

Hill was ready to move at the appointed time, but found the road occupied by another division, which delayed the movement. This greatly angered Jackson, who put Hill under arrest. Hill made counter charges, and demanded a court martial, but General Lee decided the good of the service would not permit it. Notwithstanding this early friction between the two men, Jackson had high regard for Hill's ability, and it is said the last words which passed his lips in his dying moments, was calling upon A. P. Hill to bring up his division.

As to the first point made by Colonel Mosby, that Cashtown and not Gettysburg was the objective of the army, the authorities are all against him. Ewell was directed towards Cashtown or Gettysburg, as circumstances might require. The movement ultimately was determined towards Gettysburg. General Longstreet, in his official report made at the time, after speaking of events on the 30th, says, "On the next day the troops set out for Gettysburg." But if there could be any doubt about so plain a proposition, it is settled by a personal letter from General Lee to Mr. Davis, written on the 4th of July, just after the battle, in which this passage occurs, "Our whole force was directed to concentrate at Gettysburg."

As to the charge that Hill should have remained at Cashtown, and that his advance beyond that place was reckless and unauthorized; had he stood still at Cashtown, he would have blocked the passage of Longstreet's corps, which was on its way to Gettysburg, and which, as it was, was greatly retarded by Anderson's division and by Ewell's trains. In the absence of special instructions for the day, it may be asked what was the natural and proper thing for Hill to do. General Lee stood greatly in need of information as to the enemy. Hill was his lieutenant, and in the absence of cavalry, who, it may be asked, but the lieutenant in charge of the advance, could furnish the information wanted, and in what other way could this be done than by a reconnaissance, even supposing Gettysburg were not the objective point of the movement. The effort to make it appear that Hill's advance beyond Cashtown was unauthorized, in the light of these facts, falls to the ground. As to how far and with what insistence the reconnaissance should have been pressed, opinions may differ. On the one hand he was handicapped by the knowledge that General Lee did not wish a general engagement brought on; this led him to put his troops into action by detachments and exposed him to the criticism which Captain Battine makes; at the same time he was too sturdy a fighter, willingly to give ground, and he must have thought the alternative, in the face of increasing numbers, was between a vigorous offensive and abandoning his ground. Doubleday, on the Union side, has been censured for pretty much the same thing. In replying to criticisms against him on this account, he says, "A retreat without hard fighting has a tendency to demoralize the troops who retreat, and would in the present instance, in my opinion, have dispirited the whole army and encourage the enemy in the same proportion. It has been said, too, of Reynolds that he committed a blunder, which cost him his life, in not halting at Cemetery Heights instead of rushing his men on to Seminary Ridge, but he acted on the true military instinct which impelled him to the firing line where assistance was wanted, and his action in doing so has made him the Federal hero of the battlefield."

Could Hill have known the strength of the force in his front, he could have overwhelmed it at the first with his superior numbers, and moved to the occupation of Gettysburg and the surrounding heights, and such it now seems would have been the thing to do. But in ignorance of the situation and knowing the wishes of the Commander, he temporized for delay and for the arrival of Ewell. As the result proved, the policy cost him dearly.

When Archer's brigade was shattered, and Davis driven back, the Federal infantry occupied substantially the same positions they did when the fight opened. Heth now moved Pettigrew's brigade forward to his centre, and placed the remainder of Archer's brigade on the right, while Brockenbrough's brigade was moved up on Pettigrew's left and reinforced Davis. These movements occupied some time, during which a spirited artillery fire was kept up on both sides, the advantage being apparently with the Confederates. In the meantime the Federal forces were not idle. The two remaining divisions of the first corps had come on the ground. The first under Robinson was held for a time in reserve on Seminary Ridge, and the other under Rowley was advanced to the support of Wadsworth. General Howard, with the eleventh corps, was also near at hand. He had ridden in advance of his corps, and upon arriving on the field, took over the command from Doubleday, and turned over the command of his own corps to Schurz.

When the attack was renewed the contest waxed fiercer if possible, than before. Those engaged at the first had recovered their wind and replenished their ammunition, while the fresh troops who had only scented the battle were full of zeal and confident they would be able to turn the scale.

The Northern troops felt the influence of being on their own soil, and their spirits were animated by the stirring appeals issued from headquarters, admonishing them of their duty and urging them to a supreme and heroic effort. This was manifest in the determined resistance offered to every fresh assault from the Confederate lines, and in the dash with which they delivered a counter-charge. Each side fought with the most desperate valor. There were times when the opposing ranks delivered their deadly volleys almost in each other's faces.

The railroad cuts and embankments played as before, a conspicuous part in affording protection at one moment and serving as a death trap the next. The cut was sometimes raked by artillery and again taken in flank by infantry. The smoke of battle added to the terrific heat of the day, and the suffering of the troops was aggravated by the want of water.

While Howard was sending urgent messages to his own corps, and to those of Slocum and Sickles, to push on as rapidly as possible, Hill, with another division at hand, permitted Heth to cope single-handed with his antagonists. He was waiting to hear from Ewell. When the latter learned from Hill on the morning of the 1st that he was advancing on Gettysburg, Rodes' division, moving in the direction of Cashtown, was turned to the left at Middletown, and its course directed towards Gettysburg. It was after 2 o'clock when the bright steel barrels of Rodes' men were seen glistening in the sun as his brigades emerged from the woods and deployed on the slopes of Oak Hill. They were none too soon, for Heth's men were well nigh exhausted, and they welcomed the hour of relief. The three leading brigades of Rodes' moved across the slope in splendid style, with ranks evenly dressed, at right angles to Heath's front, with the purpose of taking the enemy in flank and rear. The distance to be traversed was greater than expected, and unexpected obstacles made several changes of direction necessary. Before the enemy was reached, Robinson's division had been moved forward to connect with Wadsworth's right, forming at the junction, the apex of an angle, while Schurz's division was pushed forward on Robinson's right, leaving, however, a gap between.

Iverson's and O'Neil's brigades, sent forward by Rodes, missed their direction, and became involved in much confusion, during which they suffered a flank attack themselves, and met with stunning losses. The remaining brigades fared better and after a severe struggle, succeeded in forcing back their opponents.

The appearance of Rodes was the signal for Pender's advance. Heth's men opening ranks, Pender's swept through them with extended front and the combatants were again locked in deadly embrace.

The struggle continued as before with varying success. While at its heighth, Early with his division came up on Rodes' left. Gordon's brigade made an impetuous charge on Barlow's division, which in general prolongation of Schurz' line, faced north a short distance beyond the town.

Gordon took advantage of a gap between Schurz and Barlow, and after a short struggle, Barlow's division was routed, and the General left for dead upon the field. This was the beginning of the end. The eleventh corps soon gave way and beat a hasty retreat into and through the town, Ramseur, Daniel and Gordon in pursuit.

Pender was meanwhile, hotly engaged, and confronted with the same obstinate resistance and valor, which earlier in the day had withstood for so many hours the Confederate assaults. Wadworth's division in the centre of the first corps, had continued the fight from the time it relieved the cavalry, and now with the assistance of Rowley's and Robinson's divisions was still holding its antagonists at bay. Nothing, however, could finally resist the rushes of Pender's fresh troops, and after many fierce struggles the first corps with its batteries was driven back to Seminary Ridge. Here a last and determined stand was made, and the artillery of the Federals massed in great force. Colonel Perrin, commanding McGowan's brigade, reports that the charge up the hill, which drove the enemy to his last position at Seminary Hill, was made without firing a shot. Here, he says, he received the most destructive musketry fire to which he had ever been exposed, and which for a moment staggered his men, and it looked as if one regiment had been entirely destroyed; that finally piercing the enemy's lines and turning in either direction, he succeeded in taking them in flank and effecting a complete rout. Two of his regiments reduced to one-half the number they carried into battle, pursued the enemy into the town of Gettysburg, capturing two field pieces and many prisoners. While this was the work of two regiments, a third attacked the forces posted behind a stone fence to the right of the college, which was entirely successful, and made it easy for the remainder of the brigade now coming up to drive the enemy down the opposite slope and across the open field west of Gettysburg. "This (he adds) was the last fight of the day. The enemy completely routed and driven from every point, Gettysburg was now completely in our hands."

Having the town in their power, apparently gratified the ambition of the Confederates, and its possession unfortunately caused them to relax further efforts. A greater military blunder was never committed. It is the more surprising, because by this time General Lee and both his lieutenants, Hill and Ewell, were on the ground. The Union troops driven into the town from different directions were wedged and jammed in the streets, and soon became a disorganized mass. Artillery and ambulances struggling to get through the tangled crowd added to the confusion. Had the fugitives been allowed no pause, and had the Confederates followed close upon their heels the very momentum of the flight, to say nothing of the contagion of panic, would have swept aside every support, and the pursuers could easily have rushed the cemetery and the surrounding heights. As it was, a part of Steinwehr's division, which in responce to urgent calls for aid from Schurz, had been sent into the town to his assistance by Howard, was involved in the retreating mass, and the only remaining troops left upon Cemetery Hill, consisted of a single brigade with some artillery.

Colonel Taylor says, that General Lee witnessed the flight of the Federals through Gettysburg, and up the hills beyond, and he went to Ewell with a message from Lee, that the enemy were seen retreating without organization and in great confusion, and it was only necessary to press them to get possession of the heights, and if possible, he wished it done.

The reason given by General Ewell in his subsequent official reports for failing to press forward, are that he understood the order to be to attack, if he could do so with advantage: that he feared he could not bring artillery to bear on the hill; that his troops were jaded by twelve hours' marching and fighting, and he was told that Johnson's division, the only one of his corps not engaged, was close to the town, that he proposed with Johnson to take possession of a wooded hill, which could command Cemetery Heights, but before that was effected night had come on. The official reports of the brigade commanders of the second corps show that several of the brigades, notably Hays' and Ramseur's, were almost intact, and equal to any further calls which might be made on them.

General Early seems to have had a better perception of the situation, and after the first halt, was inclined to attack, but hesitated, he says, to procure co-operation,—that he rode to find Ewell or Rodes or Hill for the purpose of urging an immediate attack, but before he could find either of these officers he was influenced by a report, which he did not believe, that the enemy was appearing on his left, and his resolution seems to have given way under the influence of the rumor. General Hill rested, he says, because being under the impression the enemy was entirely routed, and his two divisions exhausted by six hours' hard fighting, prudence led him to be content with what had been gained. No one can read these subsequent reports without a painful consciousness that there was a lamentable want of vigor on all sides, and an utter failure to apprehend the situation.

When Perrin cleared Seminary Ridge, and as he says "made it easy to drive the enemy down the opposing slope and across the open field west of Gettysburg," another approach to Cemetery Heights was open besides that from the town, which seems to have been overlooked.

Looking from Seminary Hill at that time across to Cemetery Heights, the confusion from the town was seen to extend to the Heights, and batteries could plainly be seen limbering up and apparently making for the rear. There is no reason why the Seminary Ridge should not then have been occupied with Confederate artillery to play upon the opposing heights. Had this been done, and the demoralized troops on Cemetery Heights been subjected to an artillery fire, it is certain the effect must have been disastrous, and might have led to an abandoment of the position. The two artillery battalions of the third corps, which had been actively engaged during the day, had met with severe casualities and several guns had been disabled, but their fighting efficiency was still unimpaired. Each had a complement of sixteen guns, about one-half of which were rifled pieces, and by this time Garnett's battalion of artillery had arrived. It was easily practicable to have placed thirty or forty guns on Seminary Ridge, south of Cashtown road, and used them precisely as they were used before Pickett's charge on the third day.

General Pendleton, chief of artillery of the army, says the proposition did occur to him, but on General Ramseur's suggestion that it would draw fire upon his troops in the town, it was allowed to drop. The suggestion was an untimely and ill-judged as its acceptance was weak and unfortunate.

Viewing the intervening ground as it looked the next day, and as it looks now after the lapse of forty-four years, it is almost incomprehensible how the situation could have escaped the attention of General Lee or of General Hill, or their subordinates in rank. It would appear that everybody was of the same mind as A. P. Hill, and was "content with what had been gained."

Up to this time two brigades of Pender's divisions had not been seriously engaged. Lane's brigade with Johnson's battery was looking out for Buford's cavalry on the flank, and both that and Thomas' brigade were fresh enough for further work. There was still three hours of daylight, and Anderson's division was close at hand. But the golden opportunity was let go by, and the Confederates contented themselves with the capture of about four thousand prisoners and a few pieces of artillery.

It is due to General Early to say that after the war he published an article in the *Southern Historical Society Papers,* inspired doubtless by a generous desire to vindicate the reputation of his corps commander, to whom he was greatly attached, in which he zealously and eloquently defends the action of General Ewell on this occasion, and admits that he himself had changed his opinion in reference to the advisability of further pursuit on the afternoon of the 1st, owing, he says, to information subsequently acquired by him, in reference to the preparedness of the enemy to resist further attack. The article further undertakes to show, that the possession of Cemetery Hill on the afternoon of the 1st, by the Confederates, was a matter of no importance and not worth the effort, inasmuch, as it would not, if occupied have been decisive, and would only have pushed back the battle ground to another field, probably to Pipe Creek. In reference to General Early's first point, if the facts as we have cited them, and the concurrent opinion at the time are not reasonably conclusive, we will supplement them by the opinion of General Hancock, expressed in a letter written to General Fitz Lee, dated January 17, 1878, in which he says, "——— I am in receipt of yours of the 14th instant, and in reply have to say that in my opinion, if the Confederates had continued the pursuit of General Howard on the afternoon of July 1st at Gettysburg, they would have driven him over and beyond Cemetery Hill. After I arrived on the field, assumed the command, and made my dispositions for defending that point (say 4 P. M.) I do not think the Confederate force then present could have carried it." John B. Bachelder, of the Union army says there is no question but what a combined attack on Cemetery Hill, made within an hour, would have been successful.

As to General Early's second point, it would seem to be sufficient to say, that if the Confederates had taken Cemetery Hill the first day, they would have accomplished what they vainly tried to do on the 2d and 3d days; the moral effect would have been as inspiring to one side as depressing to the other; the tremendous losses suffered in the efforts to take it on the 2d and 3d days would have been averted, and Meade could nowhere have selected or stumbled upon a line of defense so impregnable as Cemetery Hill and Round Top proved to be.

In the engagements which have been described as occurring on the first day, six pieces of my command, Johnson's battery and a section of Hurt's were put in position on high ground to our right, and with Lane's brigade were engaged in holding in check Buford's cavalry. The two long ranged Whitworths occasionally shelled the woods and distant points wherever the enemy could be seen. The remainder of the battalion under my immediate command actively supported the attacks of Archer and Pender. This gave me an opportunity to witness a large portion of the battlefield, including Oak Hill where Rodes' brigades deployed in line.

It also gave me the opportunity of witnessing from the college near the Cashtown road, when the enemy had been put to flight, the confusion which prevailed on Cemetery Hill, and which even without the aid of field glasses was plainly discernible. The casualties of the first day were surprisingly small. Lieut. Wallace had one rifle piece disabled by a solid shot striking it full in the face.

Early on the morning of the second day the battalion with the exception of the Whitworths was placed in position along the crest of the Seminary Ridge extending south from the college. To make room for Pegram to get in line, Rice's battery was withdrawn a short distance in rear and held in reserve. Pegram and Garnett subsequently changed their relative positions. Mine was maintained with little change during the 2d and 3d instants. From this point the country was open to Cemetery Hill opposite, and the heights south of it, and the attack of Anderson's division on the afternoon of the 2d and the greater portion of Pickett's charge on the 3d could be seen to advantage.

During the night of the 1st, skirmish lines were established in the intervening valley between Seminary and Cemetery Hills by both sides, and during the two succeeding days, there were frequent and fierce encounters between the skirmish lines, sometimes supported by heavy reserves. These engagements were frequently participated in by the artillery of both sides.

Along the new line on Pender's front ran for part of the way a rough irregular stone wall or fence from two to three feet high, with occasional gaps a few feet in width. One ot Capt. Hurts' guns happened to be placed opposite one of these gaps. The wall afforded some protection, and observing the location of the gun I directed it to be changed; before this could be done, however, a sharp engagement sprang up, and a shot passing through the gap mortally wounded the lieutenant in charge, taking off one of the poor fellow's legs.

General Meade, as we have seen, was at 12:30 P. M. on the 1st still issuing orders looking to the withdrawal of his troops. At 1.10 P. M. he heard of General Reynold's death, and immediately sent Hancock to the front to assume command. Meade's plan and intentions were fully known to Hancock, and he was instructed, that if in his opinion the position at Gettysburg was favorable for a battlefield that he should advise him and he would order up all the troops. At 5:25 P. M. Hancock dispatched to Meade from the field that he had arrived an hour before, and found that the troops had given up the front at Gettysburg and the town, and had "taken position in Cemetery, which could not well be taken, but could easily be turned. That the battle was then quiet, and he thought they would be all right until night, when it could better be determined what was best to be done: That he thought they could retire, and if not, they could fight, as the ground appears not unfavorable with good troops."

Shortly after Hancock sent another dispatch saying, that he regarded the position as a very strong one, that it had the disadvantage, however, of being easily turned, and that it remained for the General commanding to determine whether the battle should be fought at Gettysburg or at the first place selected by him. When Slocum arrived on the field, Hancock transferred the command to him, and returned to report to Meade. The latter left Taneytown at 10 P. M. and arriving upon the ground at 1 A. M. on the morning of the 2d. Hancock rejoined his corps, which arrived about 7 A. M., the three divisions being posted along the crest from Cemetery Hill towards Round Top, connecting on the right with the eleventh corps, and on the left with a division of the third corps. Sykes, with the 5th corps, left Union Mills the morning of the 1st, and marching by Hanover, reached the ground about 8 A. M., on the 2d, covering a distance of twenty-six miles, and took position on the right near Rock Creek.

Sedgwick with the sixth corps left Manchester on the 1st, and after a march of over thirty miles, was on the ground by the afternoon of the 2d, and one division supported the fifth corps in its engagement after 5 P. M. Two brigades of Birney's division of the third corps reached the ground about sunset the first day, and two brigades of Humphrey's division arrived on the following morning.

There is no doubt that Meade, before he reached the battlefield, anticipated a renewal of the fight on the 2d, and even contemplated an attack himself. He was satisfied his army was sufficiently united to give battle. At 6 P. M., on the evening of the 1st, he dispatched a joint message to Howard and Doubleday, in which he said: "It seems we have so concentrated, that a battle is now forced on us, and that if we get up all our people, and attack with our whole force tomorrow, we ought to defeat the force the enemy has."

A memorandum addressed to Sedgwick at 10 P. M., says: "The general purposes to make a vigorous attack upon the enemy tomorrow, and on the morning of the 2d, a note was addressed by the Chief of Staff to the commander of the twelfth corps, directing him to make an attack from the front and that he would be supported by the fifth corps, and that the attack should be a strong and decisive one." These instructions must have been recalled. General Meade's intentions to attack never materialized, and no mention is made of them in his official report.

It has been stated, that General Meade upon his arrival on the field, was not favorably impressed with the position, and that an order to withdraw was prepared. It is even said that so late as 3 P. M., on the 2d, he sent a dispatch in cypher to Halleck, that if the enemy failed to attack, and he found it hazardous himself to do so, or became satisfied that the enemy was manoeuvering to get in his rear, he should fall back to Westminster. The official records as published do not disclose such papers, if they exist.

Lee now had his army fairly united, one division only besides the cavalry being absent, and he too, proposed an early morning attack, which was doomed to disappointment. The failure to execute it as planned, has given rise to much discussion.

General Lee's report, which is the only authoritative expression we have from him on the subject, says: "It had not been intended to deliver a general battle, so far from our base, unless attacked, but coming unexpectedly upon the whole Federal army, to withdraw through the mountains, with our extensive trains, would have been difficult and dangerous. At the same time, we were unable to await an attack, as the country was unfavorable for collecting supplies in the presence of the enemy, who would restrain our foraging parties, by holding the mountain passes with local and other troops. A battle, had therefore, become in a measure, unavoidable, and the success already gained gave hope of a favorable issue." The report continues, "that to carry out this purpose, it was determined to make the principal attack upon the enemy's left, and Longstreet was directed to place McLaws and Hood's divisions on the right of Hill, partially enveloping the enemy's left, which he was to drive in. Ewell and Hill were expected to make demonstrations and co-operate with Longstreet, when he made the real attack."

The ground occupied by the Federal forces during the 2d and 3d days fight may be thus described: The high well defined ridge, which begins at the Cemetery on the southern outskirts of the town, runs in a southerly course, about three miles, and terminates in a high rocky and wooded peak called Round Top, which was regarded as the key of the position, because it enfiladed and commanded the line north of it. The less elevated portion near where the crest rises onto Round Top, is called Little Round Top, being a spur of the former. The crest of the ridge has a general slope to the east, while to the west it falls off in a cultivated and undulatory valley which it commands.

The ridge at its northern extremity at the Cemetery, turns eastward a short distance, and then southward, terminating in a bold promontory called Culps Hill.

The Federal line on its right wing, thus faced northward to the town, with a bend to the east. Its extension along Cemetery Heights and Round Top faced to the west. The Confederate forces occupying the outer line, were spread over a greater distance, and from the Cashtown road southward, occupied what is known as Seminary Ridge, a little less than a mile distant from and generally parallel to the Cemetery Ridge. Longstreet faced Round Top, and part of Cemetery Ridge; Hill continued the line from the left of Longstreet, and Ewell held the town, sweeping round the base of Cemetery Hill, and ending on the left in front of Culps Hill.

There is a mass of concurring testimony from a number of officers of high standing in the army, and some of whom participated in a conference, held by General Lee during the night of the 1st, that the attack should be made by Longstreet at sunrise the next morning, or at least as early as possible on the enemy's left. General Longstreet in publications, emanating from him since the War, denies this statement and claims that General Lee never in his life gave him orders to attack at a specific hour, and that no conclusions was arrived at as to the point of attack until 11 o'clock. There is no doubt that Longstreet and Lee were in company at 5 o'clock P. M., on the afternoon of the 1st, and that Lee then declared his intention, of attacking the next morning. Longstreet, according to his own account, was opposed to a direct attack and urged a flank movement to the right.

Orders for a concerted attack at an early hour on the morning of the 2d, must have been issued, as shown by the report of Early, and that such orders were received and extended by Longstreet, appears by the fact that his two divisions present acted upon them.

General Hood arrived in front of the heights shortly after daybreak and filed his troops into an open field nearby. Brigadier General Kershaw says he bivouacked two miles from Gettysburg, and was ordered to move at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 2d. General E. P. Alexander, commanding Longstreet's reserve artillery, arrived at 9 A. M., and was directed to accompany McLaws and Hood in the attack on the left. General McLaws' account is that he reached the field at an early hour, and went to General Lee, who pointed out to him on the map the road across which he was to place his division, that Longstreet who was walking back and forth some distance from Lee, came up and pointing to the map, showed how he wanted the division located, to which General Lee replied: "No, General, I want it placed just the opposite," and that Longstreet appeared irritated and annoyed.

General Lindsay Walker, commanding the artillery of the third corps, says General Lee rode to where he was between 9 and 10 o'clock A. M., and eagerly inquired where General Longstreet was, that he offered to ride with him to where he thought they would find Longstreet, and on the way, so great was General Lee's impatience at the inaction, that for a little while placed himself at the head of a brigade to hurry the column forward.

The attack instead of being made at sunrise, was not made until 4 o'clock P. M. No matter what may have been General Longstreet's suggestions to General Lee, as to the advisability of the attack, and no matter what pretexts or excuses may be offered by him or in his behalf for the delay, they cannot break the force of the fact that an attack which was to be made at sunrise or at an early hour, did not come off until late in the afternoon.

An attack at sunrise would have found only the second corps and a division of the third in occupation of the heights south of the Cemetery, and General Lee's idea of enveloping the enemy's left by Longstreet's extension, appeared feasible enough. By 4 o'clock the remainder of the third corps of the Federal army had arrived and taken up its position in prolongation of the Federal line. The fifth corps when relieved by the sixth, was also moved up to reinforce and extend the left.

In the early morning Meade's line of battle did not take in Little Round Top, and no guns were posted upon it or on Big Round Top beyond. When the brigades of Hood's division completed their flank movement in the afternoon, and wheeling to the left, emerged through the woods, they found upon the crest and sides of the hill two lines of infantry and a number of guns frowning down upon them.

It is difficult to account for General Longstreet's course throughout all the forenoon and into the afternoon of the 2d. He was always regarded as a sturdy fighter, and was called General Lee's "Old War Horse": The soldiers familiarly spoke of him as "Old Pete," and he enjoyed the fullest love and confidence of his command. The only complaint ever made of him was that he was slow to move, and it is said that General Lee expressed himself to that effect to some of his general officers on the night of the 1st.

His loyalty to Lee, however, was never questioned, and the relations between them were cordial and friendly. In the publications of General Longstreet since the war, the tone of superiority, which he assumes in speaking of his intercourse with Lee and the claims made by him for the possession of superior judgment in the conduct of the campaign, have astonished all who knew the two men. They contain statements which are not easily reconciled with the official reports made at the time, and the air of hostility and even arrogance, which is sometimes manifested towards the General commanding in some of his utterances, must be attributed largely to the rancorous feeling which sprang up between himself and some of his old comrades on account of political differences.

When the battle was finally opened by Longstreet at 4 P. M., the veterans of the first corps were not wanting in their old time spirit, and they added renewed lustre to the splendid record which they have always borne. General Longstreet pronounced the battle to be "the best three hours' fighting ever done by any troops on any battlefield."

The alignment of the Federal forces was now quite different from what it was in the early morning. The lines were not only extended, but Sickles had swung his right from its first alignment about three-fourths of a mile to the front, with the object of securing high ground on the extension of Seminary Ridge, and his right rested on what is now known as the Peach Orchard. This necessitated a wider movement on the part of the Confederates, but inasmuch as it put Sickles' right in advance of Hancock's left, it made an awkward situation, for which General Sickles has been severely criticised. General Meade says that he had ridden to the extreme left when he discovered Sickles' change of line, and was explaining to him that he was too far in advance, when the shock of McLaws' attacked occurred. McLaws' first object was to get possession of the Peach Orchard where Sickles' right rested. This was accomplished only after a hard fight, and that position was gained and proved valuable for the use of artillery. The marshy ground which lay between the two ridges was the next theatre for a long and protracted struggle, every foot of which was contested. When this ground had been gained, the fences and boulders near the foot of the mountain formed good rallying points for the Federals, and large reinforcements were sent to Sickles' assistance. In the meantime Little Round Top, the importance of which then came to be realized, was occupied with newly arrived troops, and with that stronghold in the occupation of a large force, the Confederate position became critical. An attempt was made to carry it both from McLaws' and Hood's front. On the part of McLaws it brought on a series of desperate charges which were only partially successful. Hood, on the right of McLaws, who was to make the enveloping movement and begin the attack, had a still longer detour to make than McLaws. His Texan's and Alabamians clamboring over heavy bowlders and up the precipitate sides of Round Top, gallantly led the assault on the right.

General Hood and Brigadier-General Anderson were both severely wounded and compelled to leave the field soon after the action began. No full and satisfactory report of the occurences on this part of the field have been given. Colonel Oates of the fiftieth Alabama, says that after many struggles with the enemy and forcing his way over almost inaccessible ground, he found the enemy posted in force behind large rocks and at still greater elevation, and after repelling a number of charges, finding the enemy appearing on his right and threatening his rear, he ordered a retreat. General Longstreet's account is largely devoted to the operations of McLaws' division, with which he was present. He complained that McLaws' left was not sufficiently protected by the brigades of Anderson, of the third corps, which he claims were to move in echelon on his flank: That Hood's extending to the right left McLaws only a single line of battle, and finding no co-operation on any side, to have moved his men further forward would have been madness, and McLaws was withdrawn to the Peach Orchard.

Major General Anderson on McLaws' left, in his account of the battle says, "It was not until 5:30 o'clock in the evening that McLaws' division, by which the movement of my division was to be regulated, had advanced so far as to call for the movement of my troops. The advance of McLaws' division was immediately followed by the brigades of mine in the manner directed. Never did troops go into action with greater spirit and more determined courage. The ground afforded them but little shelter, and for nearly three-fourths of a mile they were compelled to face a storm of shot and shell and bullets, but there was no hesitation or faltering. They drove the enemy from the first line and possessed themselves of the ridge and much of the artillery with which it was crowned. But the situation discovered the enemy in possession of a second line with artillery upon both our front and flanks. From this position he poured a destructive fire of grape upon our troops. Strong reinforcements pressed upon our right flank, which had become disconnected from McLaws' left, and the ridge being untenable, the brigades were compelled to retire."

General A. R. Wright, who commanded the leading brigade, has given a most graphic and spirited account of the charge of his brigade over nearly the same ground upon which Pickett charged the following day. This charge was witnessed by the portion of Hill's corps not actively engaged, and filled them with admiration and delight at the splendid behavior of their comrades. Wright say that his men leaping over the stone fence from which the enemy was driven, charged up to the top of the crest and drove the infantry in rear of their batteries: That he gained the key of the position, but with his narrow front, was unable to hold it for the want of support upon his flanks, and was forced to beat a retreat. This failure of Wright to hold the position he had won on the 2d, filled the minds of many with mistrust, when it was learned on the next day that Pickett would attempt the same thing.

General Ewell on the left was directed to delay his attack until he heard Longstreet's guns upon the right. About 5 P. M., a cannonade was directed from Johnson's front against Cemetery Hill, followed by an attack just before sundown by Johnson on the hill in his front. Johnson described the position as a rugged, rocky mountain, heavily timbered and difficult of ascent, a natural fortification, rendered more formidable by intrenchments and abbattis; nevertheless, George H. Stewart's brigade on the left seized a portion of the breast-works and held them until the following day.

Two of Early's brigades, taking up the movement begun by Johnson, also penetrated the enemy's lines, bringing off several pieces of artillery and a number of prisoners. Before Rodes had completed his arrangements, Early had withdrawn and dusk set in, so that he did not, nor did Pender's division on the right participate in the attack. It is apparent there was want of concert throughout. The attack which was to be made at sunrise, or at an early hour by Longstreet, was not made until 4 P. M. Instead of a simultaneous attack by Ewell, he opened his guns at 5, and not until after an hour's fighting. The attack was begun by Johnson on the left a little before dark and taken up by Early, but not followed up by Rodes and Pender.

In spite of those discouragements, success lay on the whole, with the Confederates at the close of the second day. Their lines had been materially advanced, a number of prisoners and some artillery had been captured, and they had inflicted enormous losses on the enemy.

On the right the high ground near the Emmittsburg road had been secured for the use of the artillery, and McLaws and Hood had pushed forward beyond Devil's Den, and reached out to the foot of Little and Big Round Top.

On the left, Johnson had captured a considerable line of breastworks, and was in immediate proximity to the enemy's main line. Though not aware of it, he was within a short distance of Meade's headquarters and a park of reserve artillery.

General Lee, while disappointed, was not dismayed. He says in his report, "The result of the day's operations induced the belief that with proper concert of action and with the increased support that the position gained on the right would enable the artillery to render the assaulting column, we should ultimately succeed, and it was accordingly determined to continue the attack. The general plan was unchanged. Longstreet, reinforced by Pickett's three brigades, which arrived near the battlefield during the afternoon of the 2d, was ordered to attack the next morning, and General Ewell was directed to assail the enemy's right at the same time."

In passing upon the correctness of General Lee's judgment in renewing the assault on the third day, no one can venture to say that success was not possible and that his plans could not have carried with better co-operation. In that case success would have borne its own vindication. Judged by results, the most sagacious critics will probably agree that General Lee did not correctly estimate either the difficulties of the position or the difficulties of procuring the concert of action upon which he relied. He had already, on the previous day, experienced the difficulties of the latter on such an extended line, and the failure of Anderson's assault on the same ground was an ominous warning that the conditions were too difficult to be overcome.

He thought, however, to supply this by making the assaulting column larger and putting in fresh troops. His confidence in his army was unshaken, and his own courage rose with the occasion. General Longstreet, on the other hand, was full of foreboding and had no confidence in the attack. He was for adopting the move which Reynolds wrote to Butterfield, the Confederates would attempt, that is, to turn their left in the direction of Fairfield.

It was most unfortunate that while differing with the General commanding as to the policy of the campaign, the difference was one not simply of opinion, but one which seems to have affected General Longstreet's conduct, and was in itself sufficient to mar the success of any enterprise.

In his official report he says, "On the following morning (3d) our arrangements were made for renewing the attack by my right, with a view to pass around the hill occupied by the enemy on his left, and to gain it by flank and reverse attack. This would have been a slow process probably, but I think not very difficult. A few moments after my orders for the execution of this plan were given, the commanding General joined me and ordered a column of attack to be formed of Pickett's, Heth's and part of Pender's divisions, the assault to be made directly at the enemy's main position, the Cemetery Hill."

It appears then, that Longstreet had given orders for the execution of a movement at variance with the plan of the commanding General, and which was only prevented by Lee's joining him and countermanding the order. Inserted, as it is, in his official report made at the time, it bears the marks of a purpose not only to act independently of his superior, but also to distinctly declare and put on record what the purpose was.

In the account of the battle subsequently given, speaking of General Lee's report, he says, "This is disingenuous. He did not give or send me orders for the morning of the 3d day, nor did he reinforce me by Pickett's brigade for the morning attack. In the absence of orders I had scouting parties out during the night in search of a way by which we might strike the enemy's left and press it down towards the centre. I found a way that gave promise of results, and was about to move the command when he rode over after sunrise and gave his orders. His plan was to assault the enemy's left centre by a column to be composed of McLaws' and Hood's divisions reinforced by Pickett's brigades. I thought that it would not do, that the point had been fully tested the day before by more men while all were fresh," &c.

The singular thing about this account is, the statement that the assaulting column was to be "composed of McLaws' and Hood's divisions, reinforced by Pickett's brigades." This confirms the language of General Lee's report that the attack was to be made "by Longstreet, reinforced by Pickett's three brigades" and supports the contention of certain of General Lee's staff and others in the army, that the attack was to be general and that the assaulting column was to be actively supported on either flank.

As a matter of fact, McLaws' and Hood's divisions did not unite in the attack.

The official reports on file coming from these divisions, as well as the Federal reports from the fifth and sixth corps confronting them, show that there was no engagement between these respective lines on the 3d day beyond occasional skirmishing, and the activities of a brigade in Hood's division warding off a threatened attack of cavalry.

While the failure of McLaws and Hood to attack and co-operate actively with Pickett may well be said to have affected the result, the personal attitude of General Longstreet during the day of the 3d should be taken into account.

Granting that he differed with Lee as to the policy and plan of giving battle, and that his conceptions were right and those of Lee were strong, and granting, too, that he was affected, as he says he was, by the prospect of a useless effusion of blood, it was no less his duty to give a hearty and cordial support to his commander when the plan of battle was once determined. Whether this was done, any one may judge for himself from the following extract taken from his own account:

"General Lee said the attack of his right was not made as early as expected,—which he should not have said. He knows that I did not believe success was possible; that care and time should be taken to give the troops the benefit of positions and the grounds; and he should have put an officer in charge who had more confidence in his plan. Two-thirds of the troops were of other commands, and there was no reason for putting the assaulting column under my charge. He had confidence in General Early, who advised in favor of that end of the line for battle. Knowing my want of confidence, he should have given the benefit of his presence and assistance in getting the troops up, posting them and arranging the batteries; but he gave no orders or suggestions after his early designation of the point for which the column should march." These post bellum utterances of Longstreet and similar expressions found in his book, accentuate the attitude displayed by him before the opening of the campaign, and throw light upon his conduct during the third day.

According to Ewell the attack on the third was to be renewed at daylight in co-operation with Longstreet.

In compliance with Ewell's orders, Johnson was about to do so, when he himself was attacked, and a vigorous effort made by the Federals to regain the works captured by General George H. Stuart the evening before.

Johnson attacking in turn pressed the enemy nearly to the top of the hill, when he was checked by abattis and other earthworks. Ewell in his report says that a half hour after Johnson attacked and when it was too late to recall him, he received notice "that Longstreet would not attack until ten o'clock," but it turned out his attack was delayed until after two o'clock.

This scarcely justified Longstreet's retort, speaking of the previous day, that "He (Ewell) was to hold himself in readiness to support an attack when it was made. It is silly to say that he was ready at sunrise, when he was not ready at four o'clock, when the attack was really made."

The countermanding of Longstreet's move to the right in the early morning, and the unexpected engagement of Johnson on the left, necessarily interrupted General Lee's plan of an early attack.

The difficulty of getting a move on General Longstreet was found to be as great as on the previous day. He confesses that he shrunk from the task before him, and intrusted its execution to subordinates. The positions for the guns were selected by the artillery officers, and General Pickett was charged with the duty of arranging the lines behind the batteries. It was two o'clock when these arrangements were completed.

The assaulting column was formed under cover of a wood.

It consisted of Pickett's division, with two brigades, Kemper's and Garnett's in front and Armistead's as a support in rear. Heth's division, under Pettigrew, was formed in two lines on Pickett's left, with a space of several hundred yards between the two, and two brigades of Pender's division under Trimble formed in rear and in supporting distance of Pettigrew.

Wilcox's brigade from Anderson's division was ordered to move on Pickett's right flank and in his rear as a protection to that flank.

The whole number of troops composing the assaulting column was between fourteen and fifteen thousand. The distance between the two opposing lines on Pickett's front was about fourteen hundred yards, and the column was directed towards a Salient of the Federal line on Cemetery Heights, occupied by Hancock with two divisions under Hays and Gibbon, Hays being nearest the Cemetery. Pickett's division was to guide the assaulting column, and to strike the desired point it was necessary to oblique slightly to the left. As the opposing lines were not exactly parallel, and Pickett's right was nearer the enemy than Pettigrew's left, it was designed that the movement on the left should be accelerated, so that the two divisions should arrive together and strike the Salient at the same time.

The ground occupied by McLaws and Hood and their advanced brigades was much nearer the Federal lines than where Pickett formed, and the positions occupied by the fifth and sixth Federal corps were also in advance of Hancock's line, so that the Confederate advance was exposed to a fire from the right as well as from the front.

On the Federal side, Hays' and Gibbon's divisions were posted along the crest of Cemetery Hill, facing to the west. A stone wall ran just below the crest of the hill a portion of the way, which was supplemented in places by earthworks, behind which the infantry lay, with another line on the crest in rear, so that the latter could fire over the heads of those on the slope in front. Infantry reserves were distributed at desirable points in rear of the crest, and at intervals on this part of the line were twenty-six guns of the second corps, so placed as to rake the ground to the front and sides.

A house and barn upon Hays' front was burned so as to afford unobstructed artillery fire. Besides the guns in front, additional guns were placed on the left, making according to General Hunt's estimate seventy-five guns on the western crest line.

To the right of Hancock a number of guns had been massed on the preceding day. Major Osborne reports that thirty-two were sent him, among which were six twenty pound rifles, four ten pound rifles and sixteen three inch rifles, which he says were effectively used in replying to the Confederate guns, and in playing on the infantry as they advanced across the plain. On the Confederate side there was, according to General Pendleton, sixty guns engaged excluding howitzers, belonging to the first corps. In the third corps, excluding twelve pound howitzers and batteries in reserve, the number did not exceed forty-five. In addition, Ewell's corps contributed eighteen guns, making the whole number engaged on that side about one hundred and twenty-five guns, which was in excess of the number in use at any one time by their opponents.

The Federals had the advantage of higher ground and heavier metal. The Confederates were able to bring into action a greater number of pieces, and had the advantage of a convergent fire.

The plan of battle was, that the assault should be preceded by a heavy and concentrated artillery fire, directed upon the point of attack, which was expected to silence the opposing batteries, and so disorganize the infantry, that the assaulting column seizing the opportune moment should advance and pierce the enemy's main line, to be followed up by a general advance on the right and left of the assaulting column.

The success of the scheme depended in the first place upon the ability of the Confederate batteries to overcome the fire of their opponents and carry confusion into the ranks of the infantry, and the initial effort as it turned out was a failure.

When the signal was given, the Confederate cannoneers sprang to their guns, and began a rain of fire upon the hill in front.

Alexander of the first corps had posted a number of guns in advance of the assaulting column and these fired rapidly and effectively. Other guns to the right and left at greater distances opened fire at the same time. The challenge was instantly taken up by the opposing batteries, and in a moment over two hundred guns were belching forth volumes of flame and smoke, and the air became thick with flying missiles and bursting shells. Rifts of smoke floated over the landscape amidst which the occasional explosion of a caisson or limber chest lit up the scene, and added to the terror of the battle.

No such cannonade had been experienced before by either army, and it required all the staying qualities of those under fire to resist its effects. After a time the fire of the Federal batteries slackened and it was believed they had been partially disabled and silenced.

Pickett was waiting the signal for him to move, and the supreme moment had now arrived when the order was to be given. When Alexander, in charge of the advance artillery, and who was to give the signal, informed Longstreet that his ammunition was nearly exhausted, the latter advised him to stop Pickett until his ammunition was replenished, to which Alexander replied there was no ammunition with which to replenish, and that if the assault was to be made, it should be made at once.

General Longstreet says, "That he then saw there was no help for it, and that Pickett must advance under his orders."

The impression that any very serious effect had been produced upon the enemy's lines by the artillery fire proved to be a delusion; the aim of the Confederate gunners was accurate, and they did their work as well as could be, but the distance was too great to produce the results which they sanguinely hoped for. Previous experience should have taught them better. It is not a little surprising that General Lee should have reckoned so largely upon the result. Both sides had been pretty well taught that sheltered lines of infantry cannot be shattered or dislodged when behind breastworks, by field artillery, at the distance of one thousand yards and upwards.

The soldier who has been taught by experience to hug tight to his breastworks, and who knows that it is more dangerous to run than to lie still, comes to regard with stoical indifference the bursting missiles which are mostly above or behind him.

The slackening of fire of the Federal batteries, which was taken to be an auspicious moment for the advance, proved to be for the purpose of removing disabled guns and bringing up fresh batteries instead, and before Pickett's column was fairly launched, their places were supplied by others.

When Pickett and the other divisions emerged from cover and advanced to the open, they presented a thrilling spectacle, and one which no beholder can ever forget. The ranks were beautifully dressed and the battle-flags told off the different commands. Many a brave heart in the Federal ranks must have blanched at the prospect which loomed so terribly before them. One of them, conveying his impression at the time says, "The perfect order and steady but rapid advance of the enemy called forth praise from our troops, and gave them the appearance of being fearfully irresistible."

As the lines advanced, and the batteries of the enemy again opened, and the gaps in the ranks began to grow wider, and then to shrivel and shrink up beneath the deadly withering fire of the infantry, and the stream of the wounded began to pour back in increasing volume, the hearts of those who were spectators were filled at first with a deep hush of expectancy, and then with a feeling of agonized despair when the goal seemed to be reached and hanging suspended a moment, the tide rolled backward broken into fragments, and the brave fellows who a half hour before marched so valiantly up to the cannons' mouth now lay prostrate on the green slopes, or else came tramping back battered and bleeding. There is no need for repetition of the details. The monuments on the ground attest the desperate valor with which each side fought.

Of Pickett's brigade, commanders, Kemper was first shot and borne from the field, Garnett was killed near the stonewall, and Armistead leaping the wall with sword aloft, at the head of a few followers, finally fell overcome by his foes. Pettigrew and Trimble met with the same fate as Pickett. Wilcox reports that shortly after the advance began, he received successive orders to advance in support of Pickett: that he put his brigade in motion and advanced, "near the hill upon which were the enemy's batteries and intrenchments," but that owing to the smoke of the battle he was unable to perceive a man of the division he was ordered to support, and being subjected to a severe fire, he determined to retire.

Anderson says he was about to move forward Wright's and Posey's brigades when General Longstreet directed him to stop the movement as useless, the assault having failed.

Rodes to the north of the town, says his troops were about half way between the artillery of the 2d corps and that on Cemetery Hill, that while on the lookout for a favorable opportunity to attack, and having notified Ewell he was about to do so, and just as he was about to give the order to advance, it was announced and was apparent to him that the attack had already failed. Outside of the artillery, the attack was made on the part of the Confederates by two divisions and a half, out of nine divisions in the army. General Warren, in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, stated that Meade had nearly half his army in a good and sheltered position on his left, from where he could conveniently reinforce other points on the lines, and that when the repulse took place, Meade intended to move forward all the forces he could get, and in turn assault the enemy. That he ordered the advance of the 5th corps, but it was carried out so slowly it did not amount to anything. The Confederates anticipated that a countercharge might be attempted, and Anderson's division with the nearby batteries was prepared to receive it; the demonstrations proved too slight however to excite serious apprehension.

General Lee rode forward to encourage and animate the scattered troops as they returned.

His greatest concern at the moment seemed to be to break the shock of the repulse, and its possible effect upon the troops, and probably it was this, coupled with his great magnanimity, that led him to say as reported, "It is all my fault." Whether this speech fell from General Lee or not, it is conceded on all points that the assaulting column was not lacking in courage, and that the failure did not rest upon the shoulders of the troops.

Was the failure then because the plan was inherently weak and incapable of success; or because there was no concerted and simultaneous action from the centre and wings at the same time, or because of both?

It would seem the plan was inherently weak because of the immense distance to be traversed by the assaulting column before reaching the point of attack, and because of the want of cover to shield its progress. The distance to be traversed, and the projection of the column so far in advance, necessarily made the movement largely independent, and put it out of reach of support at the critical moment of its life, even had a general advance been vigorously pressed. No general advance could have kept pace with the assaulting column. It could not have been expected to do so. The most that could have been expected was that a vigorous attack all along the line would keep the enemy's attention engaged, and prevent reinforcements being sent to the crucial point. But unless Pickett succeeded in establishing himself securely in the enemy's position so that he could hold it, he was out of reach of immediate help.

A more vigorous attack by the Confederates would doubtless have aided Pickett, and prevented to some extent the relief sent to Hancock, and to the disabled Federal batteries, but it is unreasonable to suppose that such an attack however general or vigorous would have successfully carried the lines at other points or brought it in reach of Pickett, or materially interfered with Meade's dispositions. As Meade occupied interior lines with shorter communcations, and now with superior numbers, and with his troops under excellent natural cover, it was well nigh impossible by any attack the Confederates could have made, to prevent the easy shifting of his men to points where they were most needed.

The road from Gettysburg to Taneytown ran just in rear of the Federal line and the conformation of the ground not only afforded cover for the troops, but made it easy to move them from one point of the line to another.

While, therefore, there was great want of concert of action on the part of General Lee's lieutenants, as will be seen from their several reports, and while a more vigorous demonstration on the part of McLaws and Hood as well as on the part of Hill and Ewell, would have been useful in dividing the attention of the enemy, it is not believed it would have materially affected the result.

General Lee assigns as a reason for giving battle the difficulty of withdrawing from Meade's front through the mountains in his rear with his large train. The fact that he was able to do so after the battle, justifies the belief that Longstreet was right in his opinion that an atack in front was not advisable, and that General Lee committed an error in determining upon that course. It is seen now from their correspondence that Meade and Reynolds both were prepared to withdraw, in case a flanking movement had been attempted.

General Lee's fame as a soldier will not suffer, however, from the untoward result. The greatness of his character was most conspicuous in the hour of defeat. He never appeared more serene than on the days succeeding the battle, when after holding his lines for twenty-four hours, he quietly withdrew, and conducting his army through the mountain passes, again offered battle to the enemy, and awaiting for the swollen waters of the Potomac to subside, effected his passage safely without loss of stores or baggage.

The night of the 3d and part of the 4th were spent in the sad duty of burying the dead and removing the wounded to places of greater safety, and also in the task of refitting and preparing for the future.

The ordnance officers report after the battle showed an expenditure of 1,395 rounds of ammunition fired during the three days engagement by my battalion. The number of rounds fired by Pegram's battalion was more than double that number. That of the other battalions of the corps much less. Pegram's battalion had more guns actively engaged on the first day than mine had, and his fire was so free preceding the charge of Pickett's division on the last day that his ammunition was nearly exhausted, and he came to me when the battle was over to borrow from my supply.

On July 4th, General Lee issued orders for the withdrawal of his army from the positions occupied by it, and on the evening of that day, my command was moved to the "Stone Bridge," and from there to the village of Fairfield, where the corps was united.

On the following day I was directed to report to Gen. R. H. Anderson with two batteries. His division moving by Monterey crossed the mountain before dark. A section was left behind to guard the Emmittsburg road, and a battery with a regiment of Posey's brigade was thrown forward to the right upon a high hill overlooking the town of Waynesboro, to guard against any hostile force on that flank.

The army moved rapidly, and on the 6th the main column reached Hagerstown, and a battery was sent on pickett with Anderson's division, and another with Lane's.

While in the neighborhood of St. James' College the enemy appeared in force. Entrenchments were quickly thrown up and Gen. Lee offered battle, but Gen. Meade showed no disposition to renew the conflict.

At the opening of the campaign on June 21, 1863, Gen. Lee issued from headquarters certain orders prescribing regulations for the government of the army in striking contrast with orders from the other side. These orders were in part as follows:

"Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia, June 21, 1863.

General orders, No. 72.

While in the enemy's country, the following regulations for procuring supplies will be strictly observed and any violation of them promptly and vigorously punished.

1. No private property shall be injured or destroyed by any person belonging to or connected with the army excepting by the officers hereinafter designated." * * *

That this was not a perfunctory order was unexpectedly brought home to the writer about this time. When the retreat was suspended in the neighborhood of St. James' College, it was the first opportunity for rest since the struggle began on the first inst. We were told at that point to go into camp, that rations would be issued and the men would have an opportunity to do some cooking. The sight of a nearby grove arrested our attention, and the battalion at once took possession. Worn out with fatigue, I dismounted and threw myself on the soft grass in the grateful shade, and was soon locked in the embrace of Morpheus. My sleep was of short duration. I was aroused by my faithful colored valet and told that General Lee wanted to see me. Making my way to where he was, I awoke to the fact that a long row of camp-fires were blazing brightly in full view, piled high with fence rails, and I became duly conscious that something was wrong. General Lee received me with grave austerity of manner, and inquired if I had received general orders No. 72. I replied that I had, and that the orders had been duly published. Looking at me for a moment, he said: "Then, sir, you must not only have them published, but you must see that they are obeyed," and with a bow and majestic wave of the hand he turned and rode away, leaving me decidedly crestfallen.

On the evening of the 13th we left the trenches at St. James' College at dark, and withdrew to Falling Waters. It still rained, the road was next to impassable, and the night was blackened itself. On reaching the river, Lieutenant Price was ordered to cross on the pontoons with all the caissons of the battalion, and proceed to the rear. The guns were retained on the north side until all the troops, with the exception of the cavalry, had gotten over. While waiting here, a dash was made by a squadron of Federal cavalry, which for a moment produced much confusion and excitement, and during which General Pettigrew was shot and mortally wounded.

In writing to the President of the Confederacy on July 8th, General Lee says of the Army: "Though reduced in numbers by the hardships and battles through which it has passed since leaving the Rappahannock, its condition is good, and its confidence is unimpaired. I hope your Excellency will understand that I am not in the least discouraged, or that my faith in the protection of an all merciful Providence, or in the fortitude of this army is at all shaken."

That the army soon recovered its morale and that General Lee's faith in its fortitude was not mistaken was abundantly proved by the attitude of the two armies within three months after crossing the Potomac. The Union Army again lay in its old position north of the Rapidan and around Culpeper Courthouse, with the Confederates south of the river. On October 9th, General Lee resumed his aggressive tactics, and advanced to meet his old enemy, when General Meade retired from Culpeper across the Rappahannock declining battle, and removing all his stores.

Lee made another determined effort to reach him, and crossing the river moved rapidly through Warrenton on a route parallel to Meade's. The swift-footed Confederates outmarched their opponents and overtook the latter at Bristoe Station, but through a hasty and ill-advised attack by the leading column, the enemy were suffered to escape, and General Lee gave up the pursuit.

The final result of the Gettysburg campaign was to stay all further attempts on the part of Meade to advance on Richmond until the following spring, when hostilities were resumed by General Grant.

DAVID GRIGG MCINTOSH.

# GENERAL ARMISTEAD'S PORTRAIT PRESENTED.

## An Address Delivered Before R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, C. V., Richmond, Va., January 29, 1909.

By Rev. JAMES E. POINDEXTER, Late Captain in 38th Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division.

*Mr. Commander and Comrades*:

It was my wish that this address should be made by Col. Rawley W. Martin, of Lynchburg, who led the Fifty-third Virginia in Pickett's charge, and fell by the side of Armistead on Cemetary Ridge. But this could not be, and so I come to take his place. For the task assigned me I feel myself but poorly equipped. Unlike Col. Martin, I followed our old Commander, as St. Peter followed the Master, "afar off." It is, I may say, with unfeigned diffidence that I venture to speak of war to the veteran soldiers who are here to-night.

On me, however, through your kindness, is this honor conferred, that I should present to the Camp the portrait of Lewis A. Armistead. I thank you for it with all my heart.

The Armistead family, coming direct from England, settled in Virginia in 1636, and became ere long a family of soldiers. Five brothers, three of them in the regular army, took part in the war of 1812. Col. George Armistead, the oldest of the five, defended Fort McHenry. The flag which waved over it during the bombardment, which Key immortalized as the "Star Spangled Banner," was long guarded as a sacred heir-loom by his decendants. It is now laid up in the National Museum. A second brother, Lewis Gustavus Adolphus, named for the Swedish hero, "The Lion of the North," fell at Fort Erie. Walker Keith Armistead, the father of our old chief, graduated at West Point in 1803, fought in Canada, closed the Seminole war, and was, when he died in 1845, second in command in the regular army. Miss Stanley, who became his wife, was a native of the old North State, and so it happened that Lewis A. Armistead was born at Newbern, N. C., in 1817.

As a matter of course, the young Lewis entered West Point in 1836. Here, however, his career was cut short. He became involved in a personal conflict with Jubal A. Early, who had insulted him on the parade ground, and cracking that worthy's head with a mess-hall plate, as the story runs, was retired from West Point; but in 1839 entered the regular army as lieutenant in the Sixth Regiment of Infantry, and fought against the Seminoles under Zachary Taylor and under his own father. During the war with Mexico he did splendid service. He led the storming party at Chapultepec, and was brevetted Captain and then Major for gallantry displayed at Contreras, and Cherubusco, and Molino Del Rey. That war being ended, he served for fourteen years on the frontier, and in 1859 marched against the hostile Indians and defeated them.

On the secession of Virginia he promptly resigned his command in the old army, tramped on foot across the plains to Austin, Texas, came straight to Richmond, and in April, 1861, was made Colonel of the Fifty-seventh Virginia, and twelve months afterwards, in April, 1862, was commissioned Brigadier-General. In that capacity he fought at Seven Pines, at Malvern Hill, at Second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, displaying everywhere conspicuous gallantry, and winning by his coolness under fire, by his stern perseverance and his indomitable pluck, the applause of his superiors and the entire confidence of his men.

During the first Maryland campaign he was made Provost Marshal of the army, and received the personal thanks of General Lee for the ability with which he discharged the duties of that office.

In September, 1862, his brigade, which comprised the Fifty-seventh, Fifty-third, the Fourteenth, the Ninth and the Thirty-eighth Virginia, was incorporated with Pickett's Division.

General Armistead was no "holiday soldier," no "carpet-knight." "He was," says Col. Martin, "a strict disciplinarian, but never a martinet. Obedience to duty he regarded as the first qualification of a soldier. For straggling on the march or neglect of duty on the part of his men, he held the officer in immediate command strictly responsible. The private must answer to the officer, but the officer to him."

Thus far have we followed his career. Born of a noble stock, a Virginian to his heart's core, linked by ties of blood with many of our best, the son of a soldier, familiar from childhood with tales of war, trained at West Point, tested by years of service in Florida, in Texas, in Mexico, in Virginia, obedient to duty, demanding in turn obedience from others, resolute, unyielding, with courage tempered in the flame of battle, he waited only for a fit opportunity to prove himself the hero he was, to write his name high on the roll of fame and win the plaudits of the world.

That opportunity came at Gettysburg. Of the charge made by Pettigrew and Pickett on Cemetery Ridge, I do not propose to speak at length. On the controversies which have raged around it, I shall not touch. But in order to appreciate the heroism of Armistead we must picture in few words the part played by Pickett's Division.

During the artillery duel which preceded the charge we lay quiet and (some of us) hugged the ground. When the cannonade subsided we fell in at the word of command and moved in line of battle over the wooded ridge in front, past our artillery, and down the slope to the edge of the woods. Here, for the first time, we caught sight of the field of battle. A thousand yards away lay Cemetery Ridge, curving around on the left to Culp's Hill, and off to our right stood Round-Top and little Round-Top, crowned with artillery. Beyond that ridge and on its crest lay eighty thousand men, every breastwork finished, every reserve posted, every gun in position, awaiting our assault. Between us and Cemetery Ridge was a field as open as this floor, not a tree, not a stone to shelter one man from the storm of battle. The scene which met the eyes of Armistead's men as we descended the slope was splendid. Before us, one hundred and fifty yards away, moving on like waves of the sea, marched Garnett and Kemper, their battle-flags flashing in the sunlight. The regiments of Armistead, marching in perfect order, with disciplined tread, followed where they led.

Soon the heavy guns on Round-Top were trained upon us, and howling shells burst around us or crashed through our ranks. The further we advanced the more tremendous was the cannonade. Our own artillery on the heights behind thundered over our heads at the enemy's guns on Cemetery Ridge. And so we marched "vaulted with fire."

As we crossed the plain beyond the Codori house, we halted at the word of command, moved by the left flank, till opposite the point we aimed to strike, then in line of battle, the guns on Cemetery Ridge blazing in our faces, and every regiment of Armistead's brigade dressed on its colors as straight as the line of yonder door.

The gallant men who met our onset thrilled with emotions of fear and admiration—they tell it themselves—at the "grandeur" of the scene, at the "magnificence" of our advance. To the Count de Paris, as he watched the Confederate column bearing down all opposition, buffeting with unshaken courage the fierce volleys that met it, "it seemed," he says, "to be driven by an irresistible force."

Meanwhile the fire of the enemy grew ever more violent, ever more destructive. The cannon on Round-Top "volleyed and thundered." From Cemetery Ridge grapeshot and canister tore through our ranks. We marched, says Longstreet, "through a fearful fire from the batteries in front and from Round-Top." "The slaughter," he says, "was terrible, the enfilade fire from batteries on Round-Top very destructive." But worse remained behind. From the stone wall which sheltered their ranks the hostile infantry "poured down," as Longstreet says, "a terrific fire." The hiss of bullets was incessant. Men fell at every step; they fell, I thought, like grass before the scythe.

Such were the scenes which some of us witnessed that day. The severity of our loss attests how deadly were the perils through which we passed. Of three Brigadiers, two were buried on the field, and one left weltering in his blood. Of the fifteen men who led the regiments of Pickett not one escaped. Seven were disabled, some with ghastly wounds, and eight of them were slain outright. Of all the field officers in the whole division only two remained unhurt. "It was a miracle," says the Count de Paris, "to see them safe and sound."

And now, bearing these things firmly in mind, let us follow Armistead. "A short time," says Col. Martin, "before the advance was ordered, the General, as his custom was, marched up and down in front of his troops, encouraging them in every way," for the shock of arms so soon to follow. "Remember, men, what you are fighting for. Remember your homes and your firesides, your mothers and wives and sisters and your sweethearts."

When the signal guns were fired, he promptly called "attention," and instantly every man was on his feet. Coming then right to the front of the Fifty-third Virginia, which was that day the battalion of direction, he said to Color-Sergeant Blackburn; "Sergeant, are you going to plant those colors on the enemy's works over yonder?" "Yes, General," was the firm reply, "if mortal man can do it, I will." Then the chief exhorted his men to follow their colors and to remember the brave words of Sergeant Blackburn, and giving the command, "Battalion, forward; guide-centre, march," he placed himself in front of the Fifty-third Virginia, and, marching on foot, twenty yards ahead of his brigade, watched and directed our advance. It was not long before the battle was raging in all its fury.

The brigades of Garnett and Kemper were in our front, and as we drew near the advance lines Kemper rode back to Armistead, who marched on foot, and said: "Armistead, hurry up; I am going to charge those heights and carry them, and I want you to support me." "I'll do it," he replied. Then, glorying in the conduct of his men, he said to Kemper: "Look at my line; it never looked better on dress parade."

And now came the supreme test. He quietly gave the order, "Colonel, double-quick." And putting his black felt hat on the point of his sword, he led the advance, all the time in front of his line of battle, marching straight ahead through a hail of bullets, "the very embodiment of a heroic commander." The sword pierced through the hat, and more than once it slipped down to the hilt, and we saw above it the naked steel. As often as the hat slipped down the old hero would hoist it again to the sword's point. And so, borne aloft with matchless courage, it caught the eye, it nerved the hearts of his devoted men, a standard as glorious, as worthy to be sung, as the plume that floated at Ivry above the helmet of Navarre.

And now the battle raged with redoubled fury. "As we got within forty yards of the stone wall," says Lieutenant Whitehead, "came all along the line the order of charge, and charge we did. From behind the fence the Yankee infantry rose and poured into our ranks a murderous fire. Garnett's brigade and Kemper's had almost entirely disappeared; their brave commanders, their gallant officers, with hundreds of the rank and file, were stretched on the field, and it remained for Armistead's men to finish the work. After a desperate fight the Yankees began to give way; and as they fell back our men rushed forward to the stone wall with unfaltering steps, Armistead still leading the charge."

The advance line halted here, but only for an instant. The veteran Armistead took in with the eye of a trained soldier the whole situation, and saw in a flash that to halt there meant ruin and defeat. Just ahead, bristling with cannon, was Cemetery Ridge. Just beyond it Hancock, "a foeman worthy of his steel," was hurrying up his heavy reserves. On the right and on the left the enemy's lines were still intact. On both flanks fierce assaults would soon be made on Pickett's men. "Colonel," said Armistead to the commanding officer of the Fifty-third, "we cannot stay here."

A word to Martin was enough. "Forward with the colors," he cried, and over the wall they went, Armistead and Martin; and with them went a gallant band resolved that day to conquer or die. The flag of the Fifty-third regiment, borne by Lieutenant Carter, flashed like a meteor in the van. The indomitable Armistead, his hat on the point of his sword, towered before them like a pillar of fire. "Follow me, boys; give them the cold steel." A hundred and fifty undaunted men followed their chief.

They left behind them the stone wall. They passed the earth works. They seized the cannon that, double shotted at ten yards distance, had torn our ranks with canister. Victory seemed within their grasp. But alas! the support they looked for never came. In the nick of time Hancock's reserves were hurried to the front. They came on, he says, "four lines deep," and firing at close range, poured into the little band that followed Armistead a destructive volley. In that "hell of fire," as Bilharz says, "nothing could live." The intrepid Martin fell maimed for life. Forty-two of his brave Virginians lay dead around him. And there, in the Bloody Angle, our heroic chief, grasping a captured cannon to turn it on the foe, fell amongst his devoted men, pierced with mortal wounds, and sealing with his heart's blood the high-water mark of the Confederate cause."

As they bore him to the rear they met the gallant Hancock hurrying to the front.* Each recognized the other. They had been comrades in the old army. And learning who he was, Hancock dismounted, and grasping Armistead's hand, told him with a soldier's sympathy, how sorry he was to see him wounded, and promised to send mementoes and messages to his loved ones in Virginia, and tried to cheer him with the hope that his wounds would not be mortal, as our hero said. But Armistead was right. He knew that death was near at hand.

Carried from the field a prisoner, he lingered through the 4th of July and died on the 5th, "leaving," says Martin, "an example of patriotic ardor, of heroism and devotion to duty which ought to be handed down through the ages."

When his kinsmen heard of his glorious death they came and took his body, took all that was mortal of him, down to Baltimore, and with reverent hands laid him to rest amongst his own people, in the church-yard of old St. Paul's, the hero of Gettysburg besides the hero of Fort McHenry. A granite obelisk marks the spot where he fell on Cemetery Ridge. The sword which dropped from his dying grasp you may see it now in the Confederate Museum.

Such, comrades, was the soldier whose portrait we unveil tonight. As I stand before you my thinghts leap back over the forty-five years that lie between, back to the day when I saw him leading his brigade through the storm of shot and shell on the field of Gettysburg.

"None died on that field with greater glory than he, though many died, and there was much glory." Yes, comrades, we know how many died whose names we hold in deathless honor—Edmonds and Owens, and Patton, and Williams, and Allen, and Stewart, and Hodges, and Magruder, and the knightly Garnett.

The heart of Virginia was wrung with anguish. Her stately head was bowed in grief. The flower of her chivalry fell in that fatal charge. But none fell so lamented as Armistead, none crowned with glory like his. Many another had done valiantly, but he surpassed them all. He did a deed that was matchless, unique, without a parallel on that field, when, leading his men with unflinching courage through the storm of fire, he pierced the enemy's line and fell there in the Bloody Angle. Not Wolfe at Quebec, not Ney at Waterlee, ever exhibited a grender example of heroism and devotion than that displayed by our lamented chief.

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*A different account of this is given in Junkin's "Life of Hancock," page 117. I followed Colonel Martin.

The fame of his heroic deeds has spread through all the world. In every history they stand recorded. A generous foe unites with us to honor his memory. The stolid Longstreet kindles with enthusiasm to tell how "the noble Armistead fell on Cemetery Ridge by the wheels of the enemy's cannon."

And so, comrades, we present you now the portrait of a soldier, "without fear and without reproach," of one who, tried with fiery trials, was always equal to the test; who, true as steel to his convictions, upheld on every field the honor of Virginia, and added yet another leaf to the chaplet of glory which shall forever encircle her queenly head. He comes to take his place in this "Hall of Fame" with the heroes of our heroic age, who leaped to arms forty-eight years ago, at the call of Virginia, and followed even unto death that starry cross which was to them the very symbol of duty and of self-sacrifice.

He comes to take his rightful place with Ashby and Pelham and Jackson, with Stuart and Pegram and A. P. Hill. They welcome him, this noble band, they hail him as a kindred spirit, as a comrade true. Our peerless Lee, we may well believe, looks with approval on this scene.

Long may that portrait hang upon these walls. May ot show to all the world what men they were who followed once the banner of Lee. And if ever again the youth of Virginia are called to contend on the field of battle for her honor and her rights, may one glance at that noble face nerve their hearts with unflinching determination to do or die in her defence.

Hail then, unconquored chief, "Dead" once, like Latour d' Auvergne, "on the field of honor." We welcome thee to thy predestined place, "numbered now among the immortals."

From *Pennsylvania-German*, July, 1909.

# THE BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG.

NOTE.—This article, published in the Baltimore *American*, March 28, 1909, and written by Lieut. Fielder C. Slingluff, who was a member of the First Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A., and is now a prominent lawyer, citizen, clubman and churchman of Baltimore, Md., was sent for publication by Captain Frederick M. Colston, of the same place. The letter, beside the following: "As an act of simple justice and for historical accuracy, I ask you to publish this, as an addenda to the Rev. Dr. Seibert's account of the burning of Chambersburg," contained a clipping from the Baltimore *Sun* of April 26, 1909, as follows:

"Sheridan, like Sherman, indulged his proclivities for pillage and destruction only after the last vestige of Confederate military organization had vanished from his front, and it was on a people incapable of armed resistance that vengeance was wreaked. Some idea of the pitiless and wanton devastation wrought in the valley may be gathered from the report of a committee appointed just after the close of the hostilities by the county court of Rockingham to estimate the havoc inflicted on the property of noncombatants under Sheridan's orders in that county alone:

"Dwellings burned, 36; barns burned, 450; mills burned, 31; fences destroyed (miles), 100; bushels of wheat destroyed, 100,000; bushels of corn destroyed, 50,000; tons of hay destroyed, 6,233; cattle carried off, 1,750 head; horses and hogs carried off, 3,350 head; factories burned, 3; furnace burned, 1. In addition, there was an immense amount of farming utensils of every description destroyed, many of them of great value, such as reapers and threshing machines, also household and kitchen furniture, and money, bonds, plate, etc., pillaged.

"We are glad to print this article written 25 years ago, supplementary to Dr. Seibert's vivid description written 50 years ago. The two papers give us opposite aspects of the same events and have for this reason unusual historical value."

### MR. SLINGLUFF'S LETTER.

An interesting contribution to the literature of the Civil War is an account of the burning of Chambersburg written by Mr. Fielder C. Slingluff, of the law firm of Slingluff & Slingluff, Baltimore. He was present at the destruction of the town as a member of the First Maryland Cavalry, and his account is, accordingly, from the standpoint of a Confederate soldier. For 25 years Mr. Slingluff's narrative has been tucked away in archives, which gives it added historic interest.

The account of the event is in the form of a letter to Mr. Ephraim Hiteshew, of Chambersburg, Pa., who prevailed upon Mr. Slingluff to write it in connection with some reminiscences compiled by Mr. Hoke, of Chambersburg. The letter telling of the destruction which Mr. Singluff has permitted to be published, is as follows:

BALTIMORE, AUGUST 1, 1884.

*Epraim Hiteshew, Esq., Chambersburg, Pa.*:

My Dear Sir: I have received the papers sent me by you containing Mr. Hoke's reminiscences of the burning of Chambersburg, and have carefully read them. At your request I will give you my recollection of the events which immediately preceded and followed that occurrence.

I write from the standpoint of the private soldier, having had no knowledge of the reasons which dictated official orders at the time, nor had my associates. We simply obeyed orders.

I do not pretend to give dates, distances, names of places, of persons or localities with precision. Twenty years is a long span in a man's life, and as I passed through many stirring events during the war this one did not make as great an impression upon me as it did upon those who immediately suffered from it.

I believe, though, that that 20 years has so curbed and tempered the excitement of early manhood and mollified the passions and resentments of war that I can write calmly and without bias on the subject. At least such will be my endeavor. At the same time I shall not hesitate to speak frankly and freely from my standpoint. To do less would render valueless, for the purpose of impartial history, anything which I might say.

## THE FIRST MARYLAND CAVALRY.

Mr. Hoke's articles are as temperate as possible from one whose house was burned by an enemy, and as, he thinks, without justification. It is true he calls us "villains" occasionally, and says we seemed accustomed to the business from the expert way in which we proceeded to the task. I will not quarrel with him for this, but I think it proper to take a look at these villains to see who they were then and what they are now. I was a young man not yet arrived at maturity. I had just left college when I joined the Confederate army. When I marched for Chambersburg, I belonged to the First Maryland Cavalry. This regiment was composed of the very first young men of our State. If they were not guided by the strongest instincts of principle in going into the Southern army and staying there they are certainly a very peculiar set of young men, for there was anything but pleasure in our lives.

We were generally hungry, slept often, winter and summer, in the open air on the ground, got no pay that we could buy anything with, were scantily clad and were apt to be killed, sooner or later in battle. I believe the unbiased man must say this was patriotism, although he can, if he wishes, reconcile his conscience by calling it "misguided patriotism." And you may be surprised to know that these young "villains" have generally developed into good citizens and successful men. Go where you will through our State, and you will find them respected and at the head of the communities in which they live. In business I can name you a dozen of the leading houses in this city whose members were with Johnson and McCausland, when your city was burned. The bar throughout the State is full of them; and they are, in many cases, among the leaders of their circuits. They are doctors in good standing in their profession; and many of the most thrifty farmers in this State, whose fine farms attest devotion to duty and to home, especially in such counties as Howard and Montgomery, were also present on that occasion.

In addition to our regiment there were five or six others in the brigade, most of them from Southwest Virginia and the Valley of Virginia. The men who composed these regiments were the substantial citizens of their respective counties, and would compare favorably with the like number of men selected from any agricultural community in our country.

### A RETALIATORY MEASURE.

Now you would like to know if the men whom I have described justified the burning of your town, in their individual capacity, irrespective of the orders from headquarters, under which they acted. I must say to you frankly that they did, and I never heard one dissenting voice. And why did we justify so harsh a measure? Simply because we had long come to the conclusion that it was time for us to burn something in the enemy's country. In the campaign of the preceding year, when our whole army had passed through your richest section of country, where the peaceful homes and fruitful fields only made the contrast with what he had left the more significant, many a man whose home was in ruins chafed under the orders from General Lee, which forbade him to touch them, but the orders were obeyed, and we left the homes and fields as we found them, the ordinary wear and tear of an army of occupation alone excepted. We had so often before our eyes the reverse of this wherever your army swept through Virginia, that we were thoroughly convinced of the justice of a stern retaliation.

It is no pleasure to me to have to recall the scenes of those days, nor do I do so in any spirit of vindictiveness, but I simply tell the truth in justification of an act which Mr. Hoke claims was without justification. We had followed Kilpatrick (I think it was), in his raid through Madison, Greene and other counties, and had seen the cattle shot or hamstrung in the barnyards, the agricultural implements burned, the feather beds and clothing of the women and children cut in shreds in mere wantonness, farmhouse after farmhouse stripped of every particle of provisions, private carriages cut and broken up, and women in tears lamenting all this. I do not put down here anything that I did not see myself. We had seen a thousand ruined homes in Clark, Jefferson and Frederick counties—barns and houses burned and private property destroyed—but we had no knowledge that this was done by "official orders." At last when the official order came openly from General Hunter, and the burning and done thereunder, and when our orders of retalliation came they met with the approbation, as I have said, of every man who crossed the Potomac to execute them.

Of course we had nothing personal against your pretty little town. It just so happened that it was the nearest and most accessible place of importance for us to get to. It was the unfortunate victim of circumstances. Had it been further off and some other town nearer that other town would have gone and Chambersburg have been saved.

### THE PEOPLE OF CHAMBERSBURG.

And now having given you the feelings and motives which actuated us, permit me to give my views of how your people felt about the affair. I must be frank enough to say that I think the reason the tribute demanded of you was not paid was because you people had no idea that the rebels would carry out their threat to burn; nor was this confidence shaken until the smoke and flames began to ascend. I know that this is directly in the teeth of Mr. Hoke's tribute to the patriotism of his fellow-townsmen, that sooner than pay money to the rebels they saw their homes laid in ashes; but he is himself a little illogical, for he gives greater condemnation to a cruel enemy for burning out a helpless people after they had shown to them that the banks had removed their deposits, and it was impossible for them to get the money demanded. Had your people believed that the town was actually in danger I think they could have raised enough money to have avoided the catastrophe.

Why this confidence of security? It grew out of the position taken by your people during the war; that we were rebels, soon to be conquered; and that whatever cruelties were inflicted upon the homes of these rebels were in the nature of penalties for rebellious conduct; and that such like acts would never dare to be attempted against loyal men. It was further strengthened by the fact that when the whole Rebel Army was in your State, no atrocities were committed. I saw this confidence, almost amounting to contempt, on our march to your town itself, when the negotiations, preliminary to the fire, were in progress.

I happened with a comrade or two, to get behind the command on the march to the town, and, in passing through a village of some size (I think it was Mercersburg), the knots of men on the corners poked fun at our appearance, and jeered us, and never seemed to consider that the men upon whom they expended their fun had pistols and sabres in their belts and might use them. The strange part of the matter to us was to see able-bodied young men out of service—a sight never seen in the South during the war. In Chambersburg itself, it seemed impossible to convince your people that we were in earnest. They treated it as a joke, or thought it was a mere threat to get the money, and showed their sense of security and increduliy in every act.

### THREE CLASSES OF BURNERS.

When the two brigades of Confederate cavalry marched to your town the order came to certain regiments and portion of regiments to enter and burn it. Our regiment, as a whole, according to the best of my recollection, was not sent in, but there were several detachments from it on different kinds of duty sent there, and I was with one of them. It was afterward a source of congratulation to our men that they had not been detailed for the purpose, for although they regarded it as a proper measure of retaliation, they did not seek the unpleasant task. The men who actually applied the torch may be classed in three divisions: First, those whose own homes had been ravaged or destroyed, or whose relations had suffered in that way. These men were anxious for the work to begin, and the spirit of revenge which actuated them made them apparently merciless. There were many such in the brigade. Second, the far larger portion who simply obeyed orders, as soldiers, and who saved what they could, and to whose humanity and liberal construction of the orders given them no doubt you must be thankful for the portion of the city that was saved. Thirdly, the men to be found in all armies who looked upon the occasion as an opportunity to plunder, and who rejoiced in wanton destruction. This last element was, I am glad to say, small, but I have no doubt to those who unfortunately came in contact with them they were but types of the whole command.

### APPLYING THE TORCH.

As I had never seen the town before, and did not know the names of your streets, I can give you no detailed account of the burning. After it began it was quickly done. Men plead to have their homes saved; but the women acted in a much calmer manner, after they understood the thing was inevitable; and, in some cases, excited our admiration by their courage and defiance. I saw a number of houses fired, but I saw no abuse of the citizens. Through the scenes of terror which your people passed, I have read Mr. Hoke's annals in vain to find mention of an unarmed citizen injured, or a woman insulted. Some of the men became inflamed with liquor, but I believe they were few. The most usual method of burning was to break the furniture into splinters; pile in the middle of the floor and then fire it. This was done in the beginning, but as the fire became general, it was not necessary, as one house set fire to the other. Most of the houses were vacant when fired, the occupants having fled.

When the command was given to retire, it was quickly done. One little incident which happened after we left the town will illustrate all I have said about the feeling which actuated many of our soldiers. I think it was two or three miles from the town (it may have been more or less), some of us halted for a few minutes to get a drink and perhaps something to eat. A brick farmhouse, with a porch, was located on the road, with a pump to the side of it. Not far off was what we called a Pennsylvania "Dutch barn," larger than the house. It was full of the recently gathered harvest, and bore all the evidence of a plentiful yield to a good farmer. I hitched my horse to the lightning rod on the side of the barn next to the house, and was just returning to get him when some one cried "fire." In an instant the barn was in flames. I had hardly time to unhitch my horse. Some of our party demanded in angry tones of two troopers who came from the barn and mounted their horses, what they meant by such uncalled for vandalism. The reply was, "Why, d—— it, they burnt our barn," and on they rode.

But I am making this letter longer than necessary, and must hurry on.

### MOTIVE OF THE RETREAT.

One word about what happened after our retreat. Mr. Hoke seems to think that the fear of Averill was uppermost in our minds. This is a mistake. Whatever may have been the motives that actuated the commanding officers the men did not fear him at all. They had perfect confidence that they could whip him whenever he thought proper to give us the opportunity, and any soldier will tell you that a feeling like that means victory. At one little town we stopped to feed our horses and rest. His columns were in sight, but no attack was made. As we passed through Hancock, his advance fired into our rear guard, and made a little dash at us. I saw in this little fight Harry Gilmor, who was the last man to leave the town, struck, and severely stung by a spent ball, which made him whistle with pain. We also heard on the retreat that some of our men had been left in Chambersburg drunk, and had been thrown in the flames by the citizens and burned to death. This was camp gossip with us, but I never heard it verified.

We crossed the Potomac with some little opposition from an iron-clad car in our front on the track of the B. & O. R. R., which was struck by a ball, fired by the Baltimore Light Artillery and immediately left. We also had quite a severe little fight in the Blue Ridge Mountains, near Cold Spring, on the advance, in which several from our regiment were killed and wounded, and in which a body of your cavalry showed great spirit and determination; but aside from this we had no fighting at all. I dislike again to destroy a thrilling episode in Mr. Hoke's very cleverly written annals; but the truth compels me to do so. He says when Averill came up to us in the Moorefield Valley, and captured and scattered our command, that they charged us with the cry of "Remember Chambersburg," and cut us down without mercy. The fact is, we were down when he charged us. I will give you the plain, prosaic facts, of which I was the unfortunate witness and victim.

### ATTACKED BY AVERILL.

After we recrossed the Potomac we marched to the Moorefield Valley to rest and recuperate, after a severe campaign.

There is no lovelier spot in all Virginia than this little mountain-locked valley; and, as it had escaped the desolation of war, it was the very spot for rest. Our regiment was camped nearest the river, and the company to which I belonged was nearest the river of all. My messmate and myself had crossed the fence from the field in which the regiment was camped to make our bed in a soft green fence corner, so that I believe we were the nearest of the whole brigade to the enemy. We had been camped quietly a day or two when, in the middle of the night, the order came to "saddle up." We soon were ready for a reported advance of the enemy, but after waiting an hour or two with no further orders, the men gradually got under their blankets and went to sleep. Just at the break of day I felt a rude shock, which I supposed came from the careless tread of a comrade, and I made an angry remonstrance. This was followed by a kick which I thought came from a horse. I, furious, threw the blanket from over my head and found a couple of Averill's men, with cocked pistols at my head, one of whom said: "Get up, you —— Chambersburg burning ———!" I got up at once and at this moment, had Mr. Hoke been there, he would have been delighted, for I mildly intimated that I had nothing to do with the burning of Chambersburg and considered it altogether wicked and unjustifiable.

As soon as I collected my thoughts I took in the situation at a glance. I saw the blue-black column of Averill winding down the road and breaking off into the fields where our men slept. I saw them, to my utter humiliation and disgust, dashing in among the men and waking them up from their sleep. Some of our command who had heard the rush of the charge succeeding in mounting their horses and escaping. With such, some shots were exchanged, but the greater part of our regiment was caught asleep and captured without firing a shot. A complete answer to the statement adopted by Mr. Hoke is that not one of my regiment (to the best of my recollection), was killed or wounded, and, as I have already stated, they were nearest to the enemy and received the first shock of the charge. Farther on down the road, where the shouts of combat had aroused the other portion of the brigade, and they had time to rally to some extent, there was fighting, and some of our men were killed, and I saw some of Averill's wounded brought to the rear, but our rout was complete and irretrievable and the rallies, as I afterward heard, were without vigor on our part.

As soon as the comrade with whom I was sleeping (a cousin of mine, now in business in this city), and myself had given up our arms the usual and almost invariable compliments passed on such occasions took place. "I want them boots," said trooper No. 1, I had just gotten them in Hancock a day or so before and, as they were regular cavalry boots and worth, with us at least, $150 to $200 in Confederate money, it nearly broke my heart to part with them. But the occasion was pressing and they were soon exchanged for a very sorry looking pair. My hat, which was also a recent Maryland acquisition, with a martial black plume, was appropriated by trooper No. 2. The object with which he replaced it was a much greater insult to my dignity than the loss of my boots. My pockets were carefully investigated, but that part of the raid was a complete failure. I was not at all surprised at their attentions, for, as I have said above, the custom was a general one and I had myself paid the same compliments to my guests when the situation was reversed.

### EXPLANATION OF THE ROUT.

And how was it that the burners of Chambersburg were thus ignominiously routed, scattered and captured by a foe whom I have said they despised. The answer is a simple one. It was through the carelessness of our commanding officer, and was inexcusable. It happened in this way, and I am again in position to give the exact facts. When we camped in the little valley, a detail was called on for picket duty. That duty fell to the lot of Lieut. Samuel G. Bonn, of my company. No truer man or more charming gentleman ever wore a saber in our cavalry than he. After the war he settled in Macon, Ga., became a prosperous merchant, and died some years ago. He went out on picket post with about 10 men, some two or three miles from our camp. This was the only guard between Averill and our sleeping men, it must be remembered, that when this little band went on the outpost they were worn out with the fatigue of the nearly incessant marching for the four or five previous days and nights. So wearied were the men that after that first night's duty, Lieutenant Bonn sent word to camp and begged to be relieved, stating that his men were absolutely unfit for duty. I take it for granted this message was sent to headquarters, but whether it was or no it was an unjustifiable piece of cruelty to keep those wearied men on duty. His appeal was unheeded. He told men, after the surprise was over, that the men on the outpost actually went to sleep upon their horses and that, in addition to all this, no provisions was made for their rations.

While in this condition, just before the dawn of day, they heard the welcome sound of what they supposed was the relief picket coming from our camp, and soon they welcomed 20 or 30 troopers in gray in their midst. Their rejoicing was shortlived, for, as their supposed friends surrounded them, they quickly drew their revolvers and in an instant our men were prisoners. To run down the outpost of two men was the work of a moment and then there was nothing between Averill and the men who burned Chambersburg but a few moments of darkness and a couple of miles of dusty road. These men in gray were what in those days were known as "Jesse Scouts." They were familiar with this country—knew the little mountain roads and had clothed themselves in the Confederate gray—and had managed to slip in between our main body and the picket post and then played the part of the "relief."

As we were captured we were gathered together in a circle and soon poor Bonn, with his pickets, was brought in looking unhappy and dejected. He felt keenly the responsibility of his position, but after his story was told no one ever attached any blame to him. About 500 of our brigade were captured and taken to Camp Chase, Ohio, where for eight long, miserable, weary months we bewailed the day that Chambersburg was founded, builded and burned. One more little episode in which I am happy to say I agree with Mr. Hoke's statement and I am done. When we arrived at Hancock, tribute was also laid on that little town, and it was soon rumored in our regiment that in default thereof McCausland had determined to burn it. The spirit of indignation aroused by this report was intense and had the threat been carried out there would have been a fight right then and there without the participation of the boys in blue.

And now, with thanks for your patience, I can only say in conclusion what I have said in the beginning, that this is not intended as anything but what an individual Confederate saw, and that it has been written in the same spirit in which you asked for it and that is the spirit of kindness and good will. I am, very truly yours,

FIELDER C. SLINGLUFF.

From Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, May 13, 1909.

## MEMORIALS TO MEN WHO FELL AT SPOTSYLVANIA.

### Monuments Are Unveiled at Bloody Angle and Salem Church—Tributes Paid by North and South to Victims of Famous Battles.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., May 13, 1909.

A memorial tablet on the battlefield of "Bloody Angle" and a monument at Salem Church in memory of the New Jersey volunteers who fell on the battlefields of Spotsylvania county in the Civil War were unveiled to-day.

Colonel E. C. Massey, representing Governor Swanson, delivered the address of welcome at the tablet unveiling. General Joseph Plume then transferred the memorial to the State of New Jersey, and Governor Fort, of that State, made a speech accepting and transferring it again to the Fifteenth New Jersey Volunteer Veterans' Association. An address on behalf of the latter body was delivered by Theodore F. Swayze, of Washington, D. C. Similar addresses of presentation and acceptance were made at the unveiling of the monument. Miss Lena Rowe and Miss Grace Jones, of this city, and Miss Jennie Cawley and Miss Miriam Gordon, of New Jersey, jointly drew the cords which disclosed the memorials to public view.

One of the events which excited most interest was the return of the battle flag of the Fourteenth Georgia Regiment. Representative Parker and Colonel A. W. Whitehead made speeches.

About 400 members of the New Jersey Veterans' Association were in attendance. Lunch was served on the battlefield.

An immense crowd gathered at Salem Church to witness the unveiling of the monument, the parade from the Bloody Angle being two miles long. The ceremonies began at 3 o'clock with prayers. J. Taylor Ellyson, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, represented Governor Swanson and delivered an address. After the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by the assemblage, the four young women pulled the cords which unveiled the monument.

General Joseph Plume presented the monument to New Jersey, and Governor Fort, of New Jersey, accepted it and transferred it to the Fifteenth Regiment Association. The acceptance speech was made by Theodore F. Swayze, after the singing of "Columbia." The principal address of the occasion was made by State Senator Joseph S. Freelinghuysen, of Raritan, N. J., who received much applause. In referring to the Fifteenth Regiment, Senator Freelinghuysen said:

"It was recruited from five of the northern counties—Rundeston, Sussex, Somersex, Warren and Morris. They came from plow and workshop, from desk and pulpit, the flower of mankind, eager at their country's call.

"With banners flying they marched peacefully away from Flemington, N. J., most of them never to return, but all destined to engage in a conflict unparalleled in the annals of war. They fought from Fredericksburg to Appomattox: in more than twenty-four conflicts, such well known battles as Gettysburg, Wilderness, Chancellorsville and Spotsylvania. It was on this battlefield—Spotsylvania—however, that they accomplished a crowning achievement by passing the enemy's line and holding a most strategical position. This enemy did not yield before it had exhausted half of the regiment. So desperate did both sides fight that their deeds of valor will be remembered as long as the war itself, and after this monument shall have crumbled into dust."

The closing address was made by Col. A. W. Whitehead, of Newark, N. J. Colonel Whitehead said in part: "These men shed their young blood and laid down their lives so that you and I might enjoy the privilege of a free country, and be benefited by the great institutions which always emanate therefrom.

"How loudly these things speak of the existence in the minds of men of a religious belief that there is a fundamental law which provides that the well being of one is the concern of all. It is on this theory that our government rests, and it is the belief in that principle and love for the government so founded that has produced so high a percentage of self-sacrificing patriots in the hour of natural need. Since the close of the great Civil War the custom of erecting monuments to commemorate deeds of valor has grown rapidly, not only upon battlefield, but in towns and cities, and they are object lessons which will stand to create and keep alive loyalty and patriotism among the people. We commit this stone to the care of the Southern people, knowing that all will be well."

Colonel Alexander Bacon, of Brooklyn, also spoke. Then taps was sounded and benediction pronounced. The entire party, expressing its delight in Virginia hospitality, returned to Fredericksburg, and to-night left on a special train for Washington en route to Gettysburg to spend a day before returning home.

This double unveiling took place on the anniversary of one of

### REMARKABLE CONFLICT.

the most remarkable conflicts in all war annals. Forty-five years ago to-day General Hancock's corps was in line of battle at the Landram house, and half a mile away, at the crest of the rising ground on which is called the Bloody Angle battlefield, General Edward Johnson's division of the Confederate army lay entrenched awaiting an attack. General Grant's order to General Hancock was to move upon the Confederate works at 4 o'clock in the morning of that day. Under cover of darkness and fog, Hancock's men got within a hundred yards of the Confederate line before they were discovered, and then began one of the most sanguinary battles of the war. The Confederate line was broken and driven back by Hancock's columns which afterwards, being reinforced, came back upon the Union line, recapturing the position it had lost. For the length of time of the struggle and the number of men engaged the slaughter at the Bloody Angle of Spotsylvania surpassed anything on record. It was the culminating clash of contest by the bravest and most determined men on both sides.

### BLOODY ANGLE TABLET.

The tablet on the Bloody Angle battlefield is made up of a carved granite shaft, nine feet high and four feet wide, mounted on a solid granite pedestal two and one-half feet high. On the shaft is a pedestrian statue of a private soldier seven feet high, with musket at "arms rest" position. The cost of that shaft was $10,000. It bears he following inscripion:

1861-1865.

Fifteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers.

Erected by the State of New Jersey to mark that portion of the Confederate line held by the Fourteenth Georgia Regiment and assaulted May 12, 1864, by the Fifteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Edward K. Campbell. Men engaged, 423; loss, 116 killed, 159 wounded, 33 missing.

On the opposite side is the following inscription:

Commissioners appointed by Governor John Franklin Fort, viz., Hon. John F. Dryden, chairman; Sergeant William H. Wyckoff, treasurer; Private Stephen W. Gordon, secretary; Sergeant William H. Crawley, General Joseph W. Plume, Private Albert W. Whiteland, Private John S. Gibson and Private Henry W. Hoffman.

### AT SALEM CHURCH.

The monument at Salem Church is built of New Hampshire granite, and is said to have cost $20,000.

The shaft bears the following inscription:

"Sixth Army Corps, 1861-1865. To commemorate the services of the Fifteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Colonel William H. Penrose, U. S. A. Engaged two hours on this line of battle on the Federal side, May 3, 1863. Loss, 41 killed, 105 wounded, 4 missing."

On the west side is the following:

"Erected by the State of New Jersey, under authority of an act of the Legislature of 1908, introduced by Senator Joseph S. Freelinghuysen, commissioner appointed by Governor John Franklin Fort, namely, Hon. John. F. Dryden, chairman; Sergeant William H. H. Wyckoff, treasurer; Private Stephen W. Gordon, secretary; Sergeant William H. Crawley, General Joseph W. Plume, Private Albert W. Whitehowie, Private Henry M. Hoffman and John S. Gibson."

On the east side is this sentiment:

"The suvivors of the Fifteenth New Jersey Regiment honor the memory of their comrades who bravely bore themselves in this contest and bear witness to the valor and patriotism of the men who opposed them on this field."

On the rear side is the following:

"Dedicated to national unity and perpetual peace."

From Richmond, Va., *News Leader*, January 8, 1910.

# CENTENNIAL OF GRIMES' BATTERY.

## Portsmouth Artillery Celebrates Hundredth Birthday of Organization.

Grimes' battery, a famous artillery organization of Portsmouth, is 100 years old and the anniversary is being celebrated by its members.

Not many citizens of the city of Portsmouth are aware of the fact that Grimes' battery is the oldest artillery organization in the State of Virginia, and that the year 1910 marks its one hundred anniversary, says the *Portsmouth Star.*

Grimes' battery was organized in the year 1810, and is as well known in the records of the government and war department and outside the State of Virginia, as any organization in the country.

The battery is an historical organization of which the city of Portsmouth and her citizens may well be proud of, and its record is one filled with the glorious achievements through when Portsmouth came to be one of the makers of the history of our country and our State.

The Portsmouth Light Artillery was organized in 1810, and under the command of Captain Arthur Emmerson, it achieved an enviable record in the war of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain. One of its principal engagements in that war was at the battle of Craney Island, in 1814, which is contributed materially to the repulse of the British.

It continued in existence and was ordered into the service of the Confederacy on the 20th of April, 1861, under the command of Captain Carey F. Grimes, and on the night of April 20, 1861, was on duty with its guns parked at the intersection of High and Court streets, Portsmouth.

During the Civil War, this command, then known as Grimes' battery, its name having been changed on the 20th of July, 1861, was known throughout the Confederate army as a fighting organization. It was common knowledge that Grimes' battery never shirked a duty or shrunk from obeying an order because the execution thereof was attended with danger, for the courage of its officers and men was proverbial bordering even upon rashness, and on numerous occasions the battery received the commendation of General Anderson, to whose division it was attached.

The battery served in the following engagements of the Civil War: "Hofflers Creek, April 23, 1862; Pasquotank River, May 2, 1862; Seven Days' Fight, June 26, 1862; Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862; Warrenton Springs, August 26, 1862; Second Manassas, August 30, 1862; Crampton Gap, September 14, 1862; Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862. In this last battle Captain Grimes was killed, and after this, horses becoming scarce, Grimes' battery was merged into Huger's and Moorman's batteries, but as far as possible kept up a separate organization known as Grimes' battery.

Thus it will be seen that this organization, besides being a present credit to the city, has been, indeed, a maker of history.

Battery "C," First battalion field artillery, Virginia Volunteers, has in the last five years made rapid strides to make itself an organization worthy of its predecessors. Three years ago it had only a few men who could be depended upon and very few uniforms, with four obsolete muzzle-loading three-inch rifles. At present its equipment is second to none in the United States army or the National Guard. It has upon its rolls eighty-two officers and men who are ready for duty at all times. In these three years it has, through persistent efforts, built up an organization fully uniformed, with equipment and uniforms for 133 men. It has gotten the city to build a gun-room in the rear of the Park View engine-house, in which it has stored the most modern type of three-inch field battery, which cost the government $100,000. This battery consists of four three-inch breech-loading field pieces, eight caissons, one battery wagon and one store wagon, with the personal equipment and harness for 108 horses and 133 men, and is a sight well worth the time to any person to see. It is in charge of a competent caretaker, who is there from 8 A. M., until 5 P. M., and always willing to show visitors the gun-room and its equipment. The battery has full uniforms and equipment of the latest pattern for all of its officers and men, and is prepared to take the field at the shortest notice.

Portsmouth can well afford to be proud of Battery "C," and her younger citizens are always eager to fill its ranks whenever a vacancy occurs, for being a member of this organization means something to a young man which he will carry proudly with him through life.

The city and its citizens are proud that they have for their own, the oldest artillery organization in the State of Virginia, which maintains and will always maintain a record which the city of Portsmouth can hold up with pride to the world.

The present officers of the battery are: Captain, Harry H. Brinkley; first lieutenants, J. Lewis Thomas and Lewis W. Thoman; second lieutenants, J. Warren Thompson and I. Lindsay Leafe.

The present storage facilities are by far too small for its needs, and some effort will be made to at least double the size of the gun-room. The members say it would be a paying investment for the city to help this organization by doubling the size of its gun shed.

# STORY OF BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS.

## And Other Events of the Last Days of the Confederacy—The Appomattox Surrender.

### Graphically Told By Lieutenant-Colonel ROBERT M. STRIBLING, of Virginia Artillery.

Colonel Robert M. Stribling, who was captain of the Fauquier Artillery, more commonly called after him, "Stribling's Battery," and who became the distinguished commander of a battalion of artillery, is well known as one of the most intelligent and gallant officers of the Army of Northern Virginia. He is also a student of military science and has written many able articles on military matters, displaying fine ability as an historian, and also striking and original views as a critic.

It will be pleasing to his many friends to know that he has composed a military work, which will soon be published, relating to the history of the Army of Northern Virginia. No one who knows him can doubt but that it will be of great value and an instructive contribution to the history of that immortal army, in which he was a brave, able and faithful officer.

The enclosed article on Five Forks is from his pen. It is composed by reference to the record, which is the primary and best of all sources of information. A study of that record will dispel many illusions produced by hasty and erroneous publications, and it has been closely studied by Colonel Stribling.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

General Sheridan, having concentrated his cavalry corps at Dinwiddie Courthouse after some skirmishing, on the 31st of March, moved against General Fitz Lee, who had assembled the Confederate cavalry corps at Five Forks, from four to five miles west of Burgess' Mill. Fitz Lee had called for some infantry to equalize, as far as possible, his strength with that of Sheridan. Pickett's division was sent to him that morning. These two commands, then, drove Sheridan back in confusion to Dinwiddie Courthouse. On the same day (31st of March), Warren advanced his corps from the neighborhood of Armstrong's Mill towards Five Forks; so that when the engagement between Sheridan and Fitz Lee closed for the night, Warren's corps was on Fitz Lee's flank, and almost in his rear. Pickett and Fitz Lee, perceiving the conditions, fell back at light the next morning (April 1st), and arranged their commands in line of battle at Five Forks, with Pickett's division in line, Munford covering its left flank, W. H. F. Lee its right flank, and Rosser in reserve on the other side of Hatcher's Run. Between this line and the fortified line at Burgess' Mill, held by Lieutenant-General R. H. Anderson, with Johnson's division, was a gap of several miles in width, only picketed by Roberts' small command.

Sheridan, reinforced by Warren with his corps, that had been placed under his command, advanced, and, by 3 P. M., had uncovered Fitz Lee's line. Having ascertained the extent of the line, Warren was directed to move around its left flank, between it and Burgess' Mill, and thus to completely sever it from the body of the army, and cut off its retreat or any reinforcements to it; and then he was to press in upon it, whilst the cavalry, dismounted, engaged Pickett's attention in front.

### WARREN'S ADVANCE.

In the advance on the flank Warren was encountered only by Munford, with his two small brigades of cavalry, that he drove back until he had room to deploy in the line upon the flank and rear of Pickett's division. He then quickly moved upon it, doubled it up, and drove it from the field in the utmost confusion towards the west, and captured the greater part of the artillery and many prisoners. Warren then arranged his corps so as to preclude the possibility of these forces reuniting with the body of the army. It had happened that Fitz Lee, during the day, notified Lieutenant-General R. H. Anderson, who was at Burgess' Mill with Johnson's division, that the Fifth Corps was with Sheridan, and that Sheridan, now with overwhelming force, was pressing upon him. Anderson, in person, with Wise's and Gracie's brigades, moved to his relief, but as Warren had already crossed the White Oak road, the direct line of communication between the two places, and Humphreys (see his report) had sent Miles' division around on that road to confront the forces at Burgess' Mill, Anderson made a circuit around Miles and Warren, reached the neighborhood after Fitz Lee and Pickett had been routed, and without affording any assistance whatever, added those brigades to the routed and disorganized, and left the right wing of Lee's army with almost no infantry and without any cavalry.

### WARREN SUCCESSFUL, BUT RELIEVED.

After the very successful operations of this day, in which Warren had played so important and conspicuous a part, and his corps had done the work, that evening he received the following orders:

Fields Orders, No. ——.

Cavalry Headquarters, April 1, 1865.

Major-General Warren, commanding Fifth Corps, is relieved from duty and will report at once for orders to Lieutenant-General Grant, commanding armies of the United States.

By command of Major-General Sheridan.

James W. Forsyth.
Brevet Brigadier-General and Chief of Staff.

Warren at once reported to Grant and was assigned to the command of the Department of Mississippi, where there was no army and where fighting had long since ceased. In his report Sheridan gives as his reason for relieving Warren his want of promptness in executing his orders, and Warren in his report claims that as far as practicable he was prompt in executing them.

### THE FIGHTING AROUND PETERSBURG.

After the rout of the right wing of Lee's army, it appeared possible to destroy or capture the whole of Lee's army before it could move from position, and with that in view, Grant ordered that as early as possible on the morning of the 2d, assaults should be made along the whole line—by Parke, from the Appomattox to the Jerusalem Plank Road; by Wright from the Plank Road as far as his command extended; by Ord, with the Army of the James, between him and Humphreys, and by Humphreys, upon the intrenchments about Burgess' Mill, whilst Sheridan, with the cavalry and the Fifth Corps, was to sweep around and clear out everything to the Appomattox River.

Longstreet, not having found out that "the Army of the James" had been withdrawn from his front, though it had been withdrawn on the evening of March 27th, the seventh day before, remained on the Richmond and Bermuda lines, under the impression that he was confronting that army, so that the protection of the whole line from the Appomattox to Burgess' Mill, from twelve to fifteen miles in length, when assaulted by the concentrated strength of Grant's army, devolved upon Gordon's and A. P. Hill's Corps, the greater part of which had, therefore, to be entrusted to the artillery, unsupported.

### THE CONFEDERATE LINES BROKEN. FALL OF A. P. HILL.

Before it was light on the morning of the 2d of April, Parke broke through the line near the Appomattox, but was soon driven back at that point. Later he broke through the line near the Plank Road, and after a severe engagement, lasting throughout the day, in which every available man of Gordon's and A. P. Hill's command were used to re-establish the line, Parke, reinforced by the seserves from City Point and troops from Wright and Ord, succeeded in holding on to a small part of the works captured in the morning. In this engagement the brilliant corps commander, General A. P. Hill, was killed, who, during the campaign of '64, commanded the right wing of Lee's army and was so successful in defeating all of Grant's efforts. Wright was resisted by but few troops in his assaults upon the rest of the line, and soon swept the line until he connected with Ord, who, likewise meeting with but little resistance, had passed through the lines, faced his army towards Petersburg, and was advancing towards the inner line of redoubts immediately surrounding the city. Humphreys, as soon as he could get his corps together (Miles' division having been ordered by Sheridan to him), captured all the works around Burgess' Mill, as the few troops holding them were in the act of being withdrawn, after Ord had gone in between them and Petersburg, and swept around to Sutherland Depot, on the Southside Railroad.

Ord during the evening succeeded in capturing several redoubts to the northwest of the city, when, at last, Longstreet arrived with his two divisions and held a line protecting the city in that direction until night closed the engagement.

## RETREAT.

During the night General Lee evacuated his lines around the city, crossed over to the north side of the river and commenced his march to Amelia Courthouse, where he ordered all the detachments of his army to assemble, and where he had ordered that provisions should be sent by rail from Richmond. In the same night all the lines around Richmond were evacuated, and the troops from them moved also to Amelia Courthouse. All the columns were assembled at that place in due time, but the rations had been carried on towards Danville, and the army was without any food. That necessitated a day's delay in order to feed the men, and Grant got ahead on the line of the railroad to Danville, and Lee had to turn off in the direction of Lynchburg, which took him back across the Appomattox at the High Bridge, near Farmville. Just before the column reached the river it was struck in flank and rear at Sailor's Creek, where the trains were blocked at the ford, and the rear part of the army halted to protect them; and nearly half the army was broken up and the greater part of it captured.

## LEE AT APPOMATTOX—SURRENDER.

On the 8th, General Lee, with the remainder of the army, resumed his march towards Lynchburg and reached Appomattox Courthouse; but during the evening of that day Sheridan, supported by Ord, cut across his line of march just beyond the courthouse, and in doing so, cut off from the rest of the army the artillery of A. P. Hill's corps, under the command of Brigadier-General R. Lindsay Walker, and the artillery of R. H. Anderson's corps, under the command of Colonel H. P. Jones. Sheridan evidently did not understand the situation, for this artillery—about one-half the artillery of Lee's army, without any infantry or cavalry with it—would have fallen an easy prey to his ambitious cavalry. After spending nearly the whole night of the 8th in marching around Sheridan, in the attempt to reunite the army, when it was light, finding that was impossible, Jones' artillery moved on to Lynchburg and reported to General L. L. Lomax, in command there, and Walker buried his guns near an old church and disbanded his command.

On the 9th General Lee ordered Gordon and Fitz Lee to drive Sheridan away, that the army might resume its march, which they did very promptly, but found that Ord was there also and further efforts must be vain.

The surrender of the army was then arranged for and the officers and men paroled.

This ended the career of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the downfall of the Confederate States quickly followed.

There were paroled 28,231 officers and men. But of that number only about 11,000 bearing arms, the rest, in the main, belonged to the class of "Impedimenta."

## CONCLUSION.

From their organization, "The Army of the Potomac," and "The Army of Northern Virginia," had confronted each other, had manoeuvered and fought with skill and valor, if ever, but seldom equaled, and had elevated warfare to an ethical plane never contemplated before. How rapidly the names that were conspicuous in the history of "The Army of the Potomac," has disappeared from its rolls in succession. In November, 1864, Hancock, the hero of its one acknowledged victory, "The battle of Gettysburg," took his leave, and Warren, in the moment of triumph, was retired from command. Meade's was almost the only conspicuous name left on the rolls when the crowning victory came. None of those who had been its most conspicuous figures were to be participants in the final triumph. None of them possessed the special qualifications that the administration required, or else they possessed qualities not conformable to its purposes. Of them, Meade, almost alone, appeared in the closing scene of the drama. And, with the disappearance of the distinguished names from its rolls, the distinguishing characteristics of the army had gone also. It had ceased to be "The Army of the Potomac;" it was a component part of "Grant's army," and scarcely lived in name.

In "The Army of Northern Virginia" all answered to its last roll call that had not already made final answer at the summons of the Master.

Each of these two great armies had found in the other, a foreman worthy of its steel, and each, in a manner, lies buried in a common grave, overwhelmed by a tidal wave.

With the surrender of "The Army of Northern Virginia" ended the life of "The Confederate States," whose birth-throes shook a continent.

"The Confederate States" died a-borning, and upon its

"IN MEMORIAM,"

With spirit pointing to heaven this inscription:

"No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime,"

Will survive the effacements of time; and two figures will always stand out upon it in bold relief—

JEFFERSON DAVIS
and
ROBERT E. LEE.

Around them, the others will be grouped. Near to them, perhaps, nearest, will be:

JACKSON AND FORREST.

ROBERT M. STRIBLING.

Markham, Fauquier county, Va.

# FIGHTING THAT WAS CLOSE BY US.

## One Who Was There Tells About the Battle of Drewry's Bluff—Many Errors Corrected.

Herewith is an article of Captain John W. Sumpter, of Christiansburg, who is well known in Virginia as a railroad man, and as formerly connected with the Railroad Commissioner's office in Richmond.

The war records, Vol. 36, part 2, contain the reports of the heavy battle of Drewry's Bluff, and show that he is right in his declaration that it was fought on May 16th, 1864. On pages 200-201 of the volume above referred to General Beauregard's circular order of battle for the 16th of May is quoted in his report of the engagement, and on page 205 appears the list of casualties in Ransom's, Hokes', and Colquitt's Divisions. Ransom's Division, commanded by Major General Robert Ransom, was composed of Barton's Brigade, under Col. D. B. Fry; Graves' Brigade, under Brigadier-General Gracie; Kemper's Brigade, under Col. William R. Terry, of the Twenty-fourth Virginia Infantry; Hoke's old Brigade under Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards Brigadier-General) Lewis, and a battalion of artillery, under Lieutenant-Colonel Lightfoot.

The casualties in all of these commands appear, except in Kemper's Brigade.

On the next day, May 17th, 1864, Kemper's Brigade was transferred to Hoke's Division in exchange. Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, and Kemper's Brigade, under the new arrangement marched through Richmond displaying the colors it had captured the day before. It appears that Brigadier-General Heckman and some four hundred of his men were captured, but not his brigade as a whole. There is no report in the war report from the commander of Kemper's Brigade (Col. W. R. Terry). Its immediate transfer and movement to the north of the James, is the probable cause of this deficiency, and we discover no statement of its casualties.

The battle of May 16th, 1864, at Drewry's Bluff was the culminating and well designed execution of Beauregard's well conceived plan that bottled up Butler the blusterer. The plan was so well made that but for the failure of General Whiting with his division to execute Beauregard's idea, Butler would not only have been bottled as he was, but much more seriously damaged, perhaps destroyed. There seems to be the difference of opinion on this point.

General Beauregard says of General Ransom and his division in the battle of the 16th May:

"Ransom moved at 4:45 A. M., being somewhat delayed by a dense fog which lasted several hours after dawn, and occasioned some embarassment. * * * He was soon engaged, carrying at 6 A. M., with some loss, the enemy's line of breastworks in his front, his troops moving splendidly to the assault, and capturing five stand of colors and some 500 prisoners. The brigades most heavily engaged were Gracie's and Kemper's opposed to the enemy's right, the former turning his flank." (See War Records, Vol. 36, Part 2, p. 201).

Major-General Robert Ransom says in his report:

"The conduct of the troops throughout was unquestionable, but the brigades of General Gracie and Colonel Terry (Kemper's), deserves special notice; also the regiment of Colonel Lewis, which he so gallantly led at double-quick against the enemy. It has been impossible to get reports from subordinates, and I wish this meagre outline may answer for immediate requirements." (Vol. 36, Part 2, War Records, p. 213).

General Ranson adds on a postscript that "on taking the breastworks, five stand of colors, one brigadier-general and about 400 prisoners were captured."

As the official reports of the battle at Drewry's Bluff, of May 16, 1864, do not state what particular part was taken by the brigades of Ransom's Division, other than a few references of the major-general commanding, the differences between Gracie's men and those of Colonel Terry cannot be settled by these reports. Captain Sumpter's account is from a soldier of worthy service, and from a man whose testimony is known by all who knew him to be reliable. There are doubtless officers and men still living who were participants in the action of Kemper's brigate at Drewry's Bluff, and one of them, Colonel Maury, of the twenty-fourth Virginia, is now living in Richmond, where he is well known. A statement from him would be welcomed.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

## WHO CAPTURED HECKMAN'S BRIGADE?

Editor of the Times-Dispatch:

SIR.—In reading the December, 1904, copy of the Confederate Veteran, a few days ago, I came across an article signed by Comrade Stansel, of Gracie's Alabama Brigade, in which he takes issue with Sergeant Marion Seay, of Company E, Eleventh Virginia Infantry, as to whom belongs the honor of capturing Heckman's Brigade, in the Drewry's Bluff fight of May 16, 1864. Let me say that both Sergeant Seay and Comrade Stansel are mistaken as to dates. The battle of Drewry's Bluff was fought on the 16th of May, 1864, and not on either the 15th or 17th.

Our brigade, that of Kemper, under Colonel (afterwards Brigadier-General), William R. Terry, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, had been in front of Newbern, N. C., and afterwards, under General Hoke, assisting in the capture of Plymouth and Little Washington, in preparation to take Newbern, but on account of our ironclad gunboat (The Trent), having run aground at Kingston, the attempt on Newbern was abandoned, and we were ordered to return to Virginia as soon as possible. We got back to our lines, in rear of Manchester and Drewry's Bluff, on the morning of the 7th or 8th of May, and took position in the first line of entrenchments, under command of General Bragg. On the night of the 14th of May, General Beauregard came over from Petersburg, by way of Chesterfield Courthouse, and took command, and on the 15th, extra ammunition was issued and everything made ready for the advance the next day, the 16th of May. We started to our assigned position about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 16th, and marched to where the Richmond and Petersburg River Road crossed a creek (Falling, I believe), which we crossed, and formed line of battle on the right of the road, near the crest of the hill, and lay down. We had been there but a very short time when the Eleventh and Twenty-fourth Virginia Infantry were ordered to the front to relieve Gracie's Brigade, who were being badly cut up. In going forward we met a number of Gracie's men coming out, and they seemed to have been badly worsted. One of them, an officer, said: "Hurry up, boys, they are tearing us all to pieces." We went forward until we got to the edge of the woods, where we opened ranks to let Gracie's men pass, and as soon as our front was clear of the Alabamians we went to work to give the Yanks the best we had. On account of the very heavy fog and smoke we could not see ten feet in front of us. Mr. Butler's boys made it hot for us for about an hour. They were about ten or fifteen feet above us and knew the ground so well that they had a great advantage, for we did not know the land and were wasting lead in the ground, thinking we were on a level.

Colonel Terry, finding that their line was weak on their right, ordered the First and Seventh forward. We charged them, doubled them up, and came sweeping up the line. As we were only about thirty steps from the enemy's line, we could plainly hear the enemy yelling out to "stop shooting, that they were friends," but they soon found that the boys in gray had them, and right then and there Buck Terry's boys captured Heckman's Brigade.

Colonel Maury was in command of the Twenty-fourth Virginia in that fight, and he and the gallant Richmond boys of the old First Virginia, I think, will corroborate my statement. I do not know what became of the Alabamians, but suppose they were somewhere on the line doing their duty and fighting as Alabamians know how and always did. But they did not capture Heckman's Brigade. Terry's Brigade did that—the First, Seventh, Eleventh and Twenty-fourth Virginia—and on the 17th marched through Richmond with all four of the regimental colors of Heckman's Brigade drooping beneath our glorious Southern Cross.

I very much regret the necessity of having to write this article, but I think it the duty of every one, especially the old soldiers, to correct all errors in statements that might prevent a true history of the part taken by the Southern soldiers being written. I believe we all tried to do our duty, and earned honor and glory enough by acts actually performed, without claiming honors that were earned by others.

J. U. Sumpter,
Company G, Eleventh Virginia Infantry.

Christiansburg, Va., June 30, 1904.

# COLONEL JAMES GREGORY HODGES.

### Address By Judge JAMES F. CROCKER, Before Stonewall Camp, Confederate Veterans, Portsmouth, Va., June 18th, 1909.

James Gregory Hodges was born in Portsmouth, Va., on the 25th day of December, 1828. His father was Gen. John Hodges. Gen. Hodges was one of the most noted citizens of Norfolk county for his high character, intelligence, wealth, social position and for his public services. For a number of years he was a member of the county court. He served in the General Assembly of Virginia. In the war of 1812 he, as captain, commanded a company attached to the Thirtieth regiment of the third requisition for the State of Virginia, commanded by Maj. Dempsey Veale, and mustered into the service of the United States on the 26th of April, 1813, at the camp near Fort Nelson, situated on what is known as the Naval Hospital Point. This regiment was engaged in the battle of Craney Island. He subsequently held the commission of colonel of the Seventh regiment of Virginia in militia and later was elected on joint ballot of both houses of the General Assembly a brigadier general of the Ninth brigade in the fourth division of the militia of the Commonwealth and commissioned by Gov. John Tyler on the 7th day of January, 1826.

The mother of James Gregory Hodges was Jane Adelaide Gregory. She was a descendant of the colonial clergyman, John Gregorie, who was rector of Nansemond county parish in 1680. Her grandfather was James Gregory, who married Patience Godwin, the daughter of Thomas Godwin and Mary Godwin, his wife. This Thomas Godwin was a descendant of Capt. Thomas Godwin, the original settler and ancestor of the Godwins of Nansemond county, who was a member of the House of Burgesses and the presiding justice of the county court of Nansemond county for many years. James Gregory was a vestryman of the upper parish, and afterwards, by a change of the boundaries of the parish, a vestryman of the Suffolk parish of Nansemond. His son, James Gregory, the father of Mrs. Hodges, married Mary Wynns, the daughter of Col. Benjamin Wynns, of the Revolution, and Margaret Pugh, the daughter of Francis Pugh and Pherebee Savage.

James Gregory Hodges was educated at the once famous Literary, Scientific and Military Academy of Portsmouth, of which Capt. Alden Partridge, A M., of New England, was superintendent. His associate professors were: William L. Lee, A. B., professor of mathematics, natural philosophy and civil engineering; William H. H. Davis, A. B., professor of mathematics, topographical drawing, military instructor and teacher of fencing; Lucius D. Pierce, A. B., professor of ancient languages; Moses Jean Odend'hal, professor of modern languages, and H. Myers, instructor of martial music. To show the high character of this school, I beg to mention the names of the gentlemen who composed the board of trustees, and who are remembered as among the most honorable citizens of Portsmouth: Gen. John Hodges, president; Holt Wilson, Dr. Joseph Schoolfield, Capt. James Thompson, Col. M. Cooke, John A. Chandler, Dr. R. R. Butt, Dr. A. R. Smith, Dr. William Collins, William H. Wilson, Maj. Gwynn. This school had a large number of cadets. Of these cadets James Gregory Hodges, of the senior department, and John Collins Woodley, the brother of the late Dr. Joseph R. Woodley, of the junior department, were by common consent elected to decide all disputes that arose among the cadets; and such was the cadets' great admiration and respect for their high character and judgment that all readily acquiesced in their decisions.

He chose medicine as his profession and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania. He gained great success and eminence in his profession. During the yellow fever in 1855 he gave untiring and faithful devotion to the sick day and night from the beginning to the end of the epidemic.

He was elected mayor of the city of Portsmouth April, 1856, and again in April 1857.

The Third regiment of Virginia volunteers of this city was organized in 1856, and Dr. James Gregory Hodges was elected colonel; David J. Godwin, lieutenant colonel; William C. Wingfield, major; John W. H. Wrenn, adjutant; C. W. Murdaugh, commissary; John Hobday, quartermaster; Dr. H. F. Butt, surgeon, and Dr. V. B. Bilisoly, assistant surgeon. At the time of the organization of the regiment it was composed of the following companies: Portsmouth Rifle Company, Capt. John C. Owens; Old Dominion Guard, Capt. Edward Kearn; the National Grays, Capt. John E. Deans; the Marion Rifles, Capt. Johannis Watson; the Union Guard, Capt. Nathaniel Edwards, and the Dismal Swamp Rangers, Capt. James C. Choat. On Saturday, the 20th day of April, 1861, when the regiment was ordered by Gov. Letcher into the service of the State, it consisted of the same companies except the Union Guard, which had been disbanded the year before.

*The twentieth of April, eighteen hundred and sixty-one—memorable day!*. On this day commenced in Virginia an unproclaimed war. The ordinance of secession had been passed on the 17th, day of April, 1861. The proclamation of President Lincoln calling on Virginia for her quota of military forces to wage war against her sister States of the South brought all Virginians of true loyalty together. War was the inevitable result of national and State action. Gov. Letcher had sent down Gen. William B. Taliaferro to take charge of the organized forces of this section when called into the service of the State. At noon the United States authorities closed the doors of the navy yard and began the destruction of its buildings, its ships and stores. It was an act of war and was so regarded by all. At 2 P. M. the volunteer companies of the city were called into the service of the State. At that hour the long roll sounded summoning our local military to arms. All who survive remember the profound interest and emotion of that hour. It stifled all light feelings and gave to each brow a thoughtful aspect, and to each eye a depth of light which arises only when the heart is weighted with great moving concern. Men pressed in silence each others hands and spoke in tones subdued by the solemnity and intensity of their inexpressable feelings. All knew that when the long roll once sounded, it would thrill the land, and that it would not cease to be heard, day or night, until silenced in victory or defeat. Our military responded to the roll call with a unanimity and with a patriotic devotion unsurpassed.

Near sunset of the 20th of April the Pawnee passed the foot of High Street on her way to the navy yard. I see her now as vividly as I did at that hour. Her officers at their posts—her men at their loaded guns and upwards of 400 marines and soldiers at quarters—all standing ready, on the least provocation, to give and to receive the order to fire. She moved with a firm steadiness and the silent majesty of authority. She seemed a living thing—with a heart beating to stirred emotions and sharing the hostile feelings and defiance of those whom she bore. Her power and readiness to do harm inspired a kind of terror in every breast. On her arrival at the yard the work of destruction received a new impetus. On every side were heard the vulcan sounds of destruction; on every side were seen the flames of burning buildings and blazing ships. Our forces were not sufficient to interfere and there seemed to be a mutual understanding on both sides—the result of weakness on our side and ignorace on that of the enemy—that the Pawnee, with the Cumberland in tow, at the end of the destruction of the yard, might leave without molestation.

The enemy left early in the morning of the 21st, and Col. Hodges, under the order of Gen. Taliaferro, entered the navy yard to take charge, to restore order and to protect what was left and to turn the yard over to the civil and naval officers of the State. This was done, and leaving one of his companies in the yard as a guard he took the other companies of his regiment to the naval hospital grounds and there threw up breastworks for protection against any United States vessel that should attempt to re-enter the harbor. It was a Sunday morning. We all remember the work of throwing up the breastworks. It was done with a will—with patriotic devotion. I did some spading on that work, citizens also helped, and the mothers and daughters of our city came down and cheered us in our work. All apprehension soon left us and we were exuberantly cheerful and happy. Troops from every quarter came pouring into our midst. Batteries were thrown up at every point of defense. We soon felt that the enemy could never again come into our harbor by land or water against our will.

Very soon after matters bad become well ordered at the naval hospital grounds Gov. Letcher appointed and assigned to the Third regiment, Virginia volunteers, Col. Roger A. Pryor, and his field officers and assigned Col. James Gregory Hodges, Lieut. Col. David J. Godwin and Maj. William White to the Fourteenth Virginia regiment. This was done on the alleged policy that it is better for a colonel to command a regiment of strangers than a regiment of his personal friends. Maj. William C. Wingfield and the other staff officers of the old Third Virginia regiment resigned and afterwards did distinguished service under other commands.

Col. Hodges with his regiment was ordered to take command of Jamestown Island, and we find that on the 31st day of May, 1861, he was there in command not only of his own regiment of ten companies but also of five companies of artillery and two additional companies of infantry. His adjutant at this time was Lieut. Evans.

This assignment of Col. Hodges to the Fourteenth Virginia regiment and to the command of Jamestown Island took him from his home—from the companionship of his wife and two infant boys. On the 11th day of August, 1853, he married Sarah A. F. Wilson, the daughter of William H. Wilson and Ellen Keeling. His son, William Wilson Hodges, was born on the 29th of April, 1854, and his son, John Nelson Hodges, was born on the 3rd of May, when he was in command at the Naval Hospital grounds, and he gave to his little baby son the name of Nelson, after Fort Nelson, erected on those grounds in the revolution. To him and to his wife it was a most painful separation, yet bravely and cheerfully borne in the spirit of patriotic duty to their country. His letters to his wife were ever full of the most devoted love to her and of the keenest, tenderest interest in his two infant children, whom he calls so dearly "my boys." There was an ever intense longing to be with his wife and children and always the firm recognition of his duty to be ever with his regiment.

On August 1, 1861, Gen. Magruder ordered Col. Hodges to take six companies of his regiment and to join him in the lower part of the Peninsula. Gen. Magruder with 5,000 men, made a demonstration of a regular line of battle before Newport News with the purpose of drawing out the enemy at that place, but the enemy failed to appear. He afterwards made a like demonstration near Hampton to draw the enemy from Old Point to make an attact, but the enemy failed to appear. On the 7th of August Gen. Magruder ordered Col. Hodges to report to him at Newmarket bridge. Col. Hodges reached there about 9 o'clock P. M. when Gen. Magruder ordered to his command two other infantry companies and two companies of cavalry, and directed him to proceed to Hampton and destroy the town. He reached Hampton about 11 P. M. He found everything there as still as death, and not a sound to be heard excepting the sound of the horses feet and occasionally the clanking of a sabre. He marched his men to St. John's Church yard, dismounted his cavalry and sent a picket guard to the bridge leading to Old Point. Here the enemy's picket guard opened fire, and for some time there was an active firing, but no serious harm was done and the enemy withdrew. Then the work of destroying the town commenced. Col. Hodges, in his account of his expedition to his wife, says:

"It grieved me sorely to have to destroy the town, but I believe it is all for the best, as it embarrasses the enemy very much and takes from them elegant winter quarters whilst our troops will have to suffer in log huts and tents. I went into many houses which formerly had been well taken care of; the furniture was broken to pieces and scattered all through the houses. They were filled with filth of every description, and most obscene expressions written all over the walls. If I had lived and owned a house there I would willingly have applied the torch to it rather than have had it desecrated in the way the whole town had been."

The regiment was afterwards stationed for a while at Mulberry Island, and also at Lands End. In May, 1862, it was ordered to Suffolk and was there made a part of Armistead's brigade. On the reorganization of regiments in the spring of 1862 Adjutant Evans was made Lieutenant Colonel and C. W. Finley was made Adjutant of the Fourteenth Virginia regiment; and Lieutenant Colonel David J. Godwin was made Colonel of the Ninth Virginia regiment. The brigade now marched to

Petersburg, where the Ninth Virginia was made a part of it. It then moved to Richmond, and then to a camp on the Williamsburg road below Richmond. It was at Seven Pines, but only slightly engaged on the second day of the battle. The brigade was at Malvern Hill and engaged in that memorable charge. Col. Hodges thus speaks of it:

"The battle of Tuesday, July 1, was the most terrific that can be conceived of. My imagination never pictured anything to equal it. I lost in killed and wounded on that day about one-fourth of my regiment. They all acted nobly. Men never fought better. The battle flag of the regiment which we carried into the fight has forty-seven shot holes in it; and every man in my color guard wounded. During a charge a shell burst near me, killing two of my men, wounding Capt. Bruce so severely that he only survived twenty-four hours, wounded several others, knocked me down and burnt all of the beard off the right side of my face, scorched the sleeve of my coat from my hand up. The shock was so great that I did not recover from it for several hours."

From this description you can form some idea of that terrible battle in which our forces attempted to dislodge the enemy from the crown of Malvern Hill, defended by fifty pieces of artillery and compact lines of infantry, raking an open field of three-fourths of a mile. Brave men of this city, of my own regiment, the Ninth Virginia, poured out on the battlefield that rich blood which even at this late day brings sorrow to hearts still beating.

The Fourteenth regiment remained in the neighborhood of Shirley until Gen. McClellan embarked his forces and left for Washington. It then went to Hanover Junction, then through Louisa county and on to join Lee's army, which it did on the upper Rappahannock. It was at Second Manassas and was in the Maryland campaign.

The battle of Sharpsburg was fought on Wednesday, the 17th of September, 1862, from 3 A. M. to night. The two armies held their respective positions all the next day without firing a gun. Lee crossed the Potomac into Virginia early on the morning of the 19th. Col. Hodges writing on the 22nd of September, says that General Armistead was wounded early on the morning of the 17th and that he took command of the brigade and that he was still in command, but expected Gen. Armistead to be able to return to duty in a few days. Gen. Early in his official report of the battle says: "Shortly after the repulse of the enemy Col. Hodges, in command of Armistead's brigade, reported to me, and I placed it in line in the position occupied by my brigade and placed the latter in line on the edge of the plateau which has been mentioned and parallel to the Hagerstown road under cover." This battle was the most destructive battle of the war for the time engaged.

In his letter last mentioned Col. Hodges says: "We have had a very hard time since we left Richmond. I have not slept in a tent since leaving there and have only been in three houses. We eat whatever we can get and sometimes the quality is anything but good and the supply scanty. This army has accomplished wonders and undergone the greatest amount of fatigue."

On the 15th of October, 1862, Armistead's brigade was encamped near Winchester, Va. On that day Col. Hodges writes: "On Monday last we had a grand review of our division, by Gen. Longstreet, who commands our corps d'armie. There were two members of the British Parliament present. We had about ten thousand men in line, and the whole passed off very well. It was quite an imposing sight. I suppose the Englishmen did not know what to make of such a dirty, ragged set of fellows. The orders forbade the barefooted men from going out. I think they ought to have let our army be seen just as it is. I have now some eighty men without shoes, notwithstanding that I have within the past ten days issued to my regiment one hundred pairs."

Burnside had superseded Gen. McClellan in the command of the Union army, and was now moving towards Fredericksburg. When this intention manifested itself, our forces concentrated in the neighborhood of Culpeper Courthouse. Our brigade was ordered thitherward. I remember the first day's long, severe march. The first day's march is always trying to soldiers who have been in camp for weeks. Speaking of the shoeless condition of the army, I remember an incident that occurred under my very eyes. I beg to mention it. Moses Young, a member of my regiment from this city, as he marched along the road, saw a discarded old pair of shoes. He stopped and looked at them an then at his own shoes. He took them up, turned them over, and then looked again at the old shoes he had on. It was evidently with him a close question at to which pair had the advantage. He finally shook off his old shoes and put on the pair which a preceding comrade had discarded as worthless. The wearer of these old shoes was a patriotic and gallant soldier.

When our brigade arrived at Culpeper Courthouse, it was in Gen. Anderson's division. It was here on November 7, 1862, that Armistead's brigade was placed in the new formed division of Gen. Pickett and all the Virginia regiments in Anderson's division were taken from it and Southern regiments substituted in their place. It was here that John S. Jenkins, of this city, on the 17th of November, 1862, entered on his duties as adjutant of the Fourteenth Virginia, appointed in the place of Adjutant G. W. Finley, who resigned to go home to attend to the affairs of his father, who had recently died. He subsequently joined Garnett's brigade and was at Gettysburg and there captured. He afterwards became a distinguished Presbyterian minister and held the title of D. D. On the 21st of November, 1862, Armistead's brigade left Culpeper Courthouse, and reached camp near Fredericksburg on the 23rd. The brigade was in line of battle on the 13th of December, 1862, when Burnside crossed the Rappahannock and attacked our forces, but it was not actively engaged. It wintered at Guinea Station on the Richmond and Fredericksburg road. In the spring it was ordered to Suffolk, from there it was ordered to join Lee's army, then ready to commence its march into Pennsylvania.

Col. Hodges, writing on the 9th of June, 1863, from Spotsylvania county, says: "We left Hanover Junction yesterday morning and have proceeded forty miles on our way to join Gen. Lee, either in Culpeper county or beyond if he has crossed the upper Rappahannock. We have now been marching every day for a week, averaging a full day's march of seventeen or eighteen miles every day. My men are in excellent condition, and I know will perform their whole duty should they be required to meet the enemy. So you may expect to hear a grand account of the regiment and I am proud to say that it has always done well, and in some instances far excelled those they were thrown with."

Pickett's division pushed hurriedly on to catch up with Lee's advancing army. The division was at Chambersburg on the 1st day of July engaged in ordinary camp drill, while Lee's advancing forces were engaged in severe battle at Gettysburg. It left the next morning for Gettysburg, and arriving in the afternoon at a camping ground between Cashtown and Gettysburg. Only three brigades of the division were present, Kemper's, Garnett's and Armistead's. The field officers of the Fourteenth Virginia were, at this time, Col. James Gregory Hodges, Lieut. Col. William White, Major Robert Poore, and Adjutant John S. Jenkins. Early on the morning of July 3 these brigades were taken to the battle line. I will not undertake here to describe Pickett's charge. This was done in an address delivered before this camp on November 7, 1894, published in the Southern Historical Society Papers, vol. 33, p. 118.

The charge of Pickett's division, made up entirely of Virginian's, is recognized the world over as unsurpassed in all the annals of history for steadiness of march, unwavering courage, and for the patriotic, calm determination to do all that was possible to be done to win victory at any sacrifice of life. All know the awful fatality among the officers and men of the division. Of its generals, Garnett was killed, Armistead fatally wounded, and Kemper desperately wounded. Of its colonels of regiments six were killed outright on the field: Hodges, Edmonds, Magruder, Williams, Patton, Allen, and Owens and Stuart were mortally wounded. Three lieutenant-colonels were killed: Calcott, Wade and Ellis. Five colonels, Hunton, Terry, Garnett, Mayo and Aylett were wounded, and four lieutenant-colonels, commanding regiments, Carrington, Otey, Richardson and Martin, were wounded. Of the whole complement of field officers in fifteen regiments one only, Lieut. Col. Joseph C. Cabell, escaped unhurt. Of the field officers of the Fourteenth Virginia, Col. Hodges, Maj. Poore and Adjutant John S. Jenkins were killed, and Lieut. Col. William White was wounded.

Col. Hodges led his regiment in this memorial charge with conspicious courage and gallantry. He was an able and experienced officer. His devotion to his official duties was never surpassed. His regiment was never in the presence of the enemy without his being there in command. His officers and men were devoted to him. He fully enjoyed their admiration, esteem and confidence. Many letters to him in life and after his death to his widow, convey unqualified appreciation of him as a man and a commander. His family made every effort to ascertain where his body was buried, but all in vain. He sleeps in the trenches with those who made that charge of Pickett's division immortal. He was the idol of his family, admired and loved by them with an affection and devotion which words fail to convey. For their sake and for the sake of those survivors here who knew him, I make as a part of this address a touching incident of the reunion of the association of Pickett's division at Gettysburg on the 3rd of July, 1887, as published at the time in the Landmark:

Adjutant J. F. Crocker, of the Ninth Virginia, in the course of his remarks, in receiving from Col. Andrew Cowan, of Cowan's Battery, the sword of the unknown Confederate officer who fell within a few feet of the guns of the battery, while giving the order: "Men! take these guns," alluded to the sad memories awakened by the scenes of the day. In this connection, and as illustrative of them, he had come to the battlefield of Gettysburg bearing a sacred request from the invalid widow of a gallant Confederate officer who was killed in the charge of Pickett's division, asking him to make a prayer at the spot where her dear husband fell, for his long sorrowing widow and orphan sons, with the hope that God, in some way, would bless the prayer to their good. That gallant officer was Col. James Gregory Hodges, of the Fourteenth Virginia regiment, the brother of the speaker's wife. He stated that early and careful but unavailing efforts had been made to find the place of his burial and he now desired to find and have identified the spot where he fell. The simple story brought tears to many who stood around. When the speaker closed his address, General H. J. Hunt, chief of artillery of the Union army, in whom kindness and courage are equal virtues, came promptly forward and gave his hand warmly to Adjutant Crocker and in sympathetic tones said, "I can tell you something of Colonel Hodges, of the Fourteenth Virginia; I can carry you to the very spot where he fell." The general said that immediately after the battle, hearing that General Garnett, whom he knew in the old army, had been killed, he went out to look for him and when he came to the stone wall a long line of Confederate dead and wounded, lying along the wall, met his view, but his attention was arrested by the manly and handsome form of an officer lying dead on his back across other dead. He thought he had seen the face before, and on inquiry was told that it was Col. Hodges of the Fourteenth Virginia, whom he remembered to have seen in social circles before the war. The spot where Col. Hodges fell was identified by General Hunt and others, and is at the stone wall near the monument of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania. With General Hunt and other Union officers and men standing around, uncovered, a brief prayer was made that God would remember and bless the widow and sons of the brave officer who fell at this spot, but now rests in an unknown grave. It was a sad, solemn scene, full of touching pathos. The sun was sinking beyond Seminary Ridge, with its slanting rays mellowing the sheen of the grain waving fields, while here and there were groups of Union and Confederate veterans, mingling in peaceful, heartfelt and fraternal accord.

There is another incident, which I must here relate.

In October, 1903, Senator John W. Daniel, who knew my relation to Colonel Hodges and that he was killed in Pickett's charge, was in the National Library at Washington, engaged in getting official information for a future paper on "The Virginians at Gettysburg," and seeing in the library a man whose appearance attracted him, he said to himself—that man is a Northern man and was an officer in the war and I will speak to him, and he approached him. His conjecture was right. It was Capt. John D. S. Cook, of the Eightieth New York regiment of volunteers, known, however, in the service as the twentieth New York State Militia. He informed Senator Daniel that Col. Hodges fell at the stone fence, within less than one hundred and fifty feet of the Federal line, directly in front of the said New York regiment, that after the struggle was ended his body was discovered and identified as Col. James Gregory Hodges, of the Fourteenth

Virginia regiment, by some papers found upon it. His sword and scabbard had been destroyed by a shot, but a soldier detached his sword belt and handed it to him and that he had kept it as a treasured relic of the battle to be an heirloom in his family. He stated to Senator Daniel that if any of the family of Col. Hodges still survived he would gladly send it to them. Senator Daniel at once wrote me, giving me an account of this interview with Capt. Cook and his address at Kansas City, Mo. I wrote him, informing him that Mrs. Sarah A. F. Hodges, the widow of Col. Hodges, was living and that she would ever appreciate his kind offer. Capt. Cook sent at once to her the sword belt with a letter of noble sentiments and sympathy. This sword belt is the same that Col. Hodges wore when his picture was taken, which now hangs in Mrs. Hodges' room. The noble act of Capt Cook is tenderly appreciated by every member of the family. A correspondence with Capt. Cook has given me a high estimate of his character and ability. He moved from New York to Kansas City after the war, where he has practiced law with eminent success and distinction.

Col. Hodges was handsome and manly in appearance. He had dark hair, bright dark eyes, and a highly intellectual face. He was gentle in manners, and he ever bore himself with kindness to others. He had a generous and noble nature, and he enjoyed, in a high degree, the esteem and confidence of the community. His leading characteristic to the public was his high sense of duty and his strict observance of it. He illustrated this in his conduct as colonel of his regiment. Under trying temptations, which involved the tenderest feelings of his heart, he still held that to be with his regiment was his supreme duty—a duty which he recognized as due to his position and to his country. He was ardently patriotic and his whole being, convictions and feelings were with the Confederate cause.

But the fairest, sweetest phase of his character was found in his domestic life. No one can read those letters he wrote in every camp, on every march, before and after every battle—written to a tender, loving wife whom he idolized and about his darling little boys, without realizing that all his highest happiness and interest centered in these loved ones. His son, John Nelson Hodges, died on the 21st day of July, 1890, and his son, William Wilson Hodges, died on the 26th day of April, 1893, unmarried —thus leaving their widowed mother now childless—an added grief, which, like that other, is ever presant in the heart, but bravely borne with that resignation which comes from the sanctifying faith that God does all things well.

Again I commend to the keeping of Heaven, as I did on the battlefield of Gettysburg that saintly wife and mother, whose sorrows and piety have made her a priestess, and her room to all who know her well, a sanctuary of God.

## WAR TIME STORY OF DAHLGREN'S RAID.

### Gallant Defence of Richmond by Departmental Battalion.

The very interesting account of the Dahlgren raid, by Prof. John Pollard, which appeared in this column two weeks ago, has called forth many comments and recollections of that famous event of the war.

There is talk of holding a reunion of those living who took part in the exciting work of heading off and driving away from Richmond the raiders under Dahlgren. These facts make anything on the subject interesting.

Col. John W. Anderson has furnished us with the following clipping from the Richmond Sentinel, a wartime paper bearing date March 3rd, 1864.

The account is given just as it appeared in the Sentinel. It will be seen that this is the continuation of a story of the day before. It is a pity the first installment has not been preserved. But here is the second installment.

Our last account represented the column of the enemy that had been repulsed on the Brook Turnpike, as having crossed the Chickahominy in full retreat, and having encamped on Tuesday night near Mechanicsville. They were attacked in camp by Gen. Hampton, who put them to flight, with the capture of seventy or eighty, and a large number of horses. The remainder yesterday made their way down towards Piping Tree Ferry on the Pamunkey.

The column that appeared on the road that comes into the city from the West, lost no time after their repulse on Tuesday night in hastening after their comrades of the other column. On yesterday they crossed the Chickahominy, and at half-past four in the afternoon found themselves confronted at the Old Church by a small body of Colonel Bradley T. Johnson's Maryland Cavalry.

The Yankees, in desperation, charged through by mere weight of numbers; with a loss of several killed and wounded, and about thirty prisoners remaining in our hands. They then pursued their way towards the Piping Tree Ferry. We had two men wounded, of whom, we are pained to say, Lieut. Ditty was shot in both eyes.

Thus has passed away Kilpatrick's second attempt at raiding into Richmond. He has been pretty well hackled by our forces, having lost, probably, at least one-tenth of his force in killed and captured. As far as the grand objects of his undertaking were concerned, he has reason to feel very foolish. Prisoners say it was the design of the Brooke Turnpike column to attract our whole force, and leave the river-side column to make a dash at Belle Island, and liberate the Yankee prisoners there. They have failed in everything, except some temporary damage to our railroads, the burning of some barns and mills, the seizure of some horses, the hanging of one negro, and the stealing of some spoons. For these he has paid, probably, two hundred and fifty picked men, and he has thoroughly broken down the rest, both men and horses, for a time.

Of the damage to the railroads the extent is not yet known. The Fredericksburg road has had one of its engines re--burnt; it was burnt in the former raid—and three or four small gondolas. The Central road is thought to have suffered considerably.

As if waiting for Kilpatrick to get through, Butler is understood to be moving again. Some of his cavalry appeared yesterday at Tunstall's Station, it is said; and it is alleged that a heavy co-operating column of infantry (twelve regiments), are at the Burnt Ordinary, in New Kent. Perhaps it is well he should come while our hand is in.

### SKIRMISH ON THE WESTERN ROAD.

We have obtained some particulars of the skirmish with the enemy to which we referred on yesterday, on the Plank Road, about three miles West of Richmond, on Tuesday evening. The troops engaged on our side were composed wholly of our city organizations, who, on this occasion, had their first encounter with the enemy. The forces of the latter were about five hundred picked men, of five regiments of Gregg's cavalry, with two pieces of artillery. The artillery was not brought into action.

The Tredegar Battalion, Maj. ———, was the first to come into collision with the enemy. As the battalion was ascending the hill which descends from Benjamin Green's house, the Yankees, who were coming over it, suddenly appeared close at hand. The meeting was unexpected, and found our men unprepared for it, many of our guns being unloaded. The enemy deployed under the shelter of a piece of wood, and our men got into such line as they could in the open field. Volleys were exchanged, from which the Yankees suffered most, and were made to give ground. They subsequently made a charge under which the battalion recoiled and made a rapid and broken retreat, and took no further part in the operations. The enemy pressed vigorously, making an attempt to cut off the men, but with indifferent success. Some were captured, but afterwards released, as the enemy could not afford to be encumbered with prisoners. Five horses and two dead soldiers left on the field show that the fire of our men was not without effect. On our side Lieutenant John Sweeney and private Blunt were killed. Much allowance is to be made for the circumstances under which the battalion went into action. As it was, the enemy were the greatest sufferers.

The enemy's column now came forward with celerity, expecting to find no further obstacle to their progress. The departmental and quartermaster's battalions, who were following the march of the Armory Battalion, suddenly beheld the approach of the enemy. Capt. John McAnerny, of company B, Departmental Battalion, who was in command of the whole as ranking officer present, swiftly deployed his lines to the right and left of the road, and had barely time to order out his skirmishers before the cavalry charged him. They charged down on both sides of the road. They came yelling, and rattling their sabres and firing their carbines, their officers vociferating to them to "charge the ——— rebels! Cut them down! They are nothing but melish!" It was already quite dark, and growing more so, so that objects were with difficulty distinguished. Our skirmishers' line waited until the enemy were very near, and, pouring in a beautiful fire, retreated to the main line. The enemy pressed on, our men reserving their fire until the word of command, when they delivered it at close quarters and with admirable effect. The enemy was checked and broken, and a couple of volleys more drove him from the field in flight.

Our troops deserve very high praise for making so gallant a debut under circumstances so perplexing and a call so sudden. They repulsed and drove back a greater number of the enemy's picked veterans. Our loss is stated in the following:

Officers—Killed: Captain A. Ellery, Co. D. Wounded: Lieutenant R. A. Matthews, Co. D, slightly; Acting Lieutenant R. A. Tompkins, face and arm slightly.

Privates—D. T. Carter, Co. A, slightly; F. M. Cary, Co. D, slightly in face; J. W. Burson and ——— McIndoe, Co. D, both slightly; S. M. Levin, Co. F, slightly in leg; R. B. Green, Co. F, in hand; Miles Cary, Co. K, sabre cut on shoulder; Gray Doswell, Co. K, shot through the thigh (flesh wound). Missing: Private T. Y. Catlett, Co. I.

The fierceness of the charge which the Departmental Battalion met in line of battle is evidenced by the sabre cuts received. Several of the enemy rode through our lines, and were shot down or captured.

Of the loss of the enemy we cannot speak with positive precision. They collected eighteen of their wounded at Mr. Green's house, in the rear of the fighting. Seven of these they afterwards carried away with them. Four of their dead were picked up on the battle-ground yesterday morning, as also several wounded. Of the latter, three died in a few hours, and another is evidently mortally wounded. Some indication of the casualties is given in the ten dead horses that lay near here.

The loss of the enemy in the two skirmishes may be set down at ten killed, one mortally wounded and seventeen disabled by their wounds, of whom ten are prisoners. Besides these a number of prisoners were taken, fifteen horses killed, and several captured. A pretty fair start, for Henley's Battalion fought against a superior force of veterans, in the dark, and without notice, or time to get ready! They had no support from regular troops, for, though some were near at hand, they did not arrive till the fight was over.

After their repulse the enemy went back by the road they had come until they reached the Ridge Church. Here they struck off to the right and made for Hungary Station, on the Fredericksburg railroad, reaching that point about daybreak. They seized a citizen of the neighborhood and demanded that he should pilot them; but leading through a piece of pines he made his escape, and left them to find their way out as best they could. The Yankees unquestionably hung a negro, belonging to Mr. Weems, whom they had as a pilot, but who led them astray by getting lost himself.

As an incident of the fight near Richardson's farm, and of the darkness which prevailed, we may mention, that a Yankee charged the fence just where it passed on the edge of a deep pit of an abandoned ice-house. Horse and rider went in; the former was killed by the fall, the latter drawn out a prisoner the next morning.

## ANOTHER STORY OF THE CRATER BATTLE.

PETERSBURG, VA., 1905.

*Editor of The Times-Dispatch*:

SIR,—The enclosed account of the charge of Mahone's Brigade at the battle of "The Crater," Saturday, July 30th, 1864, written by Major William H. Etheredge, who commanded the Forty-first Regiment of Virginia, of that brigade, will prove interesting just now to many survivors.

This was a personal letter to me in March, 1892, and I have not had until recently, his permission to publish it.

Very truly yours,
GEORGE J. ROGERS.

GREAT BRIDGE, NORFOLK COUNTY, VA., March 23rd, 1892.

*Captain George J. Rogers*:

MY DEAR FRIEND.—Your favor of the 16th instant came to hand on Saturday, 19th, and I can say it gave me genuine pleasure.

At your request, I will undertake to give a description of the battle of the Crater on the suburbs of the city of Petersburg, July 30th, 1864.

"Colonel" Parham, as you know, was wounded at the first battle of Malvern Hill in 1862, which rendered him unfit for duty, and Lieutenant "Colonel" Minetree was wounded on the sixth day of May, 1864, in the battle of the Wilderness, and was unfit for service, so you see the command of the old Forty-first Regiment fell upon my shoulders, and while I felt unequal to the task, I determined to do my duty to the best of my ability We were satisfied that the enemy was undermining somewhere on the line, but could not tell where until the mine was sprung on the morning of July 30th, 1864, the whole country for miles around was startled when the explosion took place, and every piece of artillery that could be brought to bear on that particular spot, opened fire and a most terrific cannonading followed. We knew there was hard work ahead for some of us, and sure enough just about sunrise there came an order for Mahone's old Virginia Brigade to hold itself in readiness to move at a moment's notice, and before we could get ready, here came the order for us to fall into line, without knowing what was ahead of us. After the line was formed, we were ordered to divest ourselves of all baggage, and to carry nothing but our arms and ammunition and a canteen of water, this being done, we headed towards the cemetery, and when arrived at the mouth of the covered way, used to protect our men when relieving picket, we marched up that covered way until we reached an angle, we then left the ditch, flanked to the right and marched a short distance down a ravine until nearly opposite the point where the mine was sprung, and were ordered to lie down. General Mahone was at the angle in the ditch, and saw the brigade pass. He had ordered the Georgia Brigade to form on the right of the Virginia Brigade, but failing to get there in time, he took a position in rear of his old brigade, for the purpose, as I supposed, to watch the movements of the enemy, and well enough did he, for they were getting ready to charge us, as we heard distinctly the command "Fix bayonets and no quarters." Just at that juncture, General Mahone being in rear of the brigade with General Weisiger on the right, the order came from General Mahone, as I have always thought, from that day to the present, to charge the enemy.

It has been a disputed question ever since the war as to who gave the command to charge the enemy, some claiming the order came from General Weisiger, while others say the order came from General Mahone. If General Weisiger gave the order, I did not hear him, as he was on the right of the line, and I on the left. I did hear the order, however, and coming from the rear, as I thought, and while I would not say or do anything (even if it was in my power), to wrest from General Weisiger any of the honors to which he was entitled on that occasion, I am still of the opinion the order to charge came from General Mahone. In a moment we were up and started up hill, where we could see the enemy in line, and fortunately for us, the first line were negroes, who could not stand the rebel yell and cold steel, and in order to get out of the way, threw their guns down and broke for the rear. The next line were white men, and so great was their desire to keep the negroes in front of them as a sort of breastwork, they lost sight of us until we were only a short distance from them, and I believe every shot took effect, as they were as thick in the breastworks as they could stand, and it was almost impossible to miss a man; but the Yanks were determined we should not have it all our way, and before we reached the breastworks they poured a volley into us, and about one-half of our little brigade went down. Notwithstanding all this, we pushed to the front, and reaching the ditch, in we went with empty muskets, depending on the bayonet and breech of the gun, and a regular hand to hand encounter took place. The scene that follows beggars description: our men would drive the bayonet into one man, pull it out, turn the butt and knock the brains out of another, and so on until the ditch ran with blood of the dead and dying. So great was the slaughter that Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Steward, of the Sixty-first Regiment, in command, and myself, of the Forty-first, had to make a detail to pile up the dead on the side of the ditch to make room so we could reinforce to the right or left, as occasion might require.

The Yanks fought bravely to maintain the foothold they had gained, but the powers of the Southern soldier were too much for them at that particular time, knowing as we did, that if they succeeded in carrying out their designs, our friends in the city would fare but common, and with us it was to do or die; and in an incredibly short time the breastworks to the left of the Crater for some distance occupied by the enemy were taken back and hostilities for a few moments ceased, but the end is not yet, the breastworks to the right of the Crater were still in the enemy's hands, and General Lee said they must be taken back. About that time, the Georgia Brigade was on hand, and General Mahone called on them to perform that service. Accordingly the line was formed, and when the command was given they started as gallantly to the front as any set of men could, but by the time the enemy had filled the breastworks as full of men as they could stand together, and as soon as the Georgians got near enough the enemy opened fire on them, and they fell like autumn leaves. They reformed, and tried it a second time, but with no better results. General Mahone then called on the Alabama Brigade; the line was formed the command given, and when they reached the point where the Georgians suffered so severely, they too met with a heavy loss, but, unlike the Georgians, as soon as they received the shock every man that was left standing started in double quick, and before the enemy could reload, the Alabamians were on them, and as was the case on our side of the Crater, a hand to hand fight took place, and in a few minutes the gallant Alabamians had driven out and killed those who couldn't get out, and were masters of the situation. The loss of life on both sides was heavy, and I have often said, if a correct history of the late war is ever written, the fight at the Crater will be second to none, but the battle of Gettysburg, during the war.

And now, as you have requested me to do so, I will give you a short history of the part I took in the fight at the Crater. When we made the charge and reached the breastworks, I was among the first to jump in the ditch, where the Yanks were as thick as they could stand. First sergeant of Company D jumped in about the same time I did, and was killed instantly. Where I was there was a small bomb-proof, and two Yanks squatting down near its mouth to keep out of danger; they were white men with muskets in their hands, with fixed bayonets). My feet had not more than touched the ground when they rose up and stood before me. Just then the man that killed the sergeant stooped down and picked up a musket, evidently with the intention of killing me. I took in the situation at once, took hold of the two men in front of me, and kept them so close together it was impossible for him to kill me without endangering the lives of his own men. Just at that moment, our men were jumping in the ditch like frogs; one of them jumped in just behind me, and I sung out to him at the top of my voice to kill the man in front of me. The man, Peter Gibbs, by name, of

Company "E," Petersburg, stepped one pace to the right of me, and killed him as quick as you could wink your eye. The fellow was so intent on killing me, he died with his musket in his hands, trying to shoot me. I then made the two men throw down their arms and started them to the rear. It has been said that drowning men will catch at a straw, so you can readily imagine my feelings while facing death, but I never lost presence of mind during the terrible ordeal to which I was subjected. Would that I had the mind to picture to your imagination the heroism and many deeds of valor of our men on that memorable occasion, but have not, and will leave it for wiser heads than mine.

And now, my dear friend, I have given you all the points in the fight of the Crater that came under my notice, to the best of my recollection, and hoping this to some extent will satisfy you until you can gather all the facts in the case from some who took part in the struggle better qualified for the task than I am, I have the honor to be,

Your sincere friend,

William H. Etheredge.

## GENERAL LEE'S LAST CAMP.

Buckingham, Va., Dec. 27, 1901.

When the Confederate forces on the 8th day of April, 1865, were retreating and the Federal forces pressing hard in pursuit from Amelia Courthouse to Appomattox, a piece of ordnance, which it became necessary to abandon in order to hasten their progress, was left by the Confederates concealed in a bottom off from the public road not far from Curdsville, and remained there for a time after the war. A rear guard was left to cover the line of retreat taken by the Confederates, and when this guard reached the old McKinney place (where Governor McKinney was born and raised), one of the Confederate soldiers slipped off his boots and climbed a large oak tree (which stands now at this point covered with mistletoe), to reconnoitre, when a bullet from a Federal gun cut off a twig just above his head and he came down and went; nor did he stand on the order of his going, but went at once, dropping from the limb of the tree astride his horse, leaving his boots on the ground.

When the old place, owned by Mr. William D. Jones, was reached by the Federal army, the soldiers learned from the negroes that a barrel of brandy was concealed under the front porch, and they imbibed freely of this and committed many acts which were a shame on them. There was a beautiful parlor in this home, and they took the feather beds and ripped them up on this floor and poured molasses on the feathers and stirred the mess up together. Some member of the household had a $20 note in "greenbacks" (as we called the currency then), and they gave it to a wounded Confederate soldier to keep, and he pulled off his boot and laid the note in the bottom of his sock, but he was searched, and the money taken from him.

Many of the people of this vicinity took refuge in a nearby mountain until both armies had passed. On the return march the Federal forces spent a night at a place called "New Store," which is owned by Mr. Louis D. Jones, and many of the Federal officers spent the night at Mr. Jones' house. General Nelson A. Miles was one of the officers in charge, and he made his men behave as they should. Meanwhile General R. E. Lee had taken another route leading toward Richmond, and passing through this village with only his personal attendant, he was recognized by a lovely lady, who went out and asked the privilege of shaking his hand. General Lee only went two miles further when, night coming on, he decided to camp in a piece of woods on the place then owned by a widow, Mrs. Martha Shepherd. When his tent was made and Mrs. Shepherd learned of the fact that this distinguished soldier was preparing to camp so near her, she sent an invitation for him to spend the night at her house, which was declined with thanks. This was the last camping ground of this distinguished commander and the legislature of Virginia should appropriate a suitable sum to erect a monument to mark the spot. A small stone has been prepared to mark this place, but it should be marked by a splendid shaft such as we have at this place.

W. W. HASKINS.

The News Leader is informed that Mr. Haskins probably is mistaken. We are told that General Lee's last camp was in a grove nearly opposite the main gate of "Windsor," the home of his brother, Carter Lee, in Powhatan county, near Five Creek Mills, twenty-five miles from Richmond. It is further said that when he received pressing invitations to go to the house General Lee declined, saying he preferred to spend his last night before going home sleeping in a tent among his comrades.

# GENERAL J. E. B. STUART IN THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

## A Reply to Colonel John S. Mosby.

**By RANDOLPH HARRISON McKIM, late First Lieutenant and A. D. C.
Third Brigade, General Edward Johnson's Division,
Army of Northern Virginia.**

Col. John S. Mosby, the brave and able commander of a famous partisan corps in Virginia during the Civil War, has published a book in exposition of the part borne by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign, and in defence of that heroic officer from the unfavorable criticism passed on his course in that campaign.* The splendid services of Jeb Stuart to the Southern Cause are written on the heart of the Southern people; and his superb leadership in that brilliant, though mistaken, raid round the Federal Army between June 27th and July 1st, and, later, his invaluable service on the retreat from Gettysburg, are, I think, universally acknowledged. They were long ago celebrated, among others, by General Fitzhugh Lee in his description of the Gettysburg Campaign contained in his life of Gen. Robert E. Lee, pp. 265-6.† The most brilliant Cavalry officer of the Army of Northern Virginia did not have to wait for Col. Mosby to sing his praises in the year 1908.

But there have been, and are, many of the soldiers of Lee, who, though they yield to none in their admiration of Gen. Stuart, nevertheless are of opinion that he made several serious errors of judgment in the Gettysburg Campaign, and that these contributed not a little to the Confederate failure. Unfortunately, these recent publications of Col. Mosby are of such a character that it is necessary to reopen this painful subject, and to speak as plainly as that writer has done. This is the more necessary because his argument is so plausible, and is stated with so much dialectical skill, that only the very careful reader is likely to detect its fallacies.

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*"Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign," 1908. He also published in November, 1908, an article on the same subject in the Journal of the Military Service Institution.

† It is remarkable that Col. Mosby should include Gen. Fitz. Lee among those who have thrown the blame of the Gettysburg campaign, on Stuart. For Gen. Lee says: "This officer has been unjustly criticised for not being in front of Lee's army at Gettysburg, but Lee and Longstreet must be held responsible for his route." "Life of Gen. Lee," p. 265.

Col. Mosby first impeaches the accuracy of both of Gen. Lee's Reports of the Battle of Gettysburg (of July 31st, 1863, and January, 1864), in several important statements made therein, viz.: 1. That Gen. Lee was in ignorance of Hooker's movements until the night of June 28th, 1863, when Gen. Longstreet's scout reported his army approaching South Mountain; 2. That Gen. Lee then, and therefore, changed his plan and ordered his army to concentrate east of South Mountain; 3. That it had been Lee's intention to concentrate at Harrisburg and that he ordered Hill and Longstreet to that place after reaching Chambersburg; 4. That "the absence of the Cavalry rendered it impossible to obtain accurate information" of the movements and position of the Federal Army.

This serious impeachment of Gen. Lee's accuracy in regard to the particulars of his own campaign, is largely based on a letter taken from Gen. Lee's Official Letter Book, and dated at Chambersburg, June 28th, 7:30 A. M., in which Gen. Lee says to Gen. Ewell:

"I wrote you *last night* stating that Gen. Hooker was reported to have crossed the Potomac and is advancing by way of Middletown, the head of his column being at that point in Frederick county. I directed you in my letter to move your forces to this point."

Col. Mosby declares that this letter refutes "every word" of the statements of Gen. Longstreet, Col. Marshall, Gen. Long, Col. Walter Taylor, Gen. Fitz Lee and Gen. Lee's own report in regard to the compaign in the particulars above named. He further says that Gen. Ewell's and Gen. Early's reports show that the movement against Harrisburg was arrested on June 27th, and thus agree with the statements of the letter of June 28th, which he quotes.

Now I affirm, on the contrary, that the reports of Ewell and Early are irreconcilable with the accuracy of *the date* of this famous letter. Nobody can reconcile this letter, as dated (June 28th, 7:30 A. M.), with the indisputable facts of the campaign. The genuineness of the letter is undisputed—it is in the well known handwriting of Col. Venable, of Lee's staff—but the accuracy of the date is called in question. Suppose it to have been written on June 29th, and it is then in complete harmony with Gen. Lee's report, with the statements of his staff on the points at issue, and with the reports of Gen. Longstreet, Gen. Ewell and Gen. Early.

Now this famous letter turns out to have been copied in the letter-book of General Lee *from memory*, by Col. Charles Venable. It is marked thus: *"From memory—sketch of a letter."*

It is not the original letter. It was copied afterwards sometime before July 1—the date of the next letter. It cannot therefore have the same authority as the original would have. Especially on the question of date, it is more liable to error. Let us now suppose that there was a mistake in the date, and that it should have been dated "June 29th, 7:30 A. M.," instead of June 28th, 7:30 A. M."* Then the first order to Ewell to march back from Carlisle written "last night," would be dated June 28th, not June 27th.

If this hypothesis harmonizes with the Reports of Ewell and Lee and with the dates when the Divisions of the 3rd Corps began their march to Cashtown, then the probability of its correctness becomes very strong.

It seems to me it does thus harmonize.

Consider that such a dispatch was of supreme importance, and would therefore be sent as fast as a courier could carry it. Col. Marshall testifies that it was long after 10 P. M., June 28th, when he found Gen. Lee in conference with the scout who brought the intelligence of Hooker's movements. Even if the dispatch was not sent until midnight, Gen. Ewell might easily have received it by 6 in the morning, for it is, as Col. Mosby reminds us, only 30 miles from Chambersburg to Carlisle.

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* Since writing the above I have learned that Col. Stribling has made a similar suggestion, but I have not yet seen his paper.

Now, if it was written on the 27th, and received by Ewell early on the morning of the 28th, why did Gen. Edward Johnson's division not receive orders to march back southward from Carlisle till 9 A. M., on the 29th, as my diary proves? (I was a staff officer in Johnson's division and kept a careful diary of the campaign). But, if it was written on the 28th, dispatched at midnight, and received by Ewell by 6 or 7 A. M., of the 29th, orders to Gen. Edward Johnson and to Gen. Rodes might well have been issued as early as 9 A. M.

Again, if Ewell received the order on the morning of the 29th, it exactly harmonizes with his statement in his report that he "was starting on the 29th" for Harrisburg "when ordered by the General Commanding to join the main body of the army." He says, "I was starting on the 29th for that place when ordered by the General Commanding to join the main body of the army at Cashtown."

Again, it appears that Johnson's reserve artillery and trains were passing through Chambersburg after midnight of the 29th. Mr. Jacob Hoke, Mosby's authority, says it was between 1 and 2 A. M. From this Col. Mosby infers they "must have started on the evening of the 28th." But why? If they had started at 9 or 10 A. M., on the 29th, could not the head of the train have covered 30 miles and reached Chambersburg by one or two hours after midnight? Thirty miles in sixteen hours is not at all extraordinary, especially in an emergency. Mr. Hoke, whom Mosby cites as a witness, says the trains were moving "hurriedly"—"at a trot." This shows they were making a forced march.*

Turn now to Early's report. He says that on the evening of the 29th, he received Gen. Ewell's instructions to move back to the west side of South Mountain, together with a copy of Lee's order to him—evidently the *first* order. Now if my hypothesis is correct, and if Ewell received Lee's letter in the early hours of the 29th, what was to prevent Captain Elliott Johnson from riding from Carlisle to York, a distance of 36 miles, as Col. Mosby points out, between 8 A. M., and 5 P. M.? I myself rode for General Geo. H. Stewart 50 miles by daylight on June 23rd, in Pennsylvania. But on the supposition that Ewell received that famous letter and order on the morning of the 28th, how can we account for the fact that Early did not receive Ewell's order till the evening of the 29th?

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* If this was the artillery of Col. Snowden Andrews, that was camped five miles south of Carlisle, so that it had only twenty-five miles to march to Chambersburg.

I submit that these facts make it beyond contradiction that there is an error in the date of the letter as it was copied from memory. The supposition that General Lee sent that letter to Ewell on the night of June 27th bristles with improbabilities. There is the improbability that Lee would have waited till the 30th to order Hill and Longstreet to march to Cashtown. There is the improbability that an order of such importance would not be dispatched with due military expedition. Its omission from Lee's letter-book is suggestive of haste. It was written at night, and would seem to have been dispatched at once without taking time to copy it in the letter-book. This increases the improbability that it would not be sent post haste to Ewell.

Then there is the improbability that Ewell, having received so supremely important an order should have put off its execution for 24 hours—from the morning of the 28th to the morning of the 29th. Again, there is the improbability that he should have waited 24 hours before he sent his staff officer to transmit General Lee's order to General Early at York. Then finally there is the improbability that General Longstreet and Colonel Taylor and Colonel Marshall and General Long and General Lee himself, should all have believed and stated that the news of the proximity of Hooker should have been brought by a scout on the 28th, if the fact was really known on the 27th.

Colonel Mosby's whole argument on this point hinges on the accuracy of the date of the letter or rather "sketch of a letter" written down from memory. It appears to me immensely more likely that Colonel Venable made a mistake of date in writing that sketch of Lee's letter, than that all the improbabilities I have enumerated should have occurred.

Colonel Mosby says: "Nobody can reconcile this letter with Lee's report." Neither can anybody reconcile this letter, as dated, with the facts of the campaign as reflected in the reports of Ewell and Early. Either Colonel Venable in writing the letter from memory made a mistake in dating it the 28th, or General Lee and General Longstreet, and General Long and Colonel Marshall and Colonel Taylor were all mistaken in the belief that the change in the plans of the campaign was due to the arrival of a scout on the night of the 28th. Which is the more likely supposition? If it was written on the 29th, it is in complete harmony with Gen. Lee's report. But even if it were granted that Lee knew on the 27th of June that Hooker had crossed the Potomac, this fact would not advance one step the contention of Colonel Mosby that Lee had no need of Stuart's cavalry with his army during those critical days from June 27th to July 1st.

In order to confirm his denial that General Lee intended to concentrate his army at Harrisburg, Colonel Mosby points to the fact that A. P. Hill's corps was turned eastward on its arrival at Chambersburg and camped near Fayetteville. This, he thinks, conclusive against any such intention. But General Hill in his report says: (Rebellion Records, Vol. XXVII, pt. 2, p. 606.)

"On the morning of June 29th, the Third corps ——— was encamped on the road from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, near the village of Fayetteville. I was directed to move on this road in the direction of York, and to cross the Susquehanna, menacing the communications of Harrisburg with Philadelphia, and to co-operate with General Ewell." These doubtless were the orders written by Colonel Marshall the night of the 28th of June.

General Early also in his report says it had been his intention to cross the Susquehanna by the bridge at Wrightsville and move up the left bank of that river against Harrisburg.

Thus General Early, General Hill and General Ewell all testify that they had been ordered to move against Harrisburg; yet Colonel Mosby asserts that Lee had no such plan, though it is stated in both his Reports, as well as by his staff officers.

It may be granted that there are certain inaccuracies in the Reports of the battle signed by General Lee, but it is asking too much of our credulity to have us suppose that General Lee did not know when and why he changed his plan of campaign at

Chambersburg. There are also inaccuracies in General Stuart's report, as when he says that General Lee informed him it was likely one column of the army would move through Gettysburg, the other through Carlisle. What General Lee wrote was that one column would move through Emmittsburg, the other through Chambersburg.

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And now as to the second, and main, point of Colonel Mosby's contention that General J. E. B. Stuart acted in strict accordance with General Lee's instructions between the 23rd of June and the 2nd of July. What were General Lee's instructions to General Stuart? He wrote to Ewell that he had instructed General Stuart "to march with three brigades across the Potomac and place himself on your right and in communication with you, keep you advised of the movements of the enemy, and assist in collecting supplies for the army." To General Stuart himself Lee wrote on June 22nd, "You can move with the other three (Brigades) *into Maryland* and take position on General Ewell's right, place yourself in communication with him, guard his flank, keep him informed of the enemy's movements and collect all the supplies you can for the use of the army. One column of Ewell's army will probably move towards the Susquehanna by the Emmittsburg route, another by Chambersburg."

[Observe that when General Lee gave General Stuart this order to take position on General Ewell's right, that officer was just leaving Hagerstown. In his report (Rebellion Records, Vol. XXVII, part 2, p. 443,) he says that on June 22nd, he "received orders from the Commanding General to take Harrisburg, and *next morning* Rodes and Johnson commenced their march into Pennsylvania."]

This order was repeated in a letter to General Stuart dated June 23, a part of which I will quote:

"HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
JUNE 23, 1863, 3:30 P. M.

*"Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, Commanding Cavalry*:

"General, * * *

"If General Hooker's army remains inactive you can leave two brigades to watch him, and withdraw with the three others, but should he not appear to be moving northward, I think you had better withdraw this side of the mountain to-morrow night, cross at Shepherdstown next day, and move over to Fredericktown.

"You will, however, be able to judge whether you can pass around their army without hindrance, doing them all the damage you can, and cross the river east of the mountains. In either case, after crossing the river, you must move on and feel the right of Ewell's troops, collecting information, provisions, etc.

"Give instructions to the commander of the brigades left behind to watch the flank and rear of the army, and (in the event of the enemy leaving their front) retire from the mountains west of the Shenandoah, leaving sufficient pickets to guard the passes, and bringing everything clean along the Valley, closing upon the rear of the army.

"I am very respectfully and truly yours,

(Signed) R. E. Lee, *General.*"

Thus, in the very last communication received by General Stuart from General Lee, the order was emphatically given that as soon as he crossed the river, he should place his command on Ewell's right and march with him towards the Susquehanna.

The Commanding General indicated Frederick as Stuart's first objective, and he thought he had better cross the river at Shepherdstown, but gave him the option of crossing east of the Blue Ridge if he could do so *without hindrance.* General Stuart found Hooker's army in the way—a big "hindrance" surely—but yet chose to cross east of the Ridge, thus cutting himself off from both Ewell and Lee.

Now, the first question is, did General Stuart carry out the above instruction and do these things? The history of the campaign shows that he did *none* of these things. He was not on Ewell's right in the march towards the Susquehanna; he did not guard his flank; he did not keep him advised of the movements of the enemy. The second question is, did General Lee give Stuart discretion to take such a route as, in the event, prevented his carrying out these instructions? Was he allowed to cross the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge, and "pass by the enemy's rear," and so find himself in such a position that he *could not* carry out those instructions?

Now Colonel Mosby here puts a gloss on the record, and represents that General Lee instructed General Stuart to "move to Pennsylvania and *join Ewell on the Susquehanna*," (p. 88.) Throughout the whole discussion he again and again represents General Lee's order in this way, as an order to proceed to the Susquehanna and join General Ewell. (Pp. 89, 91, 154, 180.)

But this is not what General Lee ordered him to do, but to place himself on Ewell's right in the latter's movement "*towards the Susquehanna*," to guard his flank and keep him informed of the enemy's movement. Colonel Mosby eliminates all this and represents the order received by General Stuart to be to "join Ewell on the Susquehanna" and then "act as Ewell's Chief of Cavalry." (P. 89.) Again, "Lee had informed Stuart that he would find Ewell on the Susquehanna." (P. 180.)

Lee had done nothing of the kind. I submit that this is a complete misreading, or mis-statement, of General Lee's instructions. Though General Lee and General Longstreet both suggested that Stuart should cross east of the Blue Ridge and pass in rear of Hooker's army, it was evidently the intention that he should, as soon as possible, connect with General Ewell in his northward march "towards the Susquehanna," General Stuart himself says in his report that he was directed "to proceed *with all dispatch* to join the right of the army in Pennsylvania."

In his zeal to justify General Stuart, Colonel Mosby has misread and so mis-stated the records. Such carelessness in a crucial point like this is inexcusable.

Here, let it be noted that, in order to interpret correctly the meaning and intent of General Lee's communications to General Stuart in those critical days, June 22-24, it is essential to place before the mind's eye the situation of the two armies at the time. General Stuart in his report says:

"I submitted to the Commanding General the plan of leaving a brigade or so in my present front, and passing through Hopewell or some other gap in the Bull Run Mountains, attain the enemy's rear, passing between his main body and Washington, and cross into Maryland, joining our army north of the Potomac. The Commanding General wrote me authorizing this move if I deemed it practicable."

Now, at the time of this correspondence, Ewell's corps, whose right flank Stuart was "to guard," was just beginning its march northward from Hagerstown, and General Hooker's army was in Virginia. General Stuart's plan, then, contemplated passing round General Hooker's rear, *while his army was still south* of the Potomac; and *General Lee's authorization contemplated that, and that only*. It did not authorize Stuart to carry out his plan of passing round the enemy's rear after the enemy had transferred his army to the north side of the Potomac. Colonel Mosby confirms this view, for he says: (p. 212), "The orders contemplated Stuart's crossing the Potomac in advance of both armies."

And General Stuart's plan, proposed to General Lee, and to which he understood General Lee agreed, was, to use the words of his report, "to cross into Maryland, joining our army north of the Potomac." He gives no intimation that he understood that he was to join Ewell "on the Susquehanna," as Colonel Mosby states the case. General Stuart also tells us that General Lee "directed me, after crossing, to proceed with all dispatch to join the right of the army in Pennsylvania."

Colonel Mosby himself says: "The object was to go the most direct route to Ewell." (P. 212.)

Precisely here was the error of judgment committed by the gallant Stuart—he did not keep in view the main object of his expedition, which was to co-operate with Ewell in his march from the Maryland line to Harrisburg. This, the first and principal duty imposed upon the Chief of Cavalry by the Commanding General, was subordinated to the secondary and incidental object of damaging General Hooker's communications and making a raid around his army.

When General Stuart discovered that the Federal army was moving to cross the Potomac, which it did three days before he crossed at Seneca Ford, two things should have been considered by him, *first,* that the reason given by General Longstreet for the suggestion that he should pass in rear of the Federal army (viz., that his passage of the Potomac by Shepherdstown "would disclose our plans") no longer existed, for evidently the enemy had discovered Lee's northern movement and were following him; and, *second*, that General Lee's permission to pass around the rear of the Federal army did not apply to the situation now developed when the Federal army had left Virginia. He had permission to make that movement only if there was no "hinrance" in the way. To take that course now (after June 25th), would completely prevent the main object of his expedition, which was to "join the right of the army in Pennsylvania" on its march "towards the Susquehanna."

These observations receive support from the comment of an able and accomplished military critic, Captain Cecil Battine. In his "Crisis of the Confederacy," (1905), he says, referring to General Stuart's raid:

"By the light of what happened, it may now be said that the raid was a mistake, and especially when Stuart found the Federal army to be moving northward did he commit an error of judgment in attempting to traverse its lines of communication, thus severing his connection with Lee at the crisis of the campaign." P. 156.

"Balancing what might be gained against what was certain to be lost for the invading army by the absence of the best half of the Cavalry with its distinguished Chief, the same judgment must be made as Jackson pronounced on Stoneman's raid six weeks earlier." P. 158.

"Having acquired this knowledge (that the Federal army was marching north), Stuart would certainly have done well to have marched up the right bank of the Potomac and so made sure of rejoining the army, but his character was not one to lightly abandon an enterprize which he had once undertaken." P. 160.

Col. Henderson, the distinguished author of the Life of Stonewall Jackson, is of the same opinion. He says: "Stuart forgot for once that to cover the march of the army and to send in timely information are services of far greater importance than cutting the enemy's communications and harrassing his rear." "The Science of War." P. 303.

It must also be acknowledged, I think, that Stuart erred in judgment again in the course he took after he had brought his five thousand horsemen across the Potomac during the night of June 27th. Instead of proceeding, "with all dispatch" to join Ewell, he stopped to break up the canal, to intercept and capture boats (at least a dozen of them), and burn them. He also captured a great wagon train and "took it along." Some of the teamsters were chased into the suburbs of Washington. That was on the morning of the 28th. These proceedings consumed valuable time that should have been devoted to marching to Ewell. By that time Lee was at Chambersburg and Ewell had already been one day at Carlisle. Was it not Stuart's duty to make all speed to overtake Ewell, as three precious days had been lost? And could he do this encumbered by captured wagon trains? It is about 75 or 80 miles from Seneca ford to York, which could readily have been covered by Stuart's horsemen in two marches if that was his objective. He knew that Hooker had crossed the Potomac and was marching northward. Then would it not seem that his supreme purpose should have been to march day and night and to place himself in communication with Ewell, and be at hand for whatever service his cavalry could render? He does not seem to have been of that opinion, for he had only gone as far as Westminster by the evening of the 29th. Now Westminster is about 50 miles or less from Seneca ford, where he had crossed. Had he pressed on the morning of the 28th, he could easily have reported to General Early at York (30 miles farther), before nightfall of the 29th, not long after that officer received orders to march to Cashtown, or certainly before day break of the 30th. In either case he would not have made the fruitless march to Carlisle on July the 1st, but would have marched with Early on the 30th, and would almost certainly have been interposed between the enemy and the infantry of Early and Hill, and would thus probably have prevented the battle from being precipitated by Hill on the morning of July 1st. Since writing the above, I find that Col. Henderson reached the same conclusion. See his "Science of War," p. 289.

There can be no doubt that the march of Stuart's horsemen was seriously impeded by the captured wagon train which he "took along."* Col. Mosby admits (p. 191), that he might have reached York on the 30th instead of July the 1st, if he had burned the wagons. He crossed the river the night of the 27th, and York is about 80 miles from the ford. More important is the statement of General Stuart himself in his report in more than one place. Thus, on p. 695, Rebellion Records, Vol. XVII, he says, speaking of the engagement at Hanover:

"If my command had been well closed now, this Cavalry column would have been at our mercy; but, owing to the great elongation of the column, by reason of the 200 wagons and hilly roads, Hampton was a long way behind, and Lee was not yet heard from on the left."

Again on page 696, he says:

"Our wagon train was now a subject of serious embarrassment, but I thought by making a detour of the right by Jefferson, I could save it."

Two possibilities were eliminated by the drag put on General Stuart's column by the captured wagon train: 1. But for the delay thus occasioned he might have marched from Westminster to Gettysburg by Littletown, as apparently he hoped to do, for he could have reached Westminster certainly by the morning of the 29th, instead of at sundown (for that place is only 45 or 50 miles from Seneca ford), and at that earlier hour he probably would not have found the Federal Cavalry on that road.† That cavalry reached Littletown during the night of

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* This is also the judgment of Gen. E. P. Alexander, who says, page 375, "In saving a large number of wagons instead of burning them, and in delaying twelve hours to parole his prisoners instead of bringing along the officers and letting the men go, Stuart committed fatal blunders." And he adds, "The delay caused to subsequent marches by the long wagon train and the embarrassment of protecting it, was responsible for the loss of time, which made, on the whole, a sad failure of the expedition."

† In his report Gen. Stuart says he reached Westminster at 5 P. M. and camped at Union Mills, midway between Westminster and Littletown, on the Gettysburg road (p. 695). Scouts reported that the Federal cavalry had

29th. And 2d. Had he decided instead to press on through Hanover to York he would have been able to effect a junction with General Early at York by the evening of the 29th, or the early morning of the 30th, and his superb leadership would then have been available in the march from York to Cashtown on the 30th, and in the operations on the fateful 1st of July.

Certainly it is not strange that General Lee should have been surprised that he had no intelligence from General Stuart between the 23rd of June and the 2nd of July; and the question is whether that long delay was unavoidable under the circumstances in which General Stuart found himself after he parted with General Lee. Col. Mosby says Gen. Lee had studied astronomy and knew the nature of an eclipse. Yes, but General Lee was not surprised at the eclipse, but at the length of its duration. He sent couriers in every direction to gain, if possible, news of Gen. Stuart. Col. Mosby insists it was no part of Gen. Stuart's duty to report to Gen. Lee the movements of Hooker's army. Yet Stuart himself writes in his report, "It was important for me to reach our column with as little delay

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reached Littletown during the night. But for this it would appear Stuart would have marched to Gettysburg. Instead he marched to Hanover. Gen. Kilpatrick in his report says "Stuart was making for Littletown."

Gen. E. P. Alexander, in his important work, p. 375, says that had Gen. Stuart's column "here followed the direct road *via* Littletown to Gettysburg, only about sixteen miles away, it could have occupied Gettysburg before 11 A. M. on the 30th, when it would have found itself in good position in front of Lee's army, then concentrated at Cashtown." And he adds that in that case "Lee's army would have occupied some strong position between Cashtown and Gettysburg, and the onus of attack would have been on the Federals, as had been the plan of the campaign."

It would have been natural for Gen. Stuart to make Gettysburg his objective, for in his report he says he had been instructed that one column of our army would move "by Gettysburg." His language is not conclusive as to whether he had meant to march by Littletown and Gettysburg, but it is a natural inference from what he says that but for the news that during the night of the 29th the Federal cavalry had reached Littletown, he would have marched to that place and so on to Gettysburg. But for that unnecessary and fatal delay he would have been at Littletown before the Federals, and could have reached Gettysburg by the early morning of the 30th.

as possible, to acquaint the Commanding General with the nature of the enemy's movements, as well as to place with his column my cavalry force," p. 695.

Colonel Mosby tells us of Stuart's energetic action in Hooker's rear between the 27th of June and the 1st of July; but General Lee did not instruct him to destroy Hooker's trains, or to damage the canal, or to break Hooker's communication with Washington, or to burn the railroad bridge at Skyesville, but "after crossing the river (at Shepherdstown, or Seneca), you must move on and feel the right of Ewell's troops, collecting information, provisions, etc." It was a brilliant raid, executed with great skill and with marvellous endurance and intrepidity—but it was not ordered by General Lee, and the results were very unsatisfactory.

Does it not appear reasonable that General Stuart, having been, even if without fault of his own, delayed two days in crossing the Potomac, would then have felt, if he was to perform the service entrusted to him by General Lee on the 23rd of June, he must march with all possible haste, by the shortest practicable route, to place himself in touch with General Ewell?

Did he do this? Or, did not his eager and aggressive nature lead him to undertake enterprises which greatly delayed his march? The infantry of the Fifth Corps of the Federal army was only one day behind Stuart's column at Westminster, though when he began his movement that corps was in Virginia.

But there is a previous question. When Longstreet and Hill had crossed the Potomac, and Hooker, learning the fact, had followed, the plans of the Confederate Commander, were, as I have stated, revealed to General Hooker, and the reason given for Stuart's march being made in rear of Federal army, no longer existed. Should not that officer then have reverted to the other route and crossed at Shepherdstown so as to be able to carry out his instructions as promptly as possible? Was not this course also the more important when he found that he could not cross the Potomac on the 25th, because the Federal columns were moving north? His cavalry had been assigned a definite part in the campaign then opened—that is, to guard Ewell's flank, keep him informed of the enemy's movements, and collect supplies for the army. Everything should have been subordinated to the accomplishment of this end. Had it been, General Stuart would have resisted the temptation to break the Federal communications with Washington, and to capture and carry off the enemy's wagon train, and would have joined Ewell several days before he did. However brilliant and daring his operations in Hooker's rear, and however beneficial their results, it is not pertinent to the question at issue, which is simply this: Did General Stuart exert himself with whole-hearted energy to carry out the instructions he received, and in the most expeditious manner? In so critical and fateful a movement as the invasion of Pennsylvania, it was supremely important that every officer should carry out the orders of the Commander-in-Chief with the strictest fidelity and exactness. As a matter of fact, Ewell made his march to the Susquehanna (starting on June 23rd from Hagerstown) without receiving any aid from General Stuart. That officer was not able to accomplish any of the things he was charged to do in connection with Ewell's advance. And he was not able to accomplish them because, *first*, he took the course behind the Federal army when the reason for that line of march no longer existed and when the circumstances under which he had received permission to do so, had completely changed; and, *second*, because having crossed the Potomac on the 27th, he did not then march as directed, and as expeditiously as possible, to effect a junction with General Ewell. It cannot be supposed that when Lee gave Stuart his instructions on June 22nd, he had any idea that that officer would not report to General Ewell until the 1st of July—the 9th day after.

Colonel Mosby says that Stuart's cavalry could not have been of any material service to Lee even had they been present at Gettysburg from the beginning of the battle, and yet he says (page 189), that "the withdrawal of Buford's cavalry left Sickels' flank in the peach orchard uncovered—'in the air'," "and that Longstreet took advantage of it and struck him a stunning blow." These two statements are inconsistent. Col. Henderson is of opinion that the skillful handling of the Federal cavalry "practically decided the issue of the conflict." "Science of War," p. 278.

Colonel Mosby makes much of the alleged inconsistency of the statement in General Lee's Report of Jan., 1864, that Stuart was instructed "to lose no time in placing his command on the right *of our column* as soon as he perceived the enemy moving northword," with the orders he actually received to accompany *the column of General Ewell.* But is there any inconsistency? In using this language, Lee was thinking of his army as a unit, and could not have meant that he expected Stuart to be with Longstreet when he had ordered him to be with Ewell, as is stated in the report which Mosby criticizes. This is explicitly stated in the same report a sentence or two before the allusion to "the right of our column." "Our column," in the connection in which it stands, can only mean Gen. Ewell's column. Such criticism is captious and unfair.

In analysing Colonel Mosby's defence of General Stuart, and pointing out what I consider his mistakes, I have had no desire to associate myself with those who seek to cast the whole responsibility for the failure of the Gettysburg Campaign on the shoulders of the Commander-in-Chief of the Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia. General A. P. Hill, General Ewell, General Longstreet—especially the last—must all share it with him. I think it must be acknowledged that the battle was precipitated by the unauthorized advance of General Hill on July 1st. I think also that Col. Mosby is right in the opinion that Lee had no intention of fighting a general battle at Gettysburg: he was dragged into it by his Lieutenant. But on the other hand, I think that if General Stuart had been with Early, as he might and ought to have been, on the night of the 29th, or the morning of the 30th,* his cavalry would in all probability have prevented the rash advance of General Hill. Marching from York to Cashtown on the 30th, by way of Heidlersburg, he would have felt the enemy, ascertained his position and his strength and left no excuse for that reconnaisance which prematurely brought on the battle on a field Lee had not selected. * * *

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* Col. Mosby says, p. 191, if Stuart had arrived on the 30th at York "he could not have communicated with Lee." No, but he would have received the orders Lee had issued for concentration at Cashtown, and he would have marched that day with Early towards Cashtown.

Colonel Mosby's book involves very serious strictures on General Lee, which his soldiers are loath to accept save on the most incontrovertible evidence. He asks us to believe, as I have said, that the Report of the Gettysburg Campaign which General Lee signed in January, 1864, not only reflects gross injustice on General Stuart, but bristles with inconsistencies and grievous mistakes on points of capital importance. It is incredible that these two reports of the battle were signed by General Lee without reading them. It is inconsistent with his habit in other cases. We know that he took time to read Gen. Pickett's report of the battle. Why not then read his own report? And if General Lee read them, then certainly their salient statements, to say the least, have the stamp of his authority. But Col. Mosby asserts that it was not Lee's purpose on the 28th of June to advance against Harrisburg, though he says so in his report, and though Col. Marshall says he himself sent orders to that effect to Hill and Longstreet on the night of the 28th. He insists also that the change of plan and the orders to concentrate at Cashtown were not the consequence of the intelligence brought by a scout on June 28th, although General Lee affirms it in his report. No matter: Col. Mosby knows better: He is sure that Lee had ordered Ewell back from Carlisle on the 27th, and he is satisfied by this by the letter in Lee's letter-book, not copied, but written from memory afterwards by Colonel Venable. His whole argument on this point rests, as I have said, on the accuracy of the *date* of that letter. I have shown that on the hypothesis of an error in date, the 28th instead of the 29th, the inconsistencies Col. Mosby alleges disappear.*

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*Col. Mosby is of opinion that the scout who came in at Chambersburg late on June 28th was as unreal as Caesar's ghost at Philippi. "No spy came in at Chambersburg," he says. Yet General Longstreet positively affirmed it. General Lee's report states it as a fact and Colonel Marshall says that he was sent for to General Lee's tent after 10 P. M., June 28th and found him in conference with a man in citizen's dress, who proved to be General Longstreet's scout. This is a threefold cord of testimony not to be easily rent asunder by the *ipse dixit* of Colonel Mosby. What appears conclusive proof to Colonel Mosby that the story of the scout is a myth is the statement, in after years coupled with it, that the said scout also brought intelligence of the appointment of General Meade that very day to the

Now General Lee's Report does reflect on General Stuart, so far as to intimate surprise that he did not report to Ewell or to Lee before the 2nd of July, and it reflects the feeling of the Commander-in-Chief that he was greatly embarrassed by this absence. But it leaves it *an open question* whether that absence was unavoidable. Now, if there was one feature in Lee's character that was conspicuous and undeniable, it was his magnanimity. He showed it in a remarkable degree at Gettysburg, and when he states in his report the fact of Stuart's absence, and the embarrassment it caused him, his soldiers feel that the statement is to be accepted as absolutely true. Military critics at once recognize that the absence of the Cavalry was the most serious drawback to the success of the campaign. We think Lee was a better judge than Colonel Mosby whether the cavalry of Stuart, under such a superb leader as he was, would have contributed to the success of the campaign, or would have, at least, prevented the precipitation of the battle when and where it occurred.

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command of the Army of the Potomac; but there is no mention of this in General Lee's report. It may be a later edition to the original story. But whether true or false, it does not concern the defenders of the accuracy of General Lee's statement in his report. It is not alluded to either in that report or in the report of General Longstreet. However, the fact is that General Hooker telegraphed his resignation on the evening of June 27th. Meade was at once appointed in his place, and the news of his appointment reached Frederick in the forenoon of June 28th. Colonel Mosby thinks it impossible that the alleged scout could have carried this news so soon from Frederick to Longstreet at Chambersburg. But if by some chance the said scout learned the news in the forenoon of the 28th, is it certain he could not have travelled 55 miles before 11 P. M.? President Roosevelt could have done it; perhaps he could. I do not think his quotation from Colonel Freemantle proves that the news of Hooker's being suspended was not received by Longstreet until the 30th of June. But, as I have said, the question is of no importance in the argument on behalf of the accuracy of General Lee's statement in his report.

Gen. E. P. Alexander is another witness in both these points. He says, p. 379, that on June 28th, General Lee still believed Hooker had not crossed the Potomac; that he issued orders for an advance of his whole army next day upon Harrisburg; but that his plan was changed by the arrival of General Longstreet's scout about midnight of the 28th, with news that Hooker had crossed into Maryland, and that he had been superseded.

I do not think Colonel Mosby has shown that Stuart was without blame, and I therefore feel that *part* of the responsibility (I do not say the larger part), for the failure of the campaign must rest on him. And when I say this, I nevertheless yield to none in my admiration of that superb soldier whose military genius and magnificent intrepidity place him so high among the great leaders of the Confederate army.

It is greatly to be regretted that Colonel Mosby should have deemed it proper, in defending General Stuart against what he considers unjust criticism, to indulge in these strictures upon the conduct and the military judgment of General Lee. He declares, as we have seen, that General Lee was absolutely in error in several of the salient and most important points of his reports. Or, if we wish to save General Lee's reputation in these respects, he suggests an alternative, inconsistent with Lee's whole character and record, and dishonorable to him as a responsible officer, viz.: that he signed his reports without reading them. Was Lee than an automaton to do the bidding of Colonel Marshall, his military secretary?

Again, in referring to General Lee's suggestion before he embarked on the Pennsylvania campaign, June 23rd, that General Beauregard should be sent to Culpepper Courthouse with an army, however small, to threaten Washington, Colonel Mosby dismisses the subject lightly with the remark that "if it had been practicable to raise such an army, as the campaign closed the next week at Gettysburg, it could not have been assembled in time to render any assistance to General Lee in the Pennsylvania campaign," p. 84. Yet there were five brigades at Petersburg, Richmond and Guinea Station, besides three brigades in North Carolina, and if General Beauregard and even two of these brigades had been at once sent forward to Culpepper, they could have reached there by rail in a few days, and the moral effect would have been such as probably to turn back some of Hooker's army for the defence of Washington—greatly to Lee's advantage in the approaching battle. Capt. Battine, a military critic of ability, remarks that it would have been "worth incurring great risks" to have drawn four of these brigades—"to comply with this suggestion about Beauregard," p. 166.

Again, Colonel Mosby challenges General Lee's statement that he was embarrassed by the absence of General Stuart with the larger part of the cavalry. Col. Mosby knows better—Lee had all the cavalry that he needed. It does not appear to be necessary to ascribe infallibility to General Lee, in order to justify the conclusion that that great soldier probably knew better than the gallant partisan Colonel whether or not the presence of Stuart and his horsemen would have been of great service to him in the campaign. General Lee doubtless was not infallible, but his judgment in military matters was, if we may say so without offence, much less fallible than that of Colonel Mosby.

The same able writer already referred to says, p. 195:

"Probably it was the want of information due to the lack of co-operating cavalry which lay at the root of the halting tactics of the Confederate leaders. Thus every move of the enemy took them by surprise and inspired them with unnecessary caution at the very moment when boldness would have gained so much." (See p. 219 and 220.)

But the most painful thrust which Colonel Mosby makes at the reputation of General Lee, is contained in the following paragraph:

"There is a floating legend that General Lee assumed all the blame of his defeat. He did not: his reports put all the blame on Stuart."

That General Lee said to his soldiers after the repulse of Pickett's charge that he was responsible for the failure is not a "floating legend" but a well attested fact. That he refrained from reproaching his three Lieutenants, Hill and Ewell and Longstreet, with their share in the defeat is another well known fact. That he wrote to Jefferson Davis that touching and pathetic letter asking that a younger and better man be placed in command of the army, because of his lack of success is yet another proof that he assumed the responsibility of the failure. And to say that in his report he "put all the blame on Stuart" is a grave inaccuracy. The first report states the simple fact, without any animadversion that "the absence of the cavalry rendered it impossible to obtain accurate information." The second rehearsed the orders given General Stuart, and added that it was expected that officer would "give notice of the movements" of the Federal army, but as "nothing had been heard from him," it was inferred that the enemy had not yet left Virginia."* The report leaves it an open question whether Stuart was, or was not, to blame for his absence and for the lack of information. General Fitz Lee in his life of General Lee, with these reports before him, states that General Lee and General Longstreet were responsible for Stuart's absence, a statement with which I cannot agree.

The untoward conclusion of the Pennsylvania Campaign—in a drawn battle which compelled him to retreat, instead of in the decisive victory he had a right to expect—must have been a crushing blow to the spirit of General Lee; and it must forever remain a splendid illustration of the magnanimity of that great soldier that he made no attempt to shield his military reputation behind the shortcomings of his Lieutenants. To state the consequence of the absence of General Stuart was a part of the story—the *res gestae*—of the campaign, and could not have been omitted in any intelligent account of the same. But to refrain, as he did, from stating that the absence of that officer and his command was due to a failure to strictly observe the orders he had received—was a generous and magnanimous act which has few parallels in military history. It is to be deeply regretted that any officer who ever drew sword in Lee's army should seek to tarnish the splendor of such noble self restraint.

On the whole I fear the careful critic will be constrained to pass on Col Mosby's book the criticism that writer has passed on Col. Marshall's work in Lee's report: "It is a fine example of special pleading, and the composition shows that the author possessed far more of the qualities of an advocate than of a judge."

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*I have quoted on a previous page a passage from Gen. Stuart's report of his operations, in which he states that it was "important" for him "to acquaint the Commanding General with the movements of the enemy."

# AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER, OR OPEQUON.

The following incident of the evening before the battle of Winchester, or Opequon, and of the early morning on which it was fought, is illustrative of the situation:

I was at that time second lieutenant of the Charlotte Cavalry, Company B, Fourteenth Virginia Cavalry, of McCausland's brigade. I had charge of a line of pickets extending from Brucetown, on the banks of the Opequon, to the crossing of the Berryville pike. I had gotten acquainted with some of the officers and men of the Federal army, who picketed the opposite side of the stream, and we exchanged civilities when not firing. One of my acquaintances was a Yankee lieutenant, and we had gotten on as easy terms as were compatible with our hostile relations. On the afternoon of the 18th of September, 1864, this officer hallooed across the Opequon to me: "Don't you want some newspapers?" Of course, I replied that I did. He rolled them around a stone or stick and flung two papers over to me. One was a Baltimore paper, the other of Washington, D. C. In both of them I read the statement of a union man, who had spied out the situation in Winchester, and who reported that Early's force of all arms did not exceed 15,000 men, and that Kershaw's division had left Early and returned eastward across the mountain. As soon as I saw this I said to myself and told my companions we will be speedily driven from here. The next morning the Yankee lieutenant hallooed to me again, and in a good-natured way, said: "We don't want to kill you fellows, and you had better get away; we are coming after you." I immediately ordered my men to mount, for I felt that trouble was on hand. In a few moments I heard the sound of artillery to my left, and in a little while the battle was on. The fact was that Early had been so active and aggressive attacking Sheridan in various directions, by rapid marches playing such a bold hand, and demonstrating under appearance of power that he had completely pulled the wool over Sheridan's eyes, and made him believe that he was far stronger than the reality. I felt at the time that as soon as Sheridan was satisfied of the fact that Kershaw was gone and that Early's display of force had been more seeming than real, he would lead his heavy force against him. Grant was expecting it, and was constantly prodding Sheridan to go forward. The administration at Washington, which had supplied him with an overabundance of men and resources, also expected it, and as soon as Sheridan got intelligence of the true condition he did advance.

His timidity, however, which he himself acknowledged later, was manifested by his plan of battle, and had he not felt misgivings he would have thrown his cavalry corps on Early's right across the Valley Pike and pressed his battle in that direction. Had he done so and sustained his assault with sturdiness, it looks as if he ought to have captured all of Early's army. On the contrary, he felt his way forward with extreme caution, and up to 4 o'clock in the afternoon, notwithstanding his overwhelming force, he was checked and beaten by Early in the battle, which for sturdy valor has no superior in the whole war.

Ramseur, on our right, held his own against Sheridan's assault most gallantly. Rodes came in and drove the enemy's front, a splendid achievement. The battle "trembled in the balance," as Colonel Thomas H. Carter says, and the artillery, of which he was the chief, rolled back in disaster and dismay the assaults made upon it. The turn of the battle came about the time the Eighth Corps and Torbet's whole corps of cavalry, with the exception of Wilson's division (which had been thrown to our right and held in check by Lomax), advanced, overlapping the small commands of Fitz Lee and Breckenridge a mile in distance and seeming to cover the whole face of the earth with their massive numbers. Just at that juncture Rodes fell, while directing his division with great skill and energy, and but for this deplorable misfortune it is far from certain that the Confederates would not have prevailed. But the two things came at once, the enemy's reinforcements and the fall of Rodes.

I never saw such a sight in my life as that of the tremendous force, the flying banners, sparkling bayonets and flashing sabres, moving from the north and east upon the left flank and rear of our army. It is wonderful to relate that notwithstanding this tremendous force, which overnumbered Early fully four to one, and notwithstanding the fall of the gallant and efficient Rodes, Early extricated his army, and the battle closed, with the losses of Early (plus the loss in his cavalry, which for all of September was sixty killed and 288 wounded, supposing that all to have been incurred at Winchester), Sheridan's force would still largely exceed Early's.

From my observation of that command and from my knowledge of the numbers which Early encountered, my opinion has long been fixed that Lee had no lieutenant whose talents for war were more brilliant than those of Early. The records prove his achievements so clearly that they cannot either be rubbed out or diminised by the pretensions of rivals or the carpings of critics.

## MARYLANDERS IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

*Messrs. Editors*:

How many Marylanders served in the Confederate Army is an inquiry that is periodically made.

Maj.-Gen. Isaac R. Trimble, in a prepared address, delivered before the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland, on February 22, 1883, said:

"Gen. S. Cooper, Adjutant-General of our Government, told me in Richmond that over 21,000 Marylanders had entered the Southern armies."

General Trimble was a man of unquestioned high character and integrity. It must be remembered that the Adjutant-General's office contained the records of all the Confederate armies, including the nativity of all soldiers.

General Cooper was Adjutant-General of the United States Army before the war, and, having resigned early in 1861, was given the same position in the Confederate service. This statement, therefore, may be regarded as official.

General Trimble further said:

"General Lee often told me that he had much at heart the separate organization of the Marylanders. They are, he said, unrivaled soldiers, and, if brought together, we may get many other Marylanders to join us."

This was attempted in 1863, but it was then too late, as the Marylanders who were serving in other organizations were unwilling to leave their present comrades and associations, formed through the ties of many campaigns and battles.

They were found in every army and every organization, and were specially noted for their refusal to desert, although home and comfort awaited them.

Of the First Regiment General Trimble said that they "were the dandies of the army, better dressed, better shod, better drilled and in gayer spirits than any in the whole army—and never one deserter."

# THE BATTLE AT BETHESDA CHURCH.

## One Among the Bloodiest Contests of the Great War of the Sixties—The Color-Bearer Killed.

### Graphic Description of It By Lieutenant Colonel C. B. CHRISTIAN.

The sharp combat at Bethesda Church, on the afternoon of May 30, 1864, was the beginning of the series of battles at Cold Harbor, which wound up by the decisive repulse of Grant on June 3rd. Our loss on that occasion, except in Pegram's brigade, was small, says General Early in his report, which is found in Vol. 51 Part 1, Serial 1, of the War Records, Serial Number 107. He was at that time commanding Ewell's corps. Colonel Edward Willis, of Georgia, and Colonel J. B. Terrill, of the Thirteenth Virginia, had both been named as Brigadier Generals, but were killed ere their commissions reached them. Willis was a brilliant young officer of great promise and of distinguished service. A West Pointer by training, he had won a name which will live in the annals of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Colonel J. B. Terrill was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute; had long commanded the Thirteenth Virginia with great courage and skill, succeeding James A. Walker and A. P. Hill as colonel of a regiment which had no superior in the Confederate Army. His brother, General Terrill of the United States Army, was a West Pointer, and had been killed at Perryville, Ky.

Colonel Christian's account of this combat gives us a picturesque glimpse of the charge of the Forty-ninth Virginia Regiment, which made its mark under Colonel (Governor) William Smith, at First Manassas, and sustained its reputation to the close of its career. Colonel Christian was a V. M. I. man and one of those sturdy fighting men who always had "his place in the picture by the blasting of the guns." His adventures from Bethesda Church to Morris Island, bring vividly before the mind the days that verily "tried men's souls."

The army was so steadily fighting at the time of this action that reports were scant, and Colonel Christian is doing his State and his comrades worthy service in thus giving his memory of valiant deeds.

John W. Daniel.

Editor of The Times Dispatch:

Sir,—This was the bloodiest fight of our Civil War considering the number engaged on our side. The per cent. in killed and wounded was three times as great as that of the French at the battle of Waterloo. The loss of officers was full ninety per cent. of all engaged (mostly killed). It was there the dashing Colonel Edward Willis, of the Eighty-Second Georgia (in temporary command of our brigade), was killed. His staff officer the chivalrous young Lieutenant Randolph, of Richmond, also was killed; 'twas there the brave Colonel J. B. Terrill, of the Thirteenth Virginia, ended his useful career, as did, also, Major Watkins, the brave soldier of the Fifty-second.

'Twas there Colonel J. C. Gibson, like an old "war-horse," always scenting the battle in the breeze, came down from the hospital on one leg and got the other shattered to pieces. In fact, every field officer, and nearly every company officer, in the brigade, present in action, was either killed, or wounded. General Lee's lines were formed at right angle to the ——— road leading down James River near second Cold Harbor. Then enemy on our front shifted their position and threw up earthworks lower down the road, and parallel to it. Orders came to Early's old brigade (the Fourth Virginia), composed of the Forty-ninth, Fifty-second, Fifty-eighth, Thirty-first, and Thirteenth Regiments, to march down the road and make a reconnoissance preliminary to second Cold Harbor battle. Our regiment, the Forty-ninth Virginia,having lost nine color-bearers in the battle from Wilderness to Richmond, I went down the line to select another, I came to a tall, lanky beardless boy, from the mountains of Amherst, with a "red cap" on, so soon to die, but to die game. I said, "Orendorf, will you carry the colors?" He replied, "Yes, Colonel, I will carry them. They killed my brother the other day; now damn them let them kill me too." He took the flag, so soon to be his winding sheet, and the brigade was marched out and down the road, the Forty-ninth at its head, for some distance, and halted, General Ramseur "bossing the job."

I then heard a single piece of artillery firing at intervals in a strip of woods on the left, and being at the head of the column I heard General Ramseur say to General Early: "General, let me take that gun out of the wet." General Early vigorously advised and protested against it. Ramseur insisting, General Early finally acquiesced in the move.

The brigade was fronted to the left and the advance started. The gun immediately retired to the works as a decoy and no resistance was made to our advance then. Presently we came to a level, open field, one-half mile across, and could see on the opposite side at the edge of another strip of timber behind which artillery was massed—heavier than I had ever seen, unless it was at Malvern Hill, although I had been in every battle of the war, from First Manassas down, fought by the Army of Northern Virginia; and bayonets bristling as thick as the "leaves of Vallambrosa," supported by three distinct lines of battle, as will hereinafter appear.

They had evidently taken the exact range to the edge of the woods. As soon as the brigade was well into the open fields the enemy opened with the heaviest and most murderous fire I had ever seen with grape, canister and musketry. Our veterans of a hundred fights knew at a glance that they were marching up to die, but like the old guard under Cambranne at Waterloo they preferred to die, rather than to waver. Our line melted away as if by magic—every brigade, staff and field officer was cut down, (mostly killed outright) in an incredibly short time.

I brought our regiment, (the Forty-ninth Virginia), to a "right-shoulder shift arms" to prevent firing and breaking ranks during the charge and pushed at a run through this maelstrom of death and carnage. The men who usually charged with the "rebel yell" rushed on in silence. At each successive fire, great gaps were made in our ranks, but immediately closed up. We crossed that field of carnage and mounted the parapet of the enemy's works and poured a volley in their faces. They gave way, but two lines of battle, close in their rear, rose and each delivered a volley into our ranks, in rapid succession. Some of our killed and wounded fell forward into the enemy's trenches—some backwards outside the parapet. Our line already decimated was now almost annhilated. The remnants of the regiment were formed and sheltered behind a fence (to shoot over) just outside of the parapet, and continued the unequal struggle, hoping for support that never came.

But not so with the little red-cap color bearer. He stood erect within twenty feet of the muzzles of the enemy's guns and waved his flag defiantly in their faces. They must have hesitated to kill him in admiration of his bravery. Though finally a heavy gun was trailed on him not twenty yards distant. His little "red cap" flew up ten feet, one arm went up one way, the other another—fragments of his flesh were dashed in our faces. They had "killed him, too."

The Forty-ninth was the extreme right of our line. The enemy's line overlapped, outflanked and encompassed us. It seemed we were shot at from everywhere. Finally the brave old Captain Stratton from Nelson, said: "Colonel, in five minutes you won't have a man left, let them surrender!" Seeing the futility of continuing the unequal struggle of three officers and eighteen men against twenty thousand of the enemy, I said: "Captain, that is so, let them surrender, but I'll be hanged if I will." Eugene Flippin, of Lowesville, (whose leg had just been torn off), lying close by, heard this and raised a so-called white flag, red with blood and black with powder, and the enemy ceased firing. The little remnant of the Forty-ninth Virginia Regiment stood up at an order arms, after which the writer started to run the gauntlet of death and cut his way out, if possible. I got about fifty yards and cleared the men when, as General Anderson, who commanded the Pennsylvania reserves we were fighting afterwards told me, three thousand shots were fired at me, all at once.

One of the first struck me between my ear and head, but was turned out by a double gold cord around my hat, cutting off a small piece of my ear, and while falling I was shot through both shoulders, but fell in a deep water furrow, which saved me from being riddled. I had already been shot in the throat. Later they threw out a line of skirmishers these advanced to where I lay—a sandy-haired fellow leveled his gun at me and ordered me up. I told him I was wounded and perhaps bleeding to death. He gazed at me an instant and soliloquized: "What a likely fellow! What a pity! What a pity!" and moved on a few yards, when a shot from the woods fatally wounded him. He came staggering back, saying, "Johnny Reb, please kill me"—fell a few yards off crying out with pain—got up and staggered a few yards further—fell and all was hushed in death. The skirmish line then retired into the trenches until after dark, when they covered the ground and commenced removing the wounded.

The enemy treated me with great consideration and kindness. I was the ranking living officer of the brigade they had to deal with. General Anderson (I think that was the officer's name), who commanded the Pennsylvania reserves, whom we fought, had me carried on a stretcher to his headquarters, administered whiskey to me with his own hands as I was cold and chilly—offered me something to eat—gave directions that I should have special medical attention and said that "I, and every man I had, should be well treated—that he had never seen men come up at a 'right-shoulder shift arms' and meet death like mine did before." He asked me specially about the "red cap" "color bearer," whose taking off he saw.

The next morning I was taken to a field hospital in the beautiful yard of Dr. Brockenbrough, the brother of my old friend, Judge John W. Brockenbrough, and his tiny little girl bravely came into the enemy's tent with the maimed and dying and fed with a spoon her fallen defender. (God bless her.) All of their ambulances being engaged hauling their own wounded to the "White House" for shipment North, they fitted up a spring wagon drawn by four horses, by filling the body with pine tags, specially for me alone, and detailed one of my own men, slightly wounded, to wait on me. On my arrival at the wharf, while waiting, my three officers—Captain Stratton, Lieutenant Reid, and Lieutenant Anderson (under gurad), found me in the wagon. I made one of the "Sanitary Commission," constantly passing, dispensing every known delicacy to eat and to drink to their wounded, give them a drink of French brandy, and made the driver fill their haversacks from the barrel of privisions in the wagon. I never saw but one of them again.

I was shipped hence to Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C.

While lying on my cot afterwards I could hear the boom of General Early's guns around the walls of the city, after having chased Hunter down the Valley from Lynchburg, and I heard the Yankees say, "I believe the rebels will get in in spite of us."

After weary months in Washington, during which time I was shown many kindnesses and attentions from Southern sympathizers, I was carried to Fort Delaware prison. After a lapse of some time I was drawn in with the lot of six hundred officers to be carried to "Morris Island," to be placed under the fire of our own guns at Charleston. We were crowded in the dark hole of the vessel, only equal to the "Black Hole of Calcutta," and packed on shelves like goods in a store, without any light or air, except that driven down a shaft by wind-sails.

On our arrival at our destination we were put in a "stockade pen," between "Fort Wagner and Fort Gregg," and guarded by a negro regiment. For forty-five days we sat upon the sands and witnessed the burning fuses from bombs, larger than nail kegs continuously fired night and day by our men at the forts. If they overshot the one or undershot the other they'd hit us. But that God that marks even the sparrow's fall, protected us. On the eve of our leaving for "Hilton Head," the negroes on guard fired into some of us. I saw three fall either killed or wounded; they were hurriedly moved out. I never learned their fate. On our arrival in "Port Royal Harbor" we cast anchor eight miles out from shore. Three of our number got the cabin maid to steal them life preservers from the cabins and quietly slid overboard where sharks were as thick as minnows. Two were exhausted from thirst and lack of food and were captured on Pinkney Island; the third reached Charleston.

The six hundred officers were now divided—three hundred were confined in Fort Pulaski and three hundred at Hilton Head.

We had "jumped out of the frying pan into the fire." We were all put under what they call "retaliation," for forty-five days. They claimed that we starved their prisoners at Andersonville (not having much to feed them, as they had cut our lines and refusing to exchange), and with all their Christianity and philanthrophy they held it was right for them to starve us as a vicarious punishment for the sins of others. They gave us absolutely nothing at all to eat for forty-five days but a little rotten cornmeal filled with black bugs, without salt or anyway, to cook it. Our comrades were dying by squads daily, the dead house was filled all the time with the corpses. Scores of cats would enter through holes and prey upon the dead. Some of us would put bags over the holes through which the cats entered, and some would go in with clubs, and soon we would have a full supply of cats. They were eaten ravenously by the starving officers, as Lieutenant Peary's men ate their comrades. At last we were ordered back to Fort Delaware. The remnant of the six hundred left that Yankee hell, where Southern braves cried for bread and fed on cats, gorged with the corpses of their dead comrades. We reached Fort Delaware a short time before the surrender. One morning I was aroused by a familiar "rebel yell"—looked out and saw the flags dropping at half mast and heard that Booth had killed Lincoln. Soon all privates and line officers were paroled, and sixty field officers were held in prison until August.

In conclusion I will say that some years ago Captain James Bumgardner, of Staunton, who was an officer in the Fifty-second Virginia Regiment, next on the left of the Forty-ninth, told me that his regiment also had only three officers and eighteen men left. Thus and there at Bethesda Church well nigh perished one of the grandest corps of men the world has ever known—made up of the best young blood of Virginia, fighting for their "Lares and their Penates"—their exploits would brighten the fairest name upon the roll of Battle Abbey, and vie with the knightliest of any age. A brigade that had been led to victory by General Early and others on a hundred battlefields; that had swept everything before it like a tornado; a brigade under whose flag you had fought and bled; a brigade that had furnished to the Confederacy four or five generals: Early, William Smith, A. P. Hill, J. A. Walker and J. B. Terrell (whose commission was on its way to him when he fell), thus to be slaughtered. The absent wounded returned; the ranks were recruited by conscription, but this historic old Fourth Virginia Brigade died then and there at Bethesda Church.

Your friend and comrade,

C. B. CHRISTIAN,
Walker's Ford, Amherst county, Virginia.

# JEFFERSON DAVIS.

## A Statement Concerning the Imputed Special Causes of His Long Imprisonment by the Government of the United States, and of his Tardy Release by Due Process of Law.

### Contained in a Letter from the Honourable GEORGE SHEA, of New York, One of His Counsel.

### PREPARATORY NOTICE.

During the session, 1875-6, of the Congress of the United States, a bill was introduced to grant universal amnesty to all persons engaged on the Southern side in the late war between those States. Mr. Blaine, now the Senator from the State of Maine, urged upon the House that the bill should by name exclude the Honorable Jefferson Davis, President of the late Southern Confederacy, from the intended beneficial relief of the proposed legislation, for the reason that Mr. Davis had conducted the war in a manner not permitted by the rules of civilized nations, especially in the treatment of prisoners. Mr. Blaine's speech was very violent, and intended to further increase any unfriendly feeling which may yet exist against Mr. Davis, and, as there was no cause for personal animosity between them, it was thought, and regretted, by many people of both political parties in America that Mr. Blane's purpose was simply to promote partisan objects. The letter of Chief Justice Shea was published in the *New York Tribune,* the leading organ of the Republican party in America, and is so generally accepted as an authentic and full refutation of those charges, reiterated at this late day by Mr. Blaine, that we think it advisable to publish it in a form more durable than that afforded by the pages of a daily newspaper, and likewise bring it within reach of all those who are interested in the truth of an important episode in the late American struggle; and about which there has been so much debate in their national councils, and among their people. Of the letter now republished *The Tribune* in its issue of January 24, 1876, says, in a leading editorial, "No more important statements than these concerning that phase of the Civil War have been given to the public."

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## THE LETTER.

*To the Editor of* THE TRIBUNE:

Sir,—I apprehend no one will accuse me with having ever harbored disunion proclivities, or of any inclination toward secession heresies. But truth is truth, justice is justice, and an act of proposed magnanimity should not be impaired by both an untruth and an injustice. The statement in the House of Representatives on Thursday last, made by General Banks during the debate on the proposed Amnesty Bill, was more entirely correct than, perhaps, he had reason to credit.

What I now relate are facts: Mr. Horace Greeley received a letter, dated June 22, 1865, from Mrs. Jefferson Davis. It was written at Savannah, Georgia, where Mrs. Davis and her family were then detained under a sort of Military restraint. Mr. Davis himself, recently taken prisoner, was at Fortress Monroe; and the most conspicuous special charge threatened against him by the "Bureau of Military Justice" was of guilty knowledge relating to the assassination of President Lincoln. The principal purpose of the letter was, imploring Mr. Greeley to bring about a speedy trial of her husband upon that charge, and upon all other charges of supposed cruelties that were inferred against him. A public trial was prayed that the accusations might be as publicly met, and her husband, as she insisted could be done, readily vindicated.

To this letter Mr. Greeley at once forwarded an answer for Mrs. Davis, directed to the care of General Burge, commanding our military forces at Savannah. The morning of the next day Mr. Greely came to my residence in this city, placed the letter from Mrs. Davis in my hand, saying that he could not believe the charge to be true; that aside from the enormity and want of object, it would have been impolitic in Mr. Davis, or any other leader in the Southern States, as they could not but be aware of Mr. Lincoln's naturally kind heart and his good intentions toward them all; and Mr. Greeley asked me to become professionally interested in behalf of Mr. Davis.

I called to Mr. Greeley's attention that, although I was like-minded with himself as to this one view of the case, yet there was the other pending charge of cruel treatment of our Union soldiers while prisoners at Andersonville and other places, and that, unless our Government was willing to have it imputed that Wirtz was convicted and his sentence of death inflicted unjustly, it could not now overlook the superior who was, at least popularly, regarded as the moving cause of those wrongs; and that if Mr. Davis had been guilty of such breach of the rules for the conduct of war in modern civilization, he was not entitled to the rights of, nor to be manumitted as, a mere prisoner of war. I expressed the thought that my services before a military tribunal would be of little benefit. I hesitated; but finally told Mr. Greeley that I would consult with some of our common friends, whose countenance would give strength to such an undertaking, if it were discovered to be right, and that none but Republicans and some of the radical kind were likely to be of positive aid. Indeed, any other would have been injurious.

It occurred to me, from recollecting conversations with Mr. Henry Wilson,* the previous April, while we were together at Hilton Head, South Carolina, that if Mr. Davis were guiltless of this latter offence, an avenue might be opened for a speedy trial, or for his manumission as any other prisoner of war. I did consult with such friends, and Mr. Henry Wilson, Governor John A. Andrew, Mr. Thaddeus Stephens,† and Mr. Gerrit Smith were among them. The result was that I thereupon undertook to do whatever became feasible.

Although not in strictness required to elucidate our present intent, it is, nevertheless, becoming the history of the case simply to mention that Mr. Charles O'Conor was, from the first, esteemed the most valuable man to lead for the defence by Mr.

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* Since the Vice-President of the United States.

† Then the acknowledged leader of the radical and controlling wing of the Republican party in the House of Representatives.

Greeley and Mr. Gerrit Smith. A Democrat of pronounced repute, still his appearance would import no partisan aspect to the great argument, and would excite no feelings but those of admiration and respect among even extreme men of opposite opinion. Public expectation looked to him, and soon after it was made known that he had already volunteered his services to Mr. Davis. Mr. O'Conor's course during the war was decided, understood and consistent, but never offensive nor intrusive; his personal honor without reproach; his courage without fear; his learning, erudition and propriety of professional judgment conceded as most eminent.

There was a general agreement among the gentlemen of the Republican party whom I have mentioned, that Mr. Davis did not by thought or act participate in a conspiracy against Mr. Lincoln; and none of those expressed that conviction more emphatically than Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. The single subject on which light was desired by them was concerning the treatment of our soldiers while in the hands of the enemy. *The Tribune* of May, 17, 1865, tells the real condition of feeling at that moment, and unequivocally shows that it was not favorable to Mr. Davis on this matter.

At the instance of Mr. Greeley, Mr. Wilson, and, as I was given to understand, of Mr. Stevens, I went to Canada the first week in January, 1866, taking Boston on my route, there to consult with Governor Andrew and others. While at Montreal General John C. Breckinridge came from Toronto, at my request, for the purpose of giving me information. There I had placed in my posession the official archives of the Government of the Confederate States, which I read and considered, especially all those messages and other acts of the Executive with the Senate in its secret sessions concerning the care and exchange of prisoners. I found that the supposed inhuman and unwarlike treatment of their own captured soldiers by agents of our Government was a most prominent and frequent topic. That those reports, current then, perhaps even to this hour, in the South, were substantially incorrect is little to the practical purpose. From those documents, not made to meet the public eye, but used in secret session, and from inquiries by me of those thoroughly conversant with the state of Southern opinion at the time it was manifested that the people of the South believed those reports to be trustworthy, and they individually, and through their representatives at Richmond, pressed upon Mr. Davis, as the Executive and as the Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, instant recourse to active measures of retaliation, to the end that the supposed cruelties might be stayed.

Mr. Davis's conduct under such urgency, and, indeed, expostulation, was a circumstance all-important in determining the probability of this charge as to himself. It was equally and decisively manifest, by the same source of information, that Mr. Davis steadily and unflinchingly set himself in opposition to the indulgence of such demands, and declined to resort to any measure of violent retaliation. It impaired his personal influence, and brought much censure upon him from many in the South, who sincerely believed the reports spread among the people to be really true.

The desire that something should be attempted from which a better care of prisoners could be secured seems to have grown so strong and prevalent, that on July 2, 1863, Mr. Davis accepted the proffered service of Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice-President, to proceed as a military commissioner to Washington. The sole purpose of Mr. Davis in allowing that mission appears, from the said documents, which I read, to have been to place the war on the footing of such as are waged by civilized people in modern times, and to divest it of a savage character, which, it was claimed, had been impressed on it in spite of all effort and protest; and alleged instances of such savage conduct were named and averred. This project was prevented, as Mr. Stephens was denied permission by our Administration to approach Washington, and intercourse with him prohibited. On his return, after this rejected effort to produce a mutual kindness in the treatment of prisoners, Southern feeling became more unquiet on the matter than ever; yet it clearly appears that Mr. Davis would not yield to the demand for retaliation.

The evidence tending to show this to be the true condition of the case as to Mr. Davis himself was brought by me and submitted to Mr. Greeley, and in part to Mr. Wilson. The result was, these gentlemen, and those others in sympathy with them, changed their former suspicion to a favorable opinion and a friendly disposition. They were from this time kept informed of each movement as made to liberate Mr. Davis or to compel the Government to bring the prisoner to trial. All this took place before counsel, indeed, before anyone acting on his behalf, was allowed to communicate with or to see him.

*The Tribune* now, at once, began a series of leading editorials demanding that our Government proceed with the trial; and on January 16, 1866, incited by those editorials, Senator Howard, of Michigan, offered a joint resolution, aided by Mr. Sumner, "recommending the trial of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay before a military tribunal or court-martial, for charges mentioned in the report of the Secretary of War, of March 4, 1866." It will be interesting to mention now that if a trial proceeded in this manner, I was then credibly informed, Mr. Thaddeus Stevens had volunteered as counsel for Mr. Clay.*

After it had become evident that there was no immediate prospect of any trial, if any prospect at all, the counsel for Mr. Davis became anxious that their client be liberated on bail, and one of them consulted with Mr. Greeley as to the feasibility of procuring some names as bondsmen of persons who had conspicuously opposed the war of secession. This was found quite easy; and Mr. Gerrit Smith and Commodore Vanderbilt were selected, and Mr. Greeley, in case his name should be found necessary. All this could not have been accomplished had not those gentlemen, and others in sympathy with them, been already convinced that those charges against Mr. Davis were unfounded in fact. So an application was made on June 11, 1866, to Mr. Justice Underwood, at Alexandria, Va., for a writ of habeas corpus, which, after argument, was denied, upon the ground that "Jefferson Davis was arrested under a proclamation of the President charging him with complicity in the assassination of the late President Lincoln. He has been held," says the decision, "ever since, and is now held, as a military prisoner." The *Washington Chronicle* of that date insisted that "the case is one well entitled to a trial before a military tribunal; the testimony before the Judiciary Committee of the House, all of it bearing directly, *if not conclusively,* on a certain intention to take the life of Mr. Lincoln, is a most important element in the case." This was reported as from the pen of Mr. John W. Forney himself, then Clerk of the Senate, and is cited by me as an expression of a general tone of the press on that occasion. Then, the House of Representatives, on the motion of Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, the following day passed a resolution "that it was the opinion of the House that Jefferson Davis should be held in custody as a prisoner and subject to trial according to the laws of the land." It was adopted by a vote of 105 to 19.

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*This has been since verified by the Hon. Andrew G. Curtin, lately United States Minister Plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg, upon information given to him by the literary executor of the late Mr. Stevens.

It is very suggestive to reflect just here that, in the intermediate time, Mr. Clement C. Clay had been discharged from imprisonment without being brought to trial on either of these charges upon which he had been arrested, and for which arrest the $100,000 reward had been paid.

This failure to liberate Mr. Davis would have been very discouraging to most men; but Mr. Greeley, and those friends who were acting with him, determined to meet the issue made, promptly and sharply, and to push the Government to a trial of its prisoner, or to a withdrawal of the charge made by its Board of Military Justice. The point was soon sent home, and was felt. Mr. Greeley hastened back to New York, and *The Tribune* of June 12, 1866, contained, in a leader from his pen, this unmistakable demand and protest:

"How and when did Davis become a prisoner of war? He was not arrested as a public enemy, but as a felon, officially charged, in the face of the civilized world, with the foulest, most execrable guilt—that of having suborned assassins to murder President Lincoln—a crime the basest and most cowardly known to mankind. It was for this that $100,000 was offered and paid for his arrest. And the proclamation of Andrew Johnson and William H. Seward offering this reward says his complicity with Wilkes Booth & Co. is established 'by evidence now in the Bureau of Military Justice.' So there was no need of time to hunt it up.

"It has been asserted that Davis is responsible for the death by exposure and famine of our captured soldiers; and his official position gives plausibility to the charge. Yet while Henry Wirz—a miserable wretch—a mere tool of tools—was long ago arrainged, tried, convicted, sentenced and hanged for this crime—no charge has been officially preferred against Davis. So we presume none is to be."

*The Tribune* kept up repeating this demand during the following part of that year, and admonished the Government of the increased absurdity of its position, for not daring, seemingly, to prosecute a great criminal against whom it had officially declared it was possessed of evidence to prove that crime. On November 9, 1866, *The Tribune* again thus emphasized this thought:

"Eighteen months have nearly elapsed since Jefferson Davis was made a State prisoner. He had previously been publicly charged, by the President of the United States, with conspiring to assassinate President Lincoln, and $100,000 offered for his capture thereupon. The capture was promptly made and the money duly paid; yet, up to this hour, there has not been even an attempt made by the Government to procure an indictment on that charge. He has, also, been popularly, if not officially, accused of complicity in the virtual murder of Union soldiers, while prisoners of war, by subjecting them to needless, inhuman exposure, privation and abuse; but no official attempt has been made to indict him on that charge. . . . A great Government may deal sternly with offenders, but not meanly; it cannot afford to seem unwilling to repair an obvious wrong."

The Government, however, continued to express its inability to proceed with the trial. Another year had passed since the capture of Mr. Davis, and now another atempt to liberate him by bail was to be made. The Government, by its conduct, having tacitly abandoned those special charges of inhumanity, a petition for a writ was to be presented by which the prisoner might be handed over to the civil authorities to answer the indictment for treason. In aid of this project Mr. Wilson, Chairman of the Committee of Military Affairs, offered in the Senate, on the 18th of March, 1867, a resolution urging the Government to proceed with the trial. The remarkable thoughts and language of that resolution were observed at the time, and necessarily caused people to infer that Mr. Wilson, at least, was not under the too common delusion that the Government really had a case on either of these two particular charges against Mr. Davis individually; and a short time after this Mr. Wilson went to Fortress Monroe and saw Mr. Davis. The visit was simply friendly, and not for any purpose relating to his liberation

On May 14, 1867, Mr. Davis was delivered to the civil authority; was at once admitted to bail, Mr. Greeley and Mr. Gerrit Smith going personally to Richmond, in attestation of their belief that wrong had been done to Mr. Davis, in holding him so long accused upon those charges, now abandoned, and as an expression of magnanimity toward the South. Commodore Vanderbilt, then but recently the recipient of the thanks of Congress for his superb aid to the Government during the war, was also represented there, and signed the bond through Mr. Horace F. Clark, his son-in-law, and Mr. Augustus Schell, his friend.

The apparent unwillingness of the Government to prosecute, under every incentive of pride and honor to prosecute, was accepted by those gentlemen and the others whom I have mentioned as a confirmation of the information given to me at Montreal, and of its entire accuracy.

These men—Andrew, Greeley, Smith and Wilson—have each passed from this life. The history of their efforts to bring all parts of our common country once more and abidingly into unity, peace and concord,* and of Mr. Greeley's enormous sacrifice to compel justice to be done to one man, and he an enemy, should be written.

I will add a single incident tending the same way. In a consultation with Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, at his residence on Capitol Hill, at Washington, in May, 1866, he related to me how the Chief of this "Military Bureau" showed him "the evidence" upon which the proclamation was issued charging Davis and Clay with complicity in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. He said that he refused to give the thing any support, and that he told that gentleman the evidence was insufficient in itself, and incredible. I am not likely ever to forget the earnest manner in which Mr. Stevens then said to me: "Those men are no friends of mine. They are public enemies; and I would treat the South as a conquered country and settle it politically upon the policy best suited for ourselves. But I know these men, sir. They are gentlemen, and incapable of being assassins."

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*See Appendix, page 252.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE SHEA.

No. 205 West Forty-sixth Street,
NEW YORK, JANUARY 15,1876.

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# APPENDIX.

*From the* NEW YORK HERALD, *September 10th,* 1875.

## A SHORT CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

Lexington, Ky., September 8, 1875.

Some years ago, when John C. Beckinridge, after the fall of the rebellion, was an exile in Europe, a story was put in circulation that his return to this country was due to an invitation from the late Horage Greeley. This story was never contradicted, although an attempt was made at the time to throw doubt upon it by the political friends of Mr. Greeley. Since the death of General Breckinridge, the true facts attending his return to America have come to light, and as both parties have departed, it seems due to history that they should be given to the world.

The letter written by Mr. Greeley concerning Mr. Breckinridge's return is addressed to Judge George Shea, of New York. This, and the letter inclosing it, written by Judge Shea to Mr. Breckinridge, are as follows:

*Office of* THE TRIBUNE,
New York, April 8, 1867.

MY FRIEND,—Since nearly all the military chiefs of the South in our late struggle—Generals Lee, Johnston, Beauregard, Longstreet, &c.—have stoutly advised their people to accept their situation unreservedly, and organize their respective States, in accordance with the dictates of Congress, it seems to me a pity that the presence and counsel of General Breckinridge are wanting. We need them not in the South proper, but in his own Kentucky, where a most unfortunate attempt to perpetuate class distinctions, which have no longer any national justification or solid basis, threaten to perpetuate a fued and a struggle, which can do no good and must work great mischief. I wish, therefore, that you would communicate to General Breckinridge my assurance that his presence in this country (which is still his country) is needed, and will not, I think, provoke any exhibition of ill-will.

Yours,
HORACE GREELEY.

George Shea, Esq.

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54 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK,
April 17, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose a letter which I have received from my friend, Mr. Horace Greeley, which I would have forwarded by the former mail had I then known your address. The letter will speak for itself, and I send you the original (with Mr. Greeley's cordial concurrence), so that, if you act upon the suggestion it contains, it may be in your power to make such public use of the letter as your own convenience and judgment may approve.

Last summer I thought it would be prudent under certain assurances, which I have reason to believe would be given to us at Washington, for you to come into the United States, and I designed to go to Canada and confer with you on the subject; but just as I was about to go there I heard that you were leaving for Europe to return this spring. I thought it better to delay.

I have frequently spoken to Republican gentlemen in the United States Senate and House of Representatives as to yourself, and find no ill-will against you personally; indeed, they generally have the same thought and wish, so well and manfully expressed by Mr. Greeley in the enclosed letter, that your aid is needed by all interests here, especially in your own Kentucky.

I write briefly and in haste, as I wish this to leave by to-day's mail, which closes within the present hour.

I am, most faithfully yours,

GEORGE SHEA.

To the Hon. J. C. Breckinridge.

From Richmond, Va., *News Leader*, November 12, 1909.

# GEN. W. L. CABELL TELLS HOW CONFEDERATE FLAG WAS DEVISED.

## Editorial in Atlanta Journal Quotes Commander of Trans-Mississippi Giving Honor to Beauregard, Johnston and Certain Ladies.

General William L. Cabell, of Dallas, Texas, the commander of the Trans-Mississippi department of the United Confederate Veterans, makes an exceedingly interesting contribution to the literature of the Conquered Banner by telling of the circumstances under which the historic emblem was adopted. The account is best rendered in the exact language of General Cabell himself.

Says he:

"When the Confederate army, commanded by General Beauregard, and the Federal army confronted each other at Manassas, it was seen that the Confederate flag and the Stars and Stripes looked at a distance so much alike that it was hard to distinguish one from the other. General Beauregard, after the battle of July 18th, at Blackburn Ford, ordered that a small red badge should be worn on the left shoulder of our troops, and, as I was chief quartermaster, ordered me to purchase a large quantity of red flannel and to distribute it to each regiment.

"During the battle of Bull Run it was plain to be seen that a large number of Federal soldiers wore a similar red badge. General Johnston and General Beauregard met at Fairfax Courthouse in the latter part of August or early September and determined to have a battle flag for every regiment or detached command.

"General Johnston's flag was in the shape of an eclipse—red flag with blue St. Andrew's cross and stars on the cross (white) to represent the different Southern States. (No white border of any kind was attached to the cross.) General Beauregard's was a rectangle, red, with St. Andrew's cross and white stars, similar to General Johnston's.

"After we had discussed fully the two styles, taking into consideration the cost of material and the care of making the same, it was decided the ellipitcal flag would be harder to make; that it would take more cloth, and it could not be seen so plainly at a distance; that the rectangular flag, drawn and suggested by General Beauregard, should be adopted. General Johnston yielded at once.

"No one else was present but we three. No one knew about this flag but we three until an order was issued adopting the Beauregard flag, as it was called, and directing me, as chief quartermaster, to have the flag made as soon as it could be done. I immediately issued an address to the good ladies of the South to give me their red and blue silk dresses, and to send them to Captain Colin McRae Selph, quartermaster, at Richmond, Va. (Captain Selph is now living in New Orleans.) He was assisted by two elegant young ladies, the Misses Carey, from Baltimore, and Mrs. Henningsen, of Savannah, and Mrs. Hopkins, of Alabama.

"The Misses Carey made battleflags for General Beauregard and General Van Dorn, and, I think, for General J. E. Johnston. They made General Beauregard's out of their own silk dresses. This flag is now in Memorial hall, New Orleans, with a statement of that fact from General Beauregard. General Van Dorn's flag was made of heavier material, but very pretty.

"The statement going around that this flag was first designed by Federal prisoners is false. General Beauregard's battle flag is in Memorial hall, at New Orleans. The Washington artillery battle flag can be seen at the Washington Artillery hall."

# MY PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN TAKING UP ARMS AND IN THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

**Address by JAMES F. CROCKER, Before Stonewall Camp, Confederate Veterans, Portsmouth, Virginia, February 6th, 1889, and Published at Its Request.**

*Commander and Comrades*:

It is my turn, by appointment, to give to-night some reminisences of the war. It is expected, as I understand it, that these reminisences may be largely personal and that it is not to be considered in bad taste to speak of one's self. In fact our soldier lives were so much the same, our experiences and performances, our aspirations and devotions to our cause were so common to each and all, that to speak of one's self is but to tell the story of the rest.

Let it be understood at once that no true soldier can speak of himself and of his services in the Confederate Army, however humble the sphere of his service, without a tone of self commendation. And if I seem to speak in self praise, remember I but speak of each of you. Comrades! I would esteem it the highest honor to stand an equal by your side. For here before me are men—heroes—in courage and in patriotism equal to those who fell at Thermopylæ—who with those to whose sacred memory yon monument is erected, aided in achieving a lustre of arms such as is not recorded in all the annals of the past.

The one thing in my personal history touching the war which I recall with most delight and hold in my supremest pride and satisfaction before all else, is, the ardor with which I took up arms. This ardor was not the mere ebullient force of passionate excitement, but the inspiration of unquestioning conviction that our duty to ourselves, to posterity, to our State, imperiously demanded that we should at all hazards and whatever might be the outcome, take up arms in defence of our rights as a free, independent and liberty-loving people and to repel any invasion of our soil by hostile forces. You recall the glow of this ardor—you felt it—it burned in every true heart of the South. May those who come after us ever bear it in honorable memory, for it was a most sacred feeling, akin to that we feel for our religion and our God in our most devout moments.

It was a bitter alternative that was presented to Virginia, either to submit unresistingly and unconditionally to the determined and persistent encroachments on her equality under the Constitution, or to withdraw herself from the Union of the States which she had been chiefly instrumental in forming and which for that reason, she, more than all the other States, loved pre-eminently. She did all she could to avert this alternative. She sent her most illustrious citizens to Washington to implore for adjustment, for peace and for the perpetuity of the Union. Their petition was most haughtily disregarded. Notwithstanding this, she, through her people in solemn convention assembled, repressing all resentment, still stood majestically calm, though deeply moved, with her hand on the bond of the Union, refusing to untie it. And thus she stood until she was summoned to take up arms against her kindred people of the South and to receive on her soil an advancing hostile force. Put to this alternative, she resumed her delegated rights and sovereignty. In that solemn act, I was passionately with her with my whole soul and mind. And standing here to-night after the lapse of upward of a quarter of a century, summing up all she suffered and lost in war—in the waste of property, in the desolation of homes and in the blood of her sons, and also fully realizing all the blessings of the restored Union, I still declare from the deepest depths of my convictions, that she was right. Yes, I rejoice that my whole being responded in approval and applause of that act of my State. I rejoice in recalling with what willingness I was ready to give my life in its support, and it is the summation of the pride of my life that I served humbly in her cause.

Well do I remember that memorable day, the 19th of April, 1861. Animated by the feeling I have described, fully realizing the immediate imminence of strife, and determined to be ready for it how soon soever it might come, at my own expense I armed myself with musket and accoutrements, took my stand at the Ocean House corner, and there with eagerness awaited the first beat of the first drum that sounded in Virginia the first call to arms.

You remember the profound interest and emotion of that hour. It stifled all light feelings, and gave to each brow a thoughtful aspect, and to each eye a depth of light which comes only when the heart is weighted with great moving concern. Men pressed in silence each others hands, and spoke in tones subdued by the solemnity and intensity of their inexpressible feelings. All knew that when that long roll once sounded, it would thrill the land, and that it would not cease to be heard, day or night, until silenced in victory or defeat. The long roll beat; and the vulcan sounds of destruction in the navy yard, and the flames of burning buildings and blazing ships told that an unproclaimed war had commenced.

Comrades, is it all a dream? Sometimes to me and doubtless sometimes to you, absorbed and environed as we are by the present, the war seems a mystical and mysterious thing, and we feel that its reality is in some way slipping from us. If in us who were its active participants there be such tendency, what must it be in those who are taking our places. It is on account of this tendency to lose the reality and meaning of the great war that I have dwelt on this part of my theme. And I cannot allow this occasion to pass without availing myself of it—the occasion of the organization of "Sons of Veterans," who are now before me—to say to them: Believe and know that your State and your fathers in taking up arms, were right. Fail never to know and learn to know that the posterity of no race or people have inherited from their fathers such a legacy of true patriotism, such sublime devotion to duty, such imperishable wealth of arms as you have received from yours, and let the precious memory of this ennoble you, enrich your spirit, and make you the worthy inheritors of their fame and glory.

The personal reminisence of the war which I next most value and cherish is the feeling with which we made that memorable charge at Malvern Hill. It was our first battle, for the occurrences in which we shared at Seven Pines, did not amount to an engagement. It can never be indifferent to note the feelings with which a soldier enters his first battle. Of all things battle is the most terrible. And to us all life is the dearest thing, and the love of life is by nature made the first law of our being. We instinctively shrink from imperilling our lives, and yet with what glad shout we have seen soldiers rush into the fiercest battles. What a glorious thing is manhood! How God-like is the devotion of man to duty—to a cause—in cheerfully giving up life to its service. What a noble and master passion is patriotism. How it exalts and glorifies man. To have once felt it propitiates one's self-esteem and makes us ever a hero to ourselves. Shall I say it? Yes, for it can be equally said of each of you who were there. I have ever seemed to myself to have been a hero at Malvern Hill—if to be a hero is to feel the loftiest enthusiasm of patriotism—to disdain danger—to stand in the raging storm of shot and shell with a glad sense of duty and privilege to be there, and to be unreservedly willing to meet death for the good of one's country. All this you felt with me on that memorable charge.

It was in this spirit of devotion, the good, the brave and the loved Vermillion gave there to his country his life. This hero's name bids us pause. How tenderly we all remember him as the warm, generous, frank hearted friend. Brave and chivalrous in spirit, ardent and devoted to duty, graceful in deportment, manly in character, true and proud in self-respect, he commanded the admiration and love of all who knew him. In peace and in war—at home and in camp, he was the same true manly man. He was ardently patriotic and was passionately devoted to his State and to its cause. He fell while gallantly leading his company on this charge. He fell in the flush of young manhood when life to him was full of high hopes and full of all the sweet endearments of home. He cheerfully gave his life to his country, and his blood was a willing libation to its cause. As among the departed braves Heaven tenderly keeps his happy spirit, so may his memory be ever lovingly cherished among the living. In this same spirit of devotion there fell Prentis, Dozier, Lewer, Parker, Bennett, Fiske, White and others dear in the memory of us all.

Let us recall the part which our own regiment, the Ninth Virginia, took in this memorable charge. Armistead's Brigade, to which our regiment belonged, were the first troops to reach the immediate vicinity of Malvern Hill, arriving there at 10 A. M. Tuesday, July 1, 1862. On arriving our regiment was detached from the Brigade to guard a strategic point and did not rejoin it until after the battle. From 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. we lay exposed to the shells of the enemy. At this hour we were sent for and conducted to a deep wooded ravine which ran along the very edge of the open field on which the enemy had made a stand, and where they had planted many batteries and massed a great body of infantry. When we took our position in the ravine we found that Gen. Magruder was there in command with a considerable force, all lying down in successive lines on the steep sloping side of the ravine. Nearest its brow was Cobb's Legion; next to them and almost in touching distance was Wright's brigade; next below them was our own gallant regiment forming a line by itself; below us was Mahone's brigade and other forces—near us were Gens. Magruder, Cobb, Wright and Armistead. The day was fast declining. The deep shade of the majestic trees with which the valley was filled and the smoke of the enemy's guns brought on twilight dimness before the close of the day. As we lay in close rank, we marked the flash of exploding shells that kissed the brow of the ravine and lit it up with a wierd light, while the incessant firing of the massed batteries filled the air with constant roar and deafening crash. At one time, as the sun approached the horizon, the air seemed to change; it gained a new elasticity—a clearer ring, so that from the sound of the enemy's artillery you would have thought that they were approaching nearer to us. Gen. Magruder must have also thought so, for he gave direction that some men should ascend the brow of the hill and see if the enemy were advancing. The enemy had not and were not advancing, but from an elevation in the open field they poured from their batteries a living fire and a constant flow of shells.

The scene was solemn and grandly inspiring. We felt that the very genius of battle was astir, and the martial spirit was thoroughly aroused. All waited with impatience for the order to charge—that order which whenever given either fires the heart or pales the face of the soldier. At last Magruder gives the order. It is first repeated by Gen. Cobb, and his brave Legion with a shout that for the moment drowned the roar of the artillery, arose and rushed forward. Then Wright repeats the order to his brigade, and as quick as thought his men spring forward. Then came from Gen. Armistead: "Ninth Virginia, charge!" The men arose with a shout—a joyous shout that rose above the din of battle and with a passionate enthusiasm we rushed forward. Danger seemed to be banished from every bosom. Victory and glory absorbed every other feeling. We rushed on and forward to within a short distance of the crown of the hill on which the enemy was massed. On us was concentrated the shell and cannister of many cannon and the fire of compact masses of infantry. It was murderous and a useless waste of life to go further. Our regiment was halted and it took position in line with other troops which had preceeded us in the charge along and under the slope of the field, and here held its ground until the morning disclosed that the enemy had left. This gallant charge immortalized the Ninth Virginia and gave it a fame which it was its pride ever after to maintain in all the great battles in which it was engaged.

On this charge there came to me a new experience—a common experience on the battlefield—that of being wounded. When our regiment had taken its position just described by moving to the right, I found myself on its extreme left standing up on an open field in the face of the enemy a short distance off with a storm of shot and shell literally filling the air. I remember as I stood there I looked upon the enemy with great admiration. They were enveloped in the smoke of their guns and had a shadowy appearance, yet I could easily discern their cross belts, and I watched them go through the regular process of loading and firing. They seemed to be firing with as much steadiness and regularity as if on dress parade. It was a grand sight, and I was impressed with their courage and discipline. I had not then learned the wisdom and duty of a soldier to seek all allowable protection from danger. I had a foolish pride to be and to appear fearless—as if it were a shame to seem to do anything to avoid danger. I remember that immediately on my right a soldier had sheltered himself behind a low stump. While silently approving his conduct in this respect yet apprehending he might only shelter himself, I said to him, "Do not fail to fire on the enemy." I had scarcely uttered these words when I heard and felt that sounding thud of the minie ball which became so familiar to our soldiers. My left arm fell to my side and the blood streamed from my throat. I staggered and would have fallen had not two members of the Old Dominion Guard stepped quickly up and caught me and bore me off the field. I was shot through the throat, through the shoulder and through the arm. And I to-day wear six scars from wounds then received, scars more prized by me than all the ribbons and jeweled decorations of kingly grant. When Moses P. Young and Jas. H. Robinson came to my relief I delivered to them what was my first and what I then regarded my last and dying request, for I then thought the wound through my throat must soon prove mortal. It was in these words, which I have ever since borne freshly and sacredly in my memory: "Tell my friends at home that I did my duty." These words expressed all that was in me at that moment—friends, they express all that is in my life. Well do I remember that supreme moment, how I was without fear, and was perfectly willing to die—to die the death of the patriot,—and how then came upon me the tender thought of home and of home friends, and all my earthly aspirations concentrated into the one wish that my memory might be kindly linked to the recognition that I gave my life honorably and bravely in duty to myself, to my country, and to my God.

From Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, December 29, 1909.

# HELPED CAPTURE ENGINE "GENERAL."

## Anthony Murphy, Had Part in Wild Race During Civil War.

### His Exploit One of Famous Incidents of Conflict Between States.

ATLANTA, GA., December 28, 1909.

Anthony Murphy, aged eighty years, a pioneer citizen of the South and one of the two men who pursued and captured the famous engine, "General," when the latter had been seized and carried off from Marietta, Ga., by Federal raiders during the Civil War, died here to-day.

Murphy was born in Ireland, and came to this country when twenty-six years old. He became one of the constructors of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, but when the war broke out entered the Confederate service, and, owing to his skill in mechanics, was assigned by Governor Brown, father of the present Governor, to assemble men to make guns. On April 12, 1862, the Federal secret service arranged to seize a train at Marietta, cut off the engine, run it from Big Shanty, Ga., to Chattanooga, Tenn., burning bridges and cutting wires between the two places, and thus cutting the Confederate line of communications. The plan was carried out almost successfully. The Federal officers boarded the train at Marietta, and while the passengers and crew were at breakfast at Big Shanty, seven miles north of Marietta, cut off the engine and started on a mad race of destruction.

The action of the Federal party, who posed as Southern refugees anxious to join the Confederate army, aroused the suspicion of Mr. Murphy, who was then foreman of the Western and Atlantic round-house at Big Shanty. When the "General" started on its wild race, Murphy and two others started on foot in pursuit, seized a handcar later, ran it to Etowah, Ga., where the engine "Texas" was taken.

For fifty-one miles the race continued to Ringgold, Ga., where the "General" was captured as the men in charged attempted to burn a bridge. Several of the Federal officers were summarily executed. But the plan of the Union forces to cut the Confederate communications was defeated. Although the engines were of a crude type, most of the race was made at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Murphy was the engineer, and Jeff Cain the train engineer and Captain Fuller, the conductor, fired for him.

The war left Murphy penniless, but he set to work again cheerfully, and when he died had amassed a fortune of half a million dollars in the saw-mill and lumber business.

# THE COLOR EPISODE OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINTH REGIMENT, PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

## In the First Days Fight at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863.

**Paper Read Before The Lebanon County Historical Society, October 18, 1907, by J. H. BASSLER, Late Captain of the Color Company.**

The Reverend J. T. Lumpkin, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, enjoys the highest regard and confidence of our people generally. To know him is to love him. So gentle and unassuming is he, it seems difficult to picture him in your mind's eye in a position so fraught with daring and imminent peril. As his so admirable qualities enlisted the spontaneous praise of the enemy, so his intrinsic worth, commands us.—*Editor.*

This paper is dedicated to the memory of Henry G. Brehm, Color Sergeant of the 149th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, who, in the first day's fight at Gettysburg, was detached with his colors and guards to deceive the enemy and draw away from the regiment a destructive enfilading battery fire. He was never recalled; and his heroic efforts to save his colors against hopeless odds, after the brigade was flanked out of its position, and his escape practically cut off, stands unparalleled in the history of that great battle.

### PREFACE.

Justice to as gallant a little band of soldiers as ever faced the enemy, demands that Bates' history, and the official reports of Lt. Col. Dwight and Lt. Col. Huidekoper, in their reference to the colors of the 149th, P. V., at Gettysburg, be thoroughly investigated and subjected to the lime light of facts, in order that the cloud, which, through the false claims of others, obscures the heroism displayed by the bearers and guards of those colors, may be finally dispelled, and the desperate fight of these Lebanon County boys to retrieve the errors of their superiors and save their colors from capture be spread upon the pages of history, and entrusted to the care of the Historical Society of their native County. Brehm, Friddell and Lehman were from Myerstown; Spayd, from a farm, south of town; Hammel, from a farm, east of town; and Hoffman, from Newmanstown.

As captain of the Color Company in that fight, it devolves upon me to see to it that my men are not robbed of their well earned laurels by antagonistic claims unsupported by evidence.

The proper place for a record of our color affairs would have been the regimental history. But the comrades, who were successively appointed to write it, passed away before either of them had made a fair start. There is no one of my regiment left who is willing to assume the task. The most I can do before joining the innumerable army that has gone before is to preserve from loss the facts relating to the Color episode and lay bare the falsity of opposing claims.

That I delayed this task so long in hopes that it would be performed by another is owing to the fact that it involves the censure of Lt. Col. Dwight, a gallant soldier, and one to whom I am indebted for many favors.

## A Ruse to Escape an Enfilading Battery Fire.

That war is hell, as expressed by General Sherman, is perhaps never more fully realized than when a regiment of soldiers is exposed to an enfilading artillery fire. It was such an ordeal that faced my regiment after being placed in position (about 11 A. M. July 1st, 1863), at the apex of a right-angle in our line of battle. About two-thirds of the regiment lay along the McPherson lane, facing west, and the rest were aligned along the south side of the Chambersburg pike, facing north.

A gentle rise in the surface immediately west of us, known as McPherson's ridge, screened us from view from the next elevation, beyond Willoughby's run, where were stationed the confederate batteries of Pegram and McIntosh; the former of twenty guns and the latter of fourteen.

The enemy's infantry, which had been heavily engaged with Meredith's and Cutler's brigades a great part of the forenoon, were now making new dispositions and awaiting re-enforcements. In the meantime the infantry fire was confined to the skirmish lines, while the artillery fire passed over our heads.

Close on to 1 P. M. the scene changed. The enemy's re-enforcements were now arriving on the field. The first intimation we had of it was the fire of one of their batteries (Carter's) stationed on Oak hill, north of us. The crash of a shell through the tops of the old cherry trees along the lane admonished our Commander that we were exposed to an enfilade fire which might do us great damage. He at once swung our left out on the pike in line with the right, and ordered a left side-step movement to bring as much of the regiment as possible into the shelter of the dry ditch on the southern edge of the pike, in which we then lay down. We were now comparatively safe from the battery on Oak hill, but, unfortunately, the enemy to the west got a glimpse of our left before we lay down, and shrewdly guessing our position, at once commenced to drop shells into our ranks over the crest of the ridge.

With those thirty-four guns on our flank the regiment was in danger of annihilation, should the enemy concentrate their fire upon us.

It was now that Roy Stone, commanding the brigade, conceived the idea of using our colors to deceive the enemy and draw their fire away from the regiment. Accordingly, Color Sergeant Brehm, having been quietly instructed by an orderly of Col. Dwight's, marched in a northwesterly direction and planted the colors behind two rail piles, forming a right-angle, one side facing west and the other north.

This breastwork had been made as a safe guard against lurking enemies, by pickets of Buford's cavalry, who occupied the ground the night before. The rails had been carried together from a fence that formed the eastern boundary of a field of wheat, extending from the summit of the ridge down its western slope, and from the pike to an old R. R. cut north of it.

The colors were now some fifty yards north of the pike, a little to the left of the left front of the regiment, and about one hundred and fifteen yards south of the R. R. cut where it had its greatest depth.

In this position our flags were plainly visible over the standing wheat, to the battery west of us, but the rail piles and the men lying behind them were hid from their view; and, evidently thinking that the regiment had changed front, they now diverted their fire in that direction. Stone's ruse had succeeded.

Half an hour or so later, we were approached from the north-north-west by Daniel's brigade, of North Carolinians, and our regiment was ordered across to the cut to meet them.

It is not my object to describe the battle, but only to tell the story of our colors. Suffice it to say that up to about 3:15 P. M. the regiment did heavy fighting on that part of the field, including charges and counter-charges and several changes of front, and, incredible as it may seem, it fought without its colors during all that time; and when the brigade was forced out of its position in the vicinity of the McPherson farm buildings by Brockenbrough's and Scales' Confederate brigades, the latter enveloping its left flank, our precious standards still remained planted in their isolated position.

The deep R. R. cut to the north had proved a barrier to the advance of the enemy from that direction. But at an early stage of the fight the right of Daniel's brigade crossed the R. R. bed west of the cut and advanced obliquely up through the wheat field. Had its advance not been checked, our colors would then have been captured, unless its custodians had made a timely escape to the regiment.

Some may think that now was the time for Brehm to run. Not so in the judgment of men noted for their thorough study of the fight. There is ground for belief that it was of great service to our cause that Brehm stuck to his post. True, he might then have left with a good excuse and saved the flags; but the results attained by his remaining, far outweigh in importance the loss of the colors. This is what Stone believed after reading Daniel's report, and such was the view taken by Col. Batchelder, who stands pre-eminent as the historian of the battle.

I was introduced to the Colonel while attending the G. A. R. encampment at Gettysburg, in 1881, my first revisit to the battlefield. He questioned me minutely about our color affair, and my queries in return elicited the fact that he had investigated it before to some purpose by consulting Confederate reports and interviewing prominent officers on that side; and he expressed high admiration of Brehm's conduct and firmness under such trying circumstances.

We must remember that Daniel's brigade had just arrived on the field, and that they naturally supposed that our colors represented a regiment of Federals lying concealed in the upper edge of the wheat field, and whose right flank was protected against attack by the cut north of it. When the right of that brigade made its aforementioned advance, how could they help thinking but that the supposed regiment was waiting to strike them in flank and rear at the opportune moment. Fronting them were companies A, F and D of the 150th, a body of men so small compared with theirs, that they must have supposed their object, was to draw them into a trap.

The tide of battle was turned by the daring charge of the gallant Wister when he hurled those three companies upon the astonished foemen. All honor to those brave Bucktails! They have our unbounded admiration! It was one of those critical moments pregnant with far-reaching results. Had Brehm then flinched, and fled with his colors, the illusion that had cast a spell over the enemy would have been instantly dispelled; and we can well imagine the piercing "rebel yell" that would have followed, and the onward rush of the Confederates; firing with fresh courage and enthusiasm the rest of their line, north, northwest and west of our little brigade.

To think of it! Daniel's brigade of four regiments and a battery; Davis' brigade of three regiments (the fourth was absent at the time); all veteran troops and renowned fighters—and how many more of Heth's regiments south of the pike I cannot tell—opposing our brigade of three regiments, and these depleted by the absence of Company D of the 149th at Division headquarters, and Company K of the 150th in Washington, guarding the Presidential premises. Had the Rebs not been deceived as to our numbers, they would then in all probability have swept the "Key Point," as Gen. Doubleday called our position; and how could our Corps commander have retrieved such a disaster, hard pressed as he was at all points.

Was it chance, or destiny, that blinded Brehm and his men to the nearness of their capture at this important juncture? If the proximity of the enemy was unnoticed because they were then engaged in one of their "hot discussions" over their peculiar position, and what was best to do, it was a most fortunate co-incidence. If—as Stone quotes Nicholson of the Battlefield Commission to say—every minute then gained was worth a regiment, Brehm's firmness was of priceless service. Let us honor then the intrepid Sergeant and the devoted little band that stood by him so nobly, though some of them, if not all, thought their chief should act on his own authority and return to the regiment.

In the final advance of the Confederate line, towards 3 P. M., there was one part of the enveloping semi-circle that did not move on with the rest. This was Davis' brigade, stationed down along the wheat field, west of our colors. This brigade had lost heavily in the forenoon and was instructed to follow in rear of the first line in the final onset.

Just then there was no line of Confederates in front of Davis, and all he needed to do to carry out his orders, was to delay marching, until, by the contraction of the semi-circle, further east, the right of Daniels' brigade connected with the left of Brockenbrough's.

This accounts for the fact that our colors were not driven back or captured, at, or before, the time that the two Bucktail regiments were flanked out of their position at McPherson's, and fell in on the left of the 143rd P. V., which had changed position and was now facing west, south of the pike. Our line was then about 100 yards east of the McPherson buildings. I was lying at the time in the southeast corner of the McPherson barnyard, disabled by a wound received about an hour before, in the field north of the pike. Though unable to shift my body I could turn my head, sufficiently, to get a view of part of the meadow east of the McPherson lane, but could not see our line.

It was then—at 15 to 20 minutes after 3 P. M.—that the dash on our colors took place, and I will let the surviving actors in that drama tell the story in their own language, in the following affidavits, the originals of which were sent to Captain Ralph E. Gamble, U. S. A., stationed at San Juan, Porto Rico, who lost seven blood relatives out of my regiment in the first day's fight, and is engaged in the commendable work of writing its history in that eventful battle. To aid him in elucidating the facts of our Color episode, is one of the objects of this paper.

### AFFIDAVITS.

*To Whom it May Concern:*

I hereby certify under oath that in the first day's fight at Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863, I was bearer of the State flag; that while my regiment, the 149th P. V., was lying in line of battle in a dry ditch on the south side of the Chambersburg pike, north of the McPherson barn, and subjected to a destructive, enfilading fire from Confederate batteries to the westward, the colors, both State and National, were ordered out into the field north of the pike, to deceive the enemy and draw their fire away from the regiment; that we took a left oblique direction until we had cleared the left front of the regiment and planted the colors behind a rail pile, or rather two rail piles, forming a right angle, one side facing an old railroad cut and the other side facing a wheat field, covering the west slope of the McPherson ridge; that in the subsequent movements of our troops none came very near to us; that we were undisturbed during the progress of the battle until finally a squad of Confederate soldiers made a dash on us out of the wheat field, and, that while being startled to our feet by the rebel yell, I collided with Color-Sergeant Brehm and was pushed over on my knees, my flag being tilted over the rail pile, and that it was immediately laid hold of by an enemy on the other side, while another enemy on top of the rails was aiming his gun at me; that I grabbed the barrel of said gun and turned it aside; that my assailant was shot and the flag-staff wrenched from my grasp at the same time. When I got to my feet the Confederates were all around us; I saw a rebel stretched on his back and Sergeant Brehm on top of him; I saw a Confederate in the act of striking him with the but of his gun and another picking up the flag. I saw that I was not yet a prisoner and started to go to the regiment for help; that when I got near the pike I saw that the Confederates occupied the ground where recently we had seen our regiment; that I changed my course and got by the left flank of the enemy, but before getting far was disabled by a gun shot wound through my leg.

(Signed) FRANKLIN W. LEHMAN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of March, A. D., 1907; and I hereby certify that the contents of the above declaration were fully made known to him before swearing, and that I have no interest, direct or indirect, in the prosecution of this claim.

LUTHER G. WITT, Notary Public.

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MINERSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL CO., PA., May 3rd, 1907.

CAPT. J. H. BASSLER, Myerstown, Pa.,

*Dear Sir and Comrade*:—I hereby respectfully refer Capt. Gamble to my statement in your "Reminiscences of the First Day's Fight at Gettysburg," a copy of which you told me you had sent to the Captain. I now reiterate under oath, that excepting the first advance of our regiment to the railroad cut, and later on the dash at us of a squad of Confederates out of the wheat field, after, as subsequent events proved, our regiment had been flanked out of its position near the McPherson buildings, there was no movement of troops, of either our own or of the enemy, so near to us as to attract our attention. Of course, we were crouching behind the pile of rails to shield ourselves from the aim of the rebel sharpshooters and it was only at intervals that one of our number would rise to take a hurried survey of the long semi-circle of Confederates to the north, northwest and west. I further reiterate that after I had rescued the State flag from the foeman who had wrenched it from the grasp of Corporal Franklin W. Lehman, and made a dash for our regiment, I noticed before reaching the pike that the Bucktails had left, and that the ground was occupied by men in gray; that I then changed my course hoping to get around their flank, but was presently disabled by a gunshot wound in the right thigh, and that very soon after the colors were taken from me.

H. H. Spayd,
*Late Color Bearer 149th Regt. Pa. Vol.*

Sworn and subscribed to before me a Justice of the Peace in and for said County of Schuylkill, this 6th day of May, A. D., 1907.

C. K. Taylor, J. P.

My commission expires on the 1st Monday of May, 1912.

To complete the above account I will quote from Comrade Spayd's statement as set forth in my pamphlet, in which he says, when he was startled to his feet by the rebel yell, the first thing he noticed was Corporal Franklin W. Lehman, bearer of the State flag, on his knees with his colors stretched across the rail pile and a rebel pulling at them on the other side. Frank held on with his right hand and with his left had hold of the barrel of a musket in the hands of an enemy on the top of the rails and was pushing it aside. Spayd instantly shot down Lehman's assailant, then clubbed his musket and flung it with all his might at the Confederate on the other side, who had just plucked the flag from Lehman's hand and was drawing it across the rails. The blow stunned the foeman; he dropped the flag; the next instant it was in Spayd's possession, and he was making for the regiment at the top of his speed.

Soldiers' Home, N. D. V. S.,
Central Branch, May 11th, 1907.

To Capt. J. H. Bassler,

*Dear Comrade*:—Below find my sworn statement to be sent by you to Capt. Gamble, to assist him in getting at the facts regarding the loss of our colors at Gettysburg. After being detached from the regiment and being posted to the left of its left front (to deceive the enemy in regard to the position of the regiment), we then took shelter behind two rail piles placed together so that one faced north and the other west, and felt easy enough at first, though the shells dropped around us in a lively manner, for we expected to be recalled to the regiment shortly, but as the time lengthened and the fighting got rather close to us we felt very uneasy about the colors and there was a hot discussion among us, some arguing that we had better return to the regiment without orders. Color-Sergeant Brehm, however, refused point blank, as his idea of a soldier's duty was to stick to his post as long as he was able unless sooner relieved. He at last agreed though that I should go and report that there was great danger of the colors being captured unless they were ordered back to the regiment at once, but in the confusion of battle I could not immediately find either General Stone or Colonel Dwight, and before I succeeded the Bucktails were on their retreat back towards Gettysburg and I followed, seeing it impossible to return to Brehm without falling in the hands of the enemy. I had failed in carrying out my orders, but whenever the brigade made a fresh stand I remained with them and did the best I could in helping to check the enemy.

(Signed) FRED. HOFFMAN,
149th *Color Guard, Gettysburg.*

Sworn and subscribed before me this 11th day of May, 1907.

JOHN J. MARTIN, Notary Public,
in and for Montgomery Co., Ohio.

The above is an exact copy of the original except the spelling and punctuation.

To aid the historian in sifting the facts regarding the colors of the 149th P. V., in the first day's fight at Gettysburg, from a mass of contradictions, I hereby testify that when lying in the southeast corner of the McPherson barnyard, the Confederates already being along the lane east of the barn, I saw Color-Bearer Brehm, with his flag, run obliquely through the meadow east of the lane; that he evidently entered said meadow at its northwest corner where the lane connects with the pike; that soon after he was out of sight, a Confederate came into view, having our flag, and in hurrying to the rear, passed near me; that sometime after the storm of battle had swept by, Color

Guard John Friddell, (now dead), came to me on his way to the pump to fill his canteen; that he was very pale and weak from loss of blood issuing from a wound in his chest; that he gave me a thrilling account of a fight with a squad of rebels that dashed upon them from the nearby wheat field; that when startled by the rebel yell they had barely time to jump to their feet when the enemy was right by them; that one of them laid hold of the National flag in the hands of Brehm, saying "this is mine;" that Brehm said "no by G— it isn't," seized him by the throat and threw him on the ground, but the Sergeant went down too on top of him; that evidently the rebels had not expected any resistance, and so, in the anxiety of each one to get one of our flags, they were unprepared for the hot reception given them and which gave our men the advantage; that in a few seconds, the guard having shot the majority of their assailants, and clubbed others, Brehm was on his feet again with his colors and running at the top of his speed for the regiment, and that he (Friddell) and another comrade (Hammel) were following close behind; that they got near the Confederates along the lane before discovering, amid the smoke of battle, that they were men in grey; that Brehm dashed right through their line, but himself and comrade were shot down in the lane in a struggle with the enemy.

Further, that in a heavy thunderstorm late in the afternoon of July 4th, my clothes were completely soaked by the rain; that I was lifted out of a pool of water by a wounded comrade, aided by two Confederates (who had taken shelter from the rain under the fore-bay of the barn), was carried into the horse stable, stripped of my wet clothes and then placed on clean hay and covered with a blanket, presented for the occasion by Capt. F. B. Jones; that, then and there I was greeted by a comrade, who while lying on the field of battle, not far from the rail pile, had witnessed the fight over the colors, and characterized it as the most gallant imaginable, saying it was over quicker than he could describe it, with three of the enemy stretched on the sod, and our men bounding away for their regiment; but that the foe being then in possession of the ground around the McPherson buildings, they were all shot down.

To my great regret, I neglected noting down the name of this comrade, as I was very weak then and my water soaked diary was not within my reach.

J. H. Bassler,
Late Captain Co. C., 149th Regiment Pa. Vol's.

Sworn and subscribed before me this fourth day of June, A. D., 1907.

H. S. Gockley, Justice of the Peace,
Myerstown, Pa.

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Affidavit of Supervisors of Co. C, 149th Reg't. Pa. Vols.

State of Pennsylvania, County of Lebanon—*ss.*

Personally appeared before me a Justice of the Peace in and for said county, Edward L. Manderbach, William H. Reigart, John Schaeffer, Lorenzo Blecker, Adam Loose and Henry W. Moyer, who being duly affirmed according to law, do depose and say, that they were present in the first Day's Fight, at Gettysburg, and that the regimental colors were never again returned to the custody of the Company after being sent out into the field north of the pike and planted by a rail-pile to the left of the left front of the regiment, and that there, at said rail-pile, was the last we saw of them.

Affirmed and subscribed before me, this 25th day of May, A. D., 1907.

H. S. Gockley, Justice of the Peace.

Edward L. Manderbach, William H. Reigart, John Schaeffer,
Lorenzo Blecker, Adam Loose,
Henry W. Moyer.

These accounts harmonize so completely as to leave them free from all doubt. Note well the striking fact, that, when our temporarily victorious Color Guards came rushing along to rejoin the regiment, they saw only men in gray where but a short time before they had seen the blue, the enemy being in possession of that part of the field.

Had the dash on our colors been made but five or ten minutes sooner, or, had Brehm not lost twice that length of time in waiting, in vain, for Hoffman to return and report, our little band of heroes could have reached the regiment, while it was yet at McPherson's, and the colors would have been saved from capture.

Since I could never learn of any one of our brigade who claimed to have seen Brehm approaching through the meadow, the inference is that our line was then being withdrawn, as Col. Dana, who was now in command, had discovered that he was flanked both right and left.

Now for the Confederate side of the story. I will quote from a booklet—Pickett or Pettigrew—written by Captain W. R. Bond, of Daniel's Brigade, who, in speaking of Davis' men says as follows:

"To illustrate the individual gallantry of these troops I will relate an adventure which came under my observation. It must be borne in mind that this brigade had been doing fierce and bloody fighting, and at this time not only its numerical loss but its percentage of killed and wounded was greater than that which Pickett's troops had to submit to two days later, and that it was then waiting to be relieved. Early in the afternoon of this day my division (Rodes') arrived upon the field by the Carlisle road and at once went into action. My brigade (Daniel's) was on the right, and after doing some sharp fighting we came in sight of Heth's line, which was at right angles to ours as we approached. The direction of our right regiments had to be changed in order that we might move in front of their left brigade, which was Davis'. The Federal line, or lines, for my impression is there were two or more of them, were also lying in the open field, the interval between the opposing lines being about three hundred yards. Half way between these lines there was another, which ran by a house. This line was made of dead and wounded Federals, who lay 'as thick as autumnal leaves which strew the brooks in Vallombrosa.' It was about here that the incident occurred. A Pennsylvania regiment of Stone's brigade had their two flags—state and national—with their guard a short distance in front of them. One of these colors, Sergeant Frank Price, of the Forty-second Mississippi, and half a dozen of his comrades determined to capture. Moving on hands and knees till they had nearly reached the desired object, they suddenly rose, charged and overcame the guard, captured the flag and were rapidly making off with it, when its owners fired upon them. All were struck down but the Sergeant, and as he was making for the house above referred to a young staff officer of my command, having carried some message to Heth's people, was returning by a short cut between the lines, and seeing a man with a strange flag, without noticing his uniform he thought he, too, would get a little glory along with some bunting. Dismounting among the dead and wounded he picked up and fired several muskets at Price; but was fortunate enought to miss him. Sergeant Price survived the war. His home was in Carrollton, Mississippi. Recently the information came from one of his sons, a name sake of the writer, that his gallant father was no more."

The line of killed and wounded spoken of above were those of my brigade, and the house mentioned by which this line lay, was the McPherson house—the only one in the vicinity.

This narrative of Capt. Bond's is easily reconciled with the sworn testimony of my men. There is no more discrepancy than is reasonable to expect from the circumstances; for it can readily be understood how awkward it would have been for Capt. Bond to give all the details.

Price and his comrades must have noticed our colors on top of that slope, for the last hour or more. But they wisely postponed their adventure until they knew by the firing that the Confederate line south of the pike had reached the crest of the ridge. According to the rules of strategy the regiment they supposed to be with our colors should then have changed front and attacked its enemy in flank. No such movement taking place, and those colors still flaunting, as it were, in their faces, they determined to solve the mystery, and with commendable caution to escape detection they moved up the wheat covered slope "on hands and knees" as Bond relates it. Directly west of the colors the field had not been marched over and the wheat was still standing erect.

When these men reached the edge and peered out they saw at a glance that our troops were gone. Only a short distance before them stood our colors, their lovely folds gently swaying in a light breeze. Not a guard was visible. Not a musket showed above the rails. With an exultant yell they dashed forward. Never was there made a worse mistake than that yell; and it may truly be said that it sounded the death knell of more than one of those who gave it. But for that yell they could have jumped on my men before they were up. That yell startled our Union boys to a consciousness of their danger and gave them a few precious seconds of time in which to jump to their feet and cock their rifles. The foe was so close that there was no need of taking aim. Every shot took effect. The next instant the rifles were used as clubs, and quicker than it takes to relate, the foemen were all laid low, and the little band of Bucktails were speeding away with their colors to rejoin the regiment.

Three rifles against seven! The bearers of the seven all struck down but one, and that one temporarily stretched on his back by Brehm! The owners of the three off without a scratch! If it were not confirmed by the Confederate report it might well tax the credulity of my auditors.

How do we account for it? Easily enough. Those Mississippians—than whom there were no better fighters either North or South—had not anticipated any serious resistance. Each of them was so eager to secure one of the coveted prizes that they forgot all danger, and threw caution to the winds. Their hot reception took them completely by surprise, and, before they had time to recover from it, the clash was over.

The wounded comrade who witnessed the melee over the colors, saw but "three of the enemy stretched on the sod." It is presumed that the two victims of Spayd's rifle lay west of the breastwork and could not be seen by him. Price may have had only five comrades with him; but if he really had "half a dozen," as stated by Capt. Bond, then there is one more man to be accounted for, and he too must have lain in a position where the aforementioned comrade could not see him.

Price, the leader, was evidently the man whom Brehm clutched by the throat and hurled to the ground, and it is probably to this humiliating experience he owed his preservation from serious injury; otherwise he too might have received the blow of a rifle-butt over his skull. When he got on his feet again and had picked up a gun and was ready to fire, Brehm's bold dash through the enemy's ranks may have already been accomplished; but Spayd, noticing in time that he was running right into the Johnnie's, and having changed his course to clear their left flank, was nearer to Price, who, presently brought him down by firing a bullet through his thigh. It took him but a minute to cover the distance between them, when he pulled out from under our seventeen year old hero the flag which he had but a few minutes before so gallantly rescued; and Price, who had had his grasp on the staff of our national flag, but slipped up on its capture, as narrated, now had possession of our State flag, while the National flag and its noble bearer went down over a hundred yards further on, south of the pike and east of McPherson's.

This furnishes a striking illustration of the rapid succession of stirring events during the whirlwind of battle, and the sudden changes of fortune from one side to the other.

As a further confirmation of the above account, I will quote from Capt. Bond's letter to Comrade W. R. Johnston, secretary of our Regimental Association:

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., NOV. 29, 1901.

W. R. JOHNSTON, Belleview, Pa.,

*Dear Comrade*:—Yours of the 21st with stated enclosure to hand. I have read Capt. Bassler's address with very great interest. The more so for the reason that I was a witness in part, and I might say an actor in part of one of the incidents described, for I was the mounted staff officer who fired several shots at the Mississippian who captured your State flag. * * * * When I dismounted and picked up a musket there could have been nothing very formidable about my appearance for I was only a pale-faced boy, yet several of the wounded thought I was an inhuman monster, for with hands raised in a deprecating way they besought me not to kill them. Poor devils! I would have helped them if I could, had the time been not so stirring. * * * *

Yours fraternally,

W. R. BOND.

Was Brehm to blame for clinging to his post so long? No! By all that is just and reasonable, no! He was perfectly justified in waiting for orders. He had a right to expect that his safety was looked after. He naturally thought that there must be a good reason for holding him to his post, or else he would be recalled. He considered it cowardly to go back withut orders. *He, like all the rest of us, had learned that Col. Dwight would brook no infraction of his commands,* and hence was determined to stick to his post to the last minute. Nevertheless he sent a messenger to ask for orders and a watch was kept on Davis' brigade, one of their number getting up at intervals and taking a hurried glance in that direction. It would have been foolhardy to expose themselves to the fire of sharpshooters longer than absolutely necessary, for by needlessly braving that danger, there would shortly have been no guard left to protect the colors.

Daniel's brigade having moved further east, Davis' men were the only troops from whom Brehm anticipated any danger; and his intention, no doubt, was, not to let that line get too close before leaving his post, orders or no orders. But as explained before, Davis did not move with the rest of the sweeping semicircle, and Price and his squad came up through the wheat field so stealthily that they were not discovered.

The last time but one that I saw Brehm, was immediately after he was compelled to surrender his flag. He followed the captor of his colors to the Confederate rear and passed near where I lay. Though mortally wounded, he carried his head high, as became the undismayed warrior he was. His eyes were still ablaze with the fire of battle. He looked neither to the right nor to left. His gaze was fixed upon his beloved flag. I was wondering what were then his thoughts. Was he considering some scheme to attempt the recapture of the lost treasure?

It would be interesting to know how many shots were fired at the Color Sergeant while making his way across that meadow. In the end it seems to have been a fragment of a shell that struck him down, if subsequent reports concerning the nature of his wound were correct.

The captor of Brehm's flag was J. T. Lumpkin, of Company C, 55th Virginia Regiment. While he was advancing with his command south of the McPherson buildings, being one of those wide-awake and observant fellows whose eyes take in more than those of the average man, he got a glimpse of both our flags, as the bearers were making the race of their lives to reach our line. Amid the smoke, hurry and confusion of battle, it appeared to him as if both flags had shot out from the barn. He and his nearest comrades at once directed their fire on Brehm; and when he was struck down, this fleet-flooted Virginian was the first to reach him. As he hurried to the rear with his trophy, he passed near me, and though the sight was anything but pleasing, I cannot efface it from my memory.

In an address, which I delivered in after years, (embodied in the pamphlet repeatedly referred to in this paper), I alluded to this gallant Confederate in rather intemperate language, which subsequently, when my war-time animosities had finally died out, I regretted. I then reflected that had I been born and bred as far south of Mason and Dixon's line as Mr. Lumpkin, I too, would most likely have been fighting in the Confederate ranks, as sincere a rebel as any of them, and would have been proud of capturing a Federal flag.

Thinking that the pamphlet, containing said address, might possibly fall into Mr. Lumpkin's hands, I wrote to him lately, tendering an apology for the language I had used, and in reply received a charming letter bearing the impress of a cultured mind, filled with lofty ideals, and evincing a warm attachment to our common country. He entered the Gospel ministry after the war and bore aloft the banner of the Prince of Peace for many years. He is now nearly blind, the effect of an attack of la grippe.

### WHOSE WAS THE FAULT?

Having now given the facts of our color episode, it is not difficult to determine who is responsible for their loss. Not a particle of blame attaches to the Color Bearers and guards, nor to the Color Company. It is the Lieut. Colonel commanding the regiment, and the officers successively commanding the brigade, who are accountable. The responsibility of ordering Brehm back to his proper place, rested on them. The major part of the blame belongs to Dwight. Next in the order named are Stone, Wister and Dana. That attaching to the last two is comparatively slight; and if Stone had not been severely wounded and carried into the barn, he would no doubt have kept a watch over the colors and got them back in time; but, badly wounded though he was, he should not have forgotten that the colors were exposed to capture by his very unusual military stratagem of ordering them away from the regiment to confuse the enemy; and he should not have passed over the matter in silence when writing his official report, giving outside interests a chance to distort it. Not a word of reference to it does he make in that document. As far as I know, it was only when I sent him a copy of my pamphlet, thirty-three years after the battle, that he expressed himself on the subject. This he did in the following letter:

U. S. Department of Agriculture,
Office of Board of Inquiry,
Washington, D. C., Sept. 26, 1896.

*My Dear Comrade*:—I have read with much pleasure your excellent address on the "First Day at Gettysburg," and I write to ask you to send me another copy for the "U. S. Battlefield Commission," who are anxious to gather all the facts and to do justice to all who fought so well on that day.

Our position is described by General Doubleday as the "key point" of the line of battle and the enemy so regarded it, as appears from their official reports and from the fact that they focussed 64 guns upon it, enveloping and enfilading both wings of our line.

I am glad to see the incident of our flag properly understood; of course, I intended to take care of it, and would have done so in good time if I had been spared; but if I had not detached it the regiment could not have lived to do the grand work it did later in the action. (Daniel's Confederate report does more justice to this work than all the Union reports.)

The colors of the 149th were a target for the 34 guns which practically enfiladed the regiment from the ridge beyond the run and when they had got the range, there was no safety for the regiment from quick destruction, but in confusion and deceiving the enemy to its location. My plan was to fire a volley or two from the edge of the R. R. cut and bring the regiment back under cover of the smoke, leaving the colors to draw the fire of the batteries. But the movement, as it was executed, had greater results than I hoped. It deceived the enemy in our front also, with the idea that we had force enough to take the offensive, and they delayed their final attack on that account, and "every minute gained then and there was worth a regiment," as Col. Nicholson says. With an undisciplined command I should have hesitated to detach the colors, but the 149th needed nothing, as I believed, nor as it proved, to "rally round."

I have proposed to the Commission to establish the "key point" and mark it with a special monument, and shall ask the survivors of the 149th at their next re-union to co-operate in this work of justice to the brigade.

Please let me know what the plans of the regiment are for its next meeting, as I would like to attend.

With many thanks for your kind remembrance and the hope of seeing you and the rest of the "boys" soon,

I am respectfully yours,
ROY STONE.

To Capt. J. H. Bassler, Myerstown, Pa.

Stone left the task of explaining our color incident entirely to Col. Dwight, and the humiliation he must have felt on reading the Colonel's official report was a deserved punishment for his neglect.

### "OLD GOBBLE-EM-UP."

Col. Dwight was a brave and forceful man, possessing in a large degree the qualifications of a successful commander. He had great push; good judgment; was a thorough disciplinarian; enforced strict obedience to orders; looked well after the sanitary conditions of his camps, and always saw to it that his men got the best that was to be had. He was one who had the courage of his convictions; was free and outspoken in his opinions, and never said behind a man what he would not say to his face. He was apt to be rough and profane when provoked, but to those who pleased him he was generous to a fault.

The Colonel was of a noted New York family; drifted into lumbering at an early age in Tioga County, Pennsylvania; and in the Spring of the year accompanied rafts down the Allegheny, Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Such a life inured him to hardships, but it was probably also through it that he acquired a taste for strong drink, and on rare occasions he was liable to indulge beyond the point of safety. With this exception he was the right man in the right place as Commander of a regiment; and it is a pleasure to mention, that though badly wounded before leaving McPherson's, he stuck to the men until they reached town.

In the Chancellorville fight, the Company C boys, in playful humor, nicknamed him "Gobble-em-up," which stuck to him ever after.

It pains me to say ought against my old-time friend, but truth, historical accuracy, and justice to my men, demand that the curtain be drawn aside and the Colonel's condition during the engagement on the McPherson farm be revealed. Especially is this incumbent upon me, because in his official report he ignored (unknowingly it may be), the desperate struggle of my men to save the colors and retrieve his own mistake in neglecting to recall them; then, too, his report is so misleading and at variance with facts, that it leaves room for the false claim of a recapture that has done endless mischief; not only putting a stigma on my regiment, but doing great wrong to the actors in our color drama, tending to rob them of their laurels, and, what is worse yet, expose them to the shafts of slander.

That Col. Dwight was drunk during the fight is well known to the men of his regiment. This statement is confirmed by comparing the testimony on both sides with the following extract from his official report, which says:

" * * * * Whereupon Col. Stone ordered me to move my regiment forward and take possession of the railroad cut, about 50 paces to my front," (it was over three times that distance); "also, to plant my colors about 20 paces on the left flank of my regiment, all of which was accomplished in good order. * * * The enemy had planted three or four pieces of artillery in an orchard on our left, about one-half mile distant, commanding the cut I occupied, and had also, under cover of the hill we were fighting over, succeeded in moving up on my left flank part of a brigade, all of which was discovered in time to save my regiment by moving it rapidly back to my first position on the pike, but, I regret to inform you, not in time to save our colors, which were still where I first planted them; 20 paces on the left flank of the regiment, the color guard all being killed or wounded while defending them. To have saved my colors would have been to advance between two forces of the enemy, both my superiors in numbers; also, to have put my command under an enfilade battery fire. It would have been certain surrender or destruction."

The Colonel must have found it quite a task to write his official report. His recollections of the battle were evidently so indistinct and confused, that, cudgel his brain as he may, it was impossible to get order out of chaos. He fixes the time of the loss of our standards over one hour before its actual ccurrence. He had no opportunity to post himself on the color affair by interviewing the survivors, who were scattered in hospitals.

The resulting document was about what could be expected from a man in his condition during the fight. He could not recall when and why the colors were detached, but having an undefined recollection of it concluded it took place after the regiment had reached the cut.

If Stone's order had really been what Dwight says it was, it would stamp him as a man lacking common sense. To plant the colors 20 paces on the left flank of the regiment with an overlapping brigade of the enemy approaching in front, could have done no possible good. It would have been a senseless and criminal exposure of the colors and the men in charge of them, who would have drawn the enemy's fire with a vengeance, and would all have been struck down in a few moments, with the Color Company, too far away to supply fresh victims.

The conditions the Colonel describes as a reason for not being able to save the colors—out there at the cut—did not exist until an hour or so later, that is, after both wings of the brigade were left unsupported. During the greater part of that time there was nothing to prevent him from sending an order to Brehm to return to the regiment.

The Colonel's well worded official report, so carefully drawn to shield him from blame, and which passed current these many years, is a dismal failure when subjected to the light of truth; and standing out distinct and prominent is the melancholy fact that it was the whiskey which muddled his brain that is to blame for the loss of our flags. It is simply one of the endless array of examples of the evils of alcoholism, that curse of our Christian civilization, to which is traceable nine-tenths of the crime, misery and degradation that stalk over our fair land.

### THE RECAPTURED CANARD.

(Thus characterized by a well posted comrade of the 150th.)

Having now seen how complete is the chain of evidence that the colors remained undisturbed at the rail piles where first planted until our position at McPherson's became untenable and the regiment was withdrawn, the question may well be asked, why was it deemed essential that the actors in the color affair be sworn or affirmed. Why? Because Gen. Huidekoper of the 150th has questioned my veracity and that of my men, by antagonizing our statements as given in my pamphlet. The General still clings to a modified form of the statement he gave in his official report, namely, that our colors were captured by the enemy at an early stage of the fight but were soon after recaptured by the 150th and restored to our regiment. But, after the lapse of these many years, he now says, he does not know whether the re-capture was made by his or our men.

As his claim has gone into history we cannot pass it by in silence, though the foregoing indisputable evidence from both Union and Confederate sides prove it to be utterly without foundation.

I quote first from his official report; second from a private letter of his which necessity requires to be made public, and third from an interview of his with Captain Gamble.

(1) "* * * * After lying under shelter for an hour, the command of the regiment fell to me, Col. Wister taking command of the brigade.

Almost immediately, by order of Col Wister, a change of front forward on first company was made, and in that new position, protected by a fence (on the south side of the pike), our men awaited the charge of a rebel regiment which was attempting to flank the 143rd and 149th regiments, which had gallantly repulsed an attack on their front. At a distance of fifty yards a volley was fired into the rebels, which staggered them so completely that a second one was fired before an attempt was made to advance or retreat. At this juncture Col. Wister ordered the regiment to charge, and led it in person. The rebels were utterly routed; *and the colors of the* 149th *Pa. Vols., which had been lost were re-captured and restored to the regiment.* The 150th then fell back to the position from which they had opened fire and advanced."

In other words the 150th recaptured and restored the colors while north of the pike and then returned to the fence south of the road, the position from which they had opened fire and advanced.

(2) PHILADELPHIA, March 9, 1906.

DEAR CAPTAIN BASSLER:

Thanks for your pamphlet on the First Day's Fight, which I read (for the second time), with interest. It was always in my mind that our three regiments being hidden from observation by Hill's men, but in sight of Rodes' men, the two regimental colors were placed to draw the fire of Carter's batteries, on Oak Hill. For this purpose the flag of the 150th was planted near the stone quarry and that of the 149th not far from where the Reynolds monument is, with the color guard close by, at the N. W. corner of the barn.

As I was with Gen. Stone, along about 11:30, reconnoitering, I got his views as to the purpose of this arrangement, and saw with him the benefit of it.

All of a sudden I saw Daniel's men swoop down upon our brigade from the northwest; and as they rushed towards us, they struck your flag which was carried along with them until they reached the 150th and your color guard, but they left it in our hands. I now believe that it was your guard which had the colors when we recovered our breath after the closest, wickedest struggle I ever saw. I cannot but feel that the 149th was without its colors when it drove Daniel from the railroad cut the first time, and that it fought with the colors after your first encounter.

*This question is so profitless, that I make no mention of it in anything I now say or write.* As I wrote to Capt. Gamble, at Porto Rico, only a few days ago, in answer to a lot of questions he asked, the loss your regiment sustained at Gettysburg was phenominal, and that *the flag question should be dropped forever, as unimportant and not worthy of remark in any paper he might be preparing about the* 149th. Of course I sent him a copy of my pamphlet. I presume he would like your pamphlet if he does not have it. His address is Captain Gamble, Fort Morro, San Juan, Porto Rico. I presume he is the son of one of the 149th. * * * * *."

Yours sincerely,

H. S. Huidekoper.

(The italics in both of above are my own.)

(3) "I had a personal interview with Gen. Huidekoper last October (1906), upon this question (the Color question). He states positively and firmly that right after the charge to the cut of the 149th, apparently soon after you were wounded, that a force of rebels came down on your left and *crossed the pike;* and that they had the colors of the 149th, that the right of the 150th, and for all he can say the left of the 149th, went after those fellows and the colors; drove the enemy back, and that the flag of the 149th was brought to him by men wearing "Bucktails," whom he supposed to be his men; but who may have been 149th men as well, as all he noticed was the "Bucktails." They brought him the flag and he ordered it taken to Colonel Dwight with his compliments."

In the above quotation H. gives three different versions of "the recapture canard," too contradictory in several essentials to ensure their credence in a court of law. In the first, as given in his official report, when the incidents of the battle were fresh in his memory, the recapture and return of the colors is claimed to have taken place during Wisters charge, north of the pike. In the second version given 43 years after the battle, he says the colors were "not far from where the Reynold's monument is," and curiously locates the color guards "close by at the N. W. corner of the barn."

Why the color guards should be posted at the N. W. corner of the barn, (south of the pike), while the colors were north of the pike, is a question that would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer. They could not have been "close by" the colors, for the barn is 50 yards away from the pike in a direct line, and how could the color guards protect the colors 100 to 120 yards away?

In this version of H's story, the recapture must have taken place south of the pike; and, strange as it seems, he now believes that it was our color guards who got the flag; which flag, whether State or National, he does not say. It is strange that the enemy should take only one flag when they could just as easily have picked up both; strange, that if it was my men who recaptured "the flag," as H. now believes, that they should bring it to him; strange, that when ordered to take it to Col. Dwight with H's compliments, that they were sent back to the rail pile again, for there is where they were an hour or so after, as is proved by affidavits, corroborated by Confederate reports; strange, that not one man of the Color Company (nor of the regiment as far as I could ever learn), knows anything personally about such a capture, recapture and return of the colors; strange, that the force of the enemy that stole down on our left, (as H. says), struck our colors and carried them along south across the pike, is not mentioned in any official report on either side, not even in that of his own; strange, that in the spring of 1906, H. should consider this flag question so profitless that he resolved not again to make mention of it in anything he said or wrote, but that in the following fall we find him down in Porto Rico, revamping the recapture claim with added emphasis to Capt. Gamble, and giving it a sort of a stage setting to make it more impressive.

Strange it is, that H. wants my brave boys turned down—they, who were so faithful to their trust, and who, after being so shamefully left to their fate, gave such a splendid account of themselves, exhibiting the highest qualities of the American soldier, and adding renown to their regiment; strange, indeed, that it did not strike H. how unreasonable was such advice, which, if given by an outsider to the historian of his regiment, urging him to leave out an unimportant, all mention of their brave color bearer, Sergt. Peiffer, would have aroused his (H.'s) indignation, and he would have justly denounced it as the height of impertinence; yes, surprisingly strange, that H. has the effrontery to suggest to our historian that he pass over our color affair in silence and leave the stigma which his fictitious claim has placed on our regiment, without an antidote to its concealed poison.

Stigma? Yes, the worst kind. The recapture claim, as given in H.'s official report, looks innocent enough on its face; but, as it is a well-known fact that the enemy got permanent possession of both our standards, it is equivalent to charging us with having lost our colors twice that day, a record bad enough to blacken the reputation of any regiment, no matter how severe and bloody was its fighting, or how heavy its losses.

Strange it is, too, that H. adheres so persistently to his story, though unable to produce any evidence of its truth. Forty-three years have passed and the name of the hero who made the recapture is still a mystery. Is it not reasonable to suppose that if it had really occurred, his name would have been known to every man in the regiment within 24 hours? In the nature of the case, such a conspicuous affair would not escape the notice of a goodly number of men, who would be sure to spread the news and the name of their valiant comrade. It would have formed a topic of conversation around the camp-fire for weeks to come.

It is astonishing that a man of the General's standing should place himself in such an indefensible position; for the proof is indisputable that there was no capture of our colors while the brigade held its position around the McPherson buildings, and since there was no capture there could not possibly have been a recapture.

For years I kept a watch to see whether anyone would claim the mythical honor of having been the central figure in this assumed recapture. When, in 1882, on the publication of Kieffer's fascinating serial, "The Recollections of a Drummer Boy," Sergeant John C. Kensill, Company F, 150th, posed as the long-sought-for hero, I at once opened a correspondence with him;

but soon found that this comrade's mind was somewhat off its balance, and I subsequently learned that it was caused by a wound in his head.

Incidentally our correspondence did me a valuable service, for which I shall always hold him in kindly remembrance, for it led to my acquaintance with a comrade of his company, Sergeant W. R. Ramsey—an acquaintance which ripened into a warm and lasting friendship. As the Sergeant has something to say on the "recapture canard," I claim the privilege of introducing him to my auditors with a few complimentary remarks.

Comrade Ramsey's marvelous power of endurance enabled him to survive war experiences which not one man in a thousand could have passed through and lived. He had a leg shattered in the Battle of the Wilderness at the most advanced point to which our line had penetrated, lay for a time between the firing lines, and as our troops were driven back, was unavoidably left.

Mr. Ramsey is a gentleman of fine intelligence; and, that he is one of the notable men of his splendid regiment, is evidenced by the fact that he was selected as one of the speakers at the dedication of their battlefield monument; and, that the very complete roster of his regiment, involving a vast deal of correspondence, and which is embodied in Chamberlin's history of the 150th, is from his pen. He is a historian by natural instinct; brimful of facts relating to the first day's fight at Gettysburg; has carefully investigated all points of interest that presented themselves; among them Comrade Kensill's above mentioned pretensions, and through pure love of truth and fair-play, he sifted to the bottom, the recapture claim as set forth in Bates' history. It gives me great pleasure to present to you the result of his investigation in the following letter:

PALMYRA, N. J., Aug. 12, 1907.

CAPT. J. H. BASSLER, Late Co. C., 149th P. V.,

*My Dear Comrade*:—I have yours of Aug. 5th, in which you ask me to furnish you with the result of my investigation of the Kensill claim to have headed the squad of the 150th men, who were said to have recaptured the colors of the 149th P. V., in charge made by the right wing of the 150th regiment, during the battle of July 1st, 1863, at Gettysburg.

In reply would say that I have all my notes taken in 1883-84, and I will gladly place a copy at your disposal; you are at liberty to use all or any portion thereof, in any way you may desire.

To begin at the beginning, in Feb., 1882, an old tent-mate of mine, Sergt. Jno. C. Kensill, then residing in Fort Wayne, Ind., visited Philadelphia and called on me. During our conversation he told me he was engaged in a controversy with Capt. Bassler, of Co. C, 149th P. V., who wanted to make him believe that we did not recapture their colors for them at Gettysburg on the first day; he asked me to sustain the claim that we did, for the honor of Co. F., God bless her.

This I told him I could not do, as I did not believe that any such recapture was made, and gave him my reasons for doubting the claim.

Jack did not tell me that he was a candidate for a Congressional medal because of his having headed the squad which made the recapture, but he did tell me that the St. Nicholas was publishing a series of articles, written by H. M. Kieffer, of Co. D, 150th, under the caption of "Recollections of a Drummer Boy," in which the recapture was narrated.

From an officer of the 150th, P. V., I learned the nature of Jack's claim; Kensill had asked for his recommendation and interest in procuring the medal; having no personal knowledge, this officer referred the matter to me, as a member of Co. F, who had been present at the time of the alleged occurrence.

I stated that while I knew of Jack's acting with great gallantry on another occasion, I could not credit his claim in regard to the Gettysburg affair, whereupon he said that he himself thought that Jack was a little gone in the head.

I procured the back numbers of the St. Nicholas, and in the letter column saw the statement made that at a reunion of the 88th Indiana, held in Fort Wayne, in January, 1882, a comrade being called on, had responded by quoting the 149th flag recapture and other incidents from Kieffer's article: when he sat down Kensill took the floor and said he knew these incidents were true, because he was the man who headed the charge for the recapture of the colors; and he then went on to describe with great minuteness the details of the terrific hand to hand struggle for possession of the flags; this was published in the next issue of the magazine, of which more anon.

After Jack's return to Fort Wayne in February, 1882, he and I entered into a correspondence, the result of which was that in August, 1883, he met me at Gettysburg, where we spent a week together, this being the first time either of us had been on the ground since July, 1863.

Jack so persistently stuck to his story of a recapture, that I began to wonder whether it could have taken place during my temporary absence from the line, while five of us carried Major Chamberlin into the house in our rear, he having been badly wounded as we changed front from the pike, facing north, to the barn, facing west.

Not wishing to do my old comrade an injustice, I determined to investigate the matter thoroughly.

I soon developed the fact that Jack had been wounded inside of twenty minutes after we became actively engaged, and had never crossed the pike—north of which the 149th colors were located. I notified him of the result of my inquiry, but he reterated his story, adding that when old Gimber (our captain), ran away he took the company in. As this was an outrageous falsehood, I wrote and so informed him; also told him that his claim was a base slander on his superiors, two of whom were dead and could not defend themselves, but that in their behalf I would leave no stone unturned to get full particulars of the whole affair; that I would begin by writing to Capt. Bassler, asking him for a copy of his (Jack's) first letter, so as to know exactly what claim had been made for the men of Co. F. and their gallant taker in, as well as leader in the color dash.

As you know, I wrote you on March 17th, 1884, and in reply received a copy of Jack's first letter, which you informed me was in answer to a letter of inquiry addressed by you to Jack after reading his claim in St. Nicholas. This letter of Kensill's was a tissue of falsehood from commencement to close.

He was our fifth sergeant, and there were present, to my certain knowledge, four officers superior to him in rank, to-wit: Capt. Gimber, Lt. Keyser, Ord. Serg. Evans and First Duty Sergt. Chas. T. Street. Keyser was killed in field north of pike after Kensill was wounded; Evans was with the company till the close of the day, and he and I left the Seminary together; Street also was there through the engagement; I saw and spoke to Gimber a full hour after Kensill had gone to the rear.

I will now give you some extracts from my note book, under head of "Statements of sundry persons in regard to reported recapture of 149th colors by squad of 150th P. V."

Ramsey, of F, crossed the pike, saw your colors when we swung out from barn to fence on south side of pike, from which point we opened fire on the advancing rebel line, which was then partly across the R. R. grading, west of the cut—remained in field until the right wing—A, F, D—fell back, under orders, to the south side of pike; he saw no fight around your colors, to which Co. A, 150th, was nearest, on account of our position being diagonal to the pike, with right of A farthest north of the road.

John Hines, of Co. F, crossed the pike, was wounded in field north of it; saw no dash, knows nothing of recapture; F. M. James, of F, wounded in field north of road, saw nothing of dash; Ned Fowler, of F, was in field north of pike, saw Lt. Keyser killed, noticed 149th colors, but says we did not get them; Ned Hess and Geo. Bates, both of F, crossed pike, know nothing of dash; MacDonald, of F, crossed the pike to fence on north side, but did not enter field, he saw 149th colors and locates them to our front and right, which agrees with Ramsey's recollections; he says the colors were still there when he fell back to the barn. MacDonald was a veteran of the Mexican War, cool and observant, a thoroughly reliable man in every way.

Many other members of A and F were written to, or interviewed, and with but one exception, none had any personal knowledge of the recapture, although several had heard of it as a camp-fire rumor after the battle.

The one exception was a man of F, who, like Kensill, described in glowing language the color episode, with this difference, however, that he himself was the gallant leader; there were some weak spots in his story: first, he assigned to the command of F an officer who was not at McPherson's, having fallen by the wayside before reaching the field, and not rejoining the regiment until August 31st, following; second, this same leader number two, had previously stated, at a gathering of F in 1883, that our regiment never crossed the pike; third, this glorious hero was, like Kensill, wounded and off the field before the 150th crossed the pike.

In July, 1863, Sergt. Major Lyon, a tentmate and intimate friend of mine, who was then in Philadelphia, having been wounded July 1st, at the request and dictation of an officer of 150th, wrote up the part taken by our regiment at Gettysburg; this, with some modifications of phraseology, corrections of orthography, &c., was published in the Philadelphia Press, of July 25th, 1863; Lyon sent a copy to me, which I still have; this was, I believe, the first public claim of the recapture of the 149th P. V. colors, by a squad of the 150th; the statement in Bates' history, page 651, is substantially the same, and was doubtlessly based on the newspaper article referred to.

In July, 1884, I wrote to Lyon, then in New York, in relation to the claim made by Kensill; he forwarded to me the original M. S., which he had written in July, 1863, this also I still have in my possession.

Lyon died at the Home of Incurables in Philadelphia, Dec. 12, 1898; while he was an inmate of that institution, I frequently visited him, and in one of our war talks, not long before his death, while speaking of the recapture incident, he said to me: "You know, Bill, that was all poppy-cock," a favorite expression of his for buncombe.

I have always been of the opinion that the advance of our right wing into the field north of the pike, saved your colors from capture at that time, and that fact was magnified into their having been recaptured by us; many a goodly edifice has arisen from a much slighter foundation.

I think the responsibility for the final capture of your colors is a divided one, including Stone, Dwight, Wister and possibly Dana.

Their detachment by order of Col. Stone, had served its purpose long before the position at McPherson's had been abandoned, and the guards could have been recalled to their place in the regiment at any time prior thereto.

Stone being wounded, probably overlooked the matter, as did also Wister, who succeeded Stone in command of the brigade, Dana was in command but a short time before we were flanked out of the position.

Dwight in his report frankly assumes all the responsibility for their loss, but his explanation of the cause is such a mixture of fact and fancy, that one is compelled to look elsewhere for the true reason, which, in my judgment, and that of other participants, is that he was "shot in the neck" as well as in the thigh.

My own observation, confirmed by that of others, assures me that he was under the influence of liquor. He was a gallant soldier, and stuck to the front after being badly wounded, but if his judgment had not been obscured by his condition, your colors would, no doubt, have been recalled by him in ample time to assure their leaving the field in safety, although they might have met the same fate as the flag of the 150th during the retreat through the town.

Trusting that this may be of service in proving your contention that no recapture took place, I am.

Fraternally,

Wm. R. Ramsey.

Kensill had served three years in the navy and was well-known as "Sailor-Jack;" he was a good comrade and gallant soldier. I think his severe head wound, on the first day at Gettysburg, was responsible for much of the nonsense which he talked and wrote.

### CAST IN A DIFFERENT MOULD.

In striking contract to General Huidekoper's course, is that of the highly cultured and versatile Rev. Dr. Henry M. Kieffer, author of "The Recollections of a Drummer Boy." The Doctor had accepted the recapture claim as a fact, upon the authority of Bates' history, and in his serial for St. Nicholas, he, with customary literary license, dressed it up in fine style. But, with a nobility of nature worthy of his high calling and his title of D. D., as soon as he learned the truth about the matter, he made all the reparation that could be asked for, in the following letters:

EASTON, PA., October 27, 1896.

MR. H. H. SPAYD,

*My Dear Sir and Comrade*:—By your kindness I am in receipt of a pamphlet entitled Reminiscences of the First Day's Fight at Gettysburg, by Capt. J. H. Bassler, for which I desire to thank you most cordially. At once on receiving the pamphlet, though very busy, I sat down and read it with the greatest interest; and I wish to say that of all the addresses of a similar nature in my possession, I know of none that I shall more highly treasure. I do not know or even recall Capt. Bassler, though I must often have seen him in the army—but 36 years is a long time to look back through—but if I had the opportunity I should very highly congratulate him on this little pamphlet. The address is simply charming in its straight-forward and unpretentious simplicity, and possesses certain literary characteristics which I find it difficult to specify. I have been careful to preserve all such orations and addresses, and some day shall have them bound that they may be preserved for generations to come; and I am sure that when those who are to come after us, read this little brochure of Captain Bassler's, it will make the blood tingle for them when they peruse his account of how the 149th Color Guard defended the flag. May that flag never want brave defenders.

Sincerely yours in F. C. & L.,

HENRY M. KIEFFER,
Late Drummer Boy 150th Penn. Vols.

P. S.—I wish you would put me in correspondence with Captain Bassler. I have some interesting correspondence with a Johnny Reb (Allen C. Red,wood, of the Century Co., Artist Staff, who illustrated my book), on the subject of the capture of your flag. He says a messmate of his captured it—now a preacher in Richmond. "Tempora Mutantur, et nos cum illis."

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EASTON, PA., January 2, 1897.

*My Dear Comrade*:

I should have replied to your esteemed favor of October 28th, at an earlier date, but I was awaiting a reply to a letter I had sent to Rev. Mr. Lumpkin, at Richmond, who I think is the man that got away with you and the State flag of the 149th the first day at Gettysburg. He did not reply for so long that I had almost given it up; but to-day his reply reached me and I now send it to you, with the very particular request, *that after you have read it you return it to me, as I want to keep it.* It will greatly please me if I can feel that I have been the humble means of bringing you and the Rev. Mr. Lumpkin together, two valiant foemen of former days. Do you write to him and let me know the result of your interview.

As for my statements in the Drummer Boy Book concerning the recapture of your flag by a squad of my regiment—when I wrote that book little had been written in any of the magazines about the war—indeed nothing but several sketches in the Century, by Allen C. Redwood, now on the artist staff of the Century, who did the illustration of my book. Mr. Redwood's articles, in "Johnny Reb at Play," in the Century about 1879, gave me the thought of writing a serial for St. Nicholas, likewise published by the Century people. My story ran through a year of that magazine; was afterwards published in book form by the Century people at their own suggestion and was really the way-breaker for the great series of war papers that afterwards appeared in the Century.

Now you see, my dear comrade, at that time when I began to write, the facts of our history were in a chaotic state. Little attention had been paid to them, and the few statements here and there made were as it were, at random; at least there was little of any opportunity of verifying and connecting impressions that were vague, or statements that were hasty. In Bates' history of Penna. Vols.—Vol. 5, I think—in the sketch of my regiment, written by Maj. Thomas E. Chamberlin, of the 150th, a very well educated man and a most competent officer, you will find the statement made that your colors at one stage of the fight were recovered by a squad of my command. I do not think that Major C. would now say what he did then—he gave what his best information warranted at the time. Nor would I now, were I engaged in writing my book, state what is evidently apocryphal. What would I not now give had I had at hand when I was writing, these most valuable papers of Captain Bassler, your own and the Rev. Mr. Lumpkin's. And it gives me some little satisfaction that, in seeking to make amends to you and the members of your noble regiment, at this late day, I have been instrumental in searching out your antagonist and captor.

Suppose you send him a copy of Captain Bassler's fine address. Perhaps it wouldn't do though. The address calls one of the captors a "freckle faced traitor." Was Lumpkin freckle faced? * * * * Will you pardon my evident haste. I am very busy. With good wishes.

Yours sincerely,

HENRY M. KIEFFER.

In conclusion, the evidence is indisputable that the only recapture of colors in the first day's fight was made by Color Guard H. H. Spayd, who temporarily rescued from a foeman our State flag; and, had our regiment still been at McPherson's, he would have brought in his trophy in triumph. Too modest to blow his own horn his heroic deed remained for a long time unrecognized; and he and his brave color comrades were maligned, on the supposition that the fictitious recapture claim in H.'s official report and in Bates' history, was true—that the colors were returned to them, and that they lost them a second time.

But truth is mighty and must in the end prevail.

From Richmond, Va., *News Leader*, September 22, 1909.

## TELLS STORY OF FLYING MACHINE OF CONFEDERACY.

### Was Designated by Richmond Inventor and Partly Built, Scheme Was to Drop Explosives from Air Into Washington—Destroyed by Gale.

Inspired by recent pictures and articles published in The News Leader regarding the flying machine being built by George Bebout, of this city, the following letter has been received, which throws light upon a little known incident of the Confederate war:

"The notice of the aeroplane of Mr. Bebout given in a late issue of your paper reminds me of the trite saying that there is nothing new under the sun. At the same time we hope that Mr. Bebout will not feel badly under the circumstances when he is informed that he is not the first projector of a flying machine in Richmond.

"During the war between the States a machine was commenced which was to take President Davis and his cabinet, together with some ordnance officers, to the upper air of Washington.

"The officers were to be supplied with an abundance of large hand grenades, and when these argonauts of the air were at a point immediately over the top of the White House, perchance during a session of Lincoln's cabinet, combustibles, as if aerolites, were to be dropped.

"It would then proceed to the upper air in the neighborhood of the capital during a session of congress and compel incontinent adjournment. Needless to write that if the mortars in Washington could not have been successfully trained upon this new power in the air, before the executive and legislative branches had been killed or demoralized, the North would have petitioned for peace.

"The yard in which this early flying machine was in progress of manufacture was at the east corner of Seventh and Main Street, a lumber yard. No modern war engine can compare with the potentialities for destruction which was to have been possessed by the Confederate device. Hence, during its construction many spectators observed it.

"It is not known to the writer whether these persons saw only the model, or the parts of the final machine. There was an extensive framework composed of rectangular bars of light, white pine. So far as my recollection goes no canvas for wings or balloon appointments were seen; no motor and no wheels to furnish the machine with a start.

"Doubtless wheels were sufficiently numerous in the inventor's head.

"I regret that I do not know the name of the would-be inventor. For one of its purposes the machine was an eminent success, even before it was completed, for it was made to fly. Indeed it flew into pieces. One night a strong wind came up and relieved the inventor of all embarrassment. There was a rattling of pine bars of an inch in diameter, and splinters filled the air, and thus fled the hope of the Confederacy to appeal to Washington from high heaven.

"It is improbable that President Davis encouraged such diabolism as was intended to be carried out by the promoters of that enterprise.

"In return of the idea the people in Richmond often surveyed the heavens at night and sometimes thought they saw a Yankee balloon ready to drop explosives on the city.

"Had invention progressed as far as it will in the near future, the Federal government of the sixties would not have hesitated to have used air machines for the destruction of the South, or until it should have surrendered. This it would have sought to have justified by the well-worn plea of 'war measure.'"

'THOMAS R. EVANS."

From Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, February 6, 1910.

# WITH FORREST IN WEST TENNESSEE.

## Winter Campaign of 1862 Filled With Adventures and Incidents.

**By DAN W. BEARD.**

About December 11, 1862, we broke camp at Columbia and took the Mt. Pleasant Road and thence the road to Lawrenceburg. We there took the road to Clifton, where we arrived on the 15th, but our brigade turned to the right and bivouacked in the bushes without fires for fear of attracting the gunboats, which we had learned were patrolling the Tennessee River. During the night we were moved close to the river bank, which was a bluff. The river had a good boating tide, and was very swift and appeared to be rising. A little beyond the middle of the river was an island, or large sandbar, on which were several men and horses and two or three big bright fires. On our side they were pushing the horses off the bluff, about ten feet clear fall into the swift, icy cold water, the horses going out of sight. When they came up the poor brutes would swim round in a circle until one would see the fire on the sandbar and strike out for it. Some would never see the fire at all, but exhausted themselves trying to climb the same bluff they were pushed off. We lost eight horses. My company had taken off their saddles and tied them together with their blankets, overcoats and private belongings, in as small, compact bundles as possible, to be carried to the island in canoes. We stood there in a cold drizzling rain until we were wet to the skin all over, and so numbed with cold we could barely stand. After about two hours in this condition, order came for us to saddle up and move up the river and cross on a flat boat, two of which Forrest's vanguard had built and hidden. It was broad day when we got upon the opposite bank, where those who had preceded us had formed a temporary camp until the rest of the command came up. Then we took the Lexington Road.

The first indication we had of the presence of the enemy came from a battery concealed in the cane on the bank of Beech Creek. It was more like a slough or small bayou than a creek. We got across the creek somehow and charged the battery. The first command I heard was: "Shoot the men who are cutting the harness." We did, and wounded some of the artillery horses accidentally. We pushed on to Lexington, where we took Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll and his command prisoners. Ingersoll made a good fight. It was enough to make a Christian of him, but it did not. His famous lectures years after show that while we did not convert him, he loved everybody during the rest of his life, and if he really believed there is no hell we convinced him that there was something mightily like it.

We pushed on to Jackson, but by this time Forrest, by many crafty methods, had spread the report far and wide that he had a large force with him, and the private soldiers aided in exaggerating our number to the friendly citizens and the good women, who rushed to their front gates with whatever of good things to eat they happened to have. In answer to a question by a woman as to how many soldiers Mr. Forrest had, I heard Tom Jones say: "Madam, I would tell you if I could. Do you know how many trees there are standing in West Tennessee?" She said she didn't, and Tom told her Forrest had men enough to put one behind each tree, and two or three behind the biggest ones. Of course, these exaggerated reports reached General Grant through the commanders of the various blockhouses and towns, and reinforcements were being hurried from every available point. Forrest was virtually surrounded while at Jackson. Our attack on that place was a feint.

When we got within a mile or so of Trenton we heard four shots from a battery and hurried up to find that the Federal garrison had surrendered and the Confederates taken possession.

We captured an immense lot of stores, guns and ammunition and a good lot of wagons. I got two new army six-shooters, for which I turned over to the ordnance sergeant my old ones.

We got a little sleep that night and some rest next day. Tom Jones and I had been living on "Otard" brandy, strawberries and crackers, and our stock was running low, most of it having been stolen. It was reported that the proprietors of a big sutler's store had refused to take Confederate "script" for goods, and Tom Jones and about a dozen others went to "remonstrate" with them on the unfairness of their conduct. There were three of them, either Hebrews, Greeks or Italians, we didn't know which, and cared less. One of them wanted to fight. They were all three standing outside the front door on a platform. While Jones and others were gently "remonstrating" with them there came a crash, as the back door was forced open. The fighting man unlocked the front door, rushed in and promptly collared a big cavalryman and struck him in the face. In about two seconds he had a shelving board split over his head. In the subsequent proceedings he took no part. When he came to—if he ever did—he found his store empty and the shelving and other fixtures a complete wreck, for word had gone out that the merchants had killed a soldier and in a few minutes the storehouse was crowded with angry armed cavalrymen. All the stores kept by foreigners or Yankees were barred up and the owners in hiding. Among the loot taken was an immense quantity of counterfiet Confederate interest-bearing notes. It was printed so much better than, and the paper was so superior to, the genuine Confederate money it could be detected on sight. It was just as good to play poker with as gold, and our boys brought away with them what "Granny" Tom Bass called "dead oodles" of it.

We moved out a mile or so and camped on Christmas Eve, and the next morning were sent to press axes from the citizens and cut down a long high trestle across Obion bottom. The men worked like heroes, but with slow effect. About noon Colonel Woodward rode up and asked me how we were getting along. I told him they were losing time, as the trestles were as hard as horn and the axes as dull as froes and had poor handles. I furthermore told him if I could get permission I would divide my squad, put half the men to splitting dry kindling and the other half to building fires on top of the trestle and build a fire at every point where the sills crossed the bents. He thought it a good idea, so we began building the fires. The colonel stayed until several fires were burning griskly and went down the line giving orders to the other gangs to burn instead of cut the

the trestles. We made such good speed that by dark we had destroyed at least a mile of trestle, some of it fully fifteen feet high. The weather had turned bitter cold and the trestle was covered with sleet and ice.

## IN WEST TENNESSEE.

Leaving a strong rear guard, the command started north along the railroad, burning every bridge and capturing every blockhouse as far as Union City, save the one at Forked Deer River. There I saw a force of Confederates trying to capture the blockhouse, and, thinking it my regiment, I stopped after passing the blockhouse, hitched my horse and went to join them, when I found it was Dibrell's regiment, and also learned that Starnes's regiment had pushed on to capture Humboldt. Mounting, I made the best speed my horse was capable of, but I heard cannonading when about four miles distant. From the increasing fire of artillery, I judged my regiment had "cut off more than it could masticate," but when I arrived on the scene I found that Starnes had captured the garrison, set fire to the depot, bridge and a house containing a large amount of ordnance stores, and it was the shells exploding that I had taken for a heavy cannonade.

It was a magnificent daylight fireworks display. The explosions were incessant; pieces of shells, of the warehouse, chunks of fire and clouds of smoke and ashes were flying in all directions. . . .

A few days later we took the road to Dresden, which had been cut up by wagons and horses and was now hard frozen, and offered the worst travel I had ever experienced. Our horses were half dead with starvation and exposure, but we arrived at Dresden before dark. The enemy was closing in on us from all directions. Our various commands, which had been very much scattered, were now concentrating in the direction of Clifton, which was the only possible route by which we could get out of West Tennessee.

Next morning we took a road leading south and halted at noon at a crossroad leading from Huntington to McLemoresville. After feeding our horses the men dropped down wherever they could and soon were fast asleep. I hitched to a bush close beside the road, kicked the snow off a brush pile and went to sleep on it with my shotgun in my arms. I don't know whether I slept a minute or an hour, but I awoke amid a most infernal din of firearms, clattering of horses' feet and yells. It was a minute or two before I could realize where I was and what it all meant. I saw a detachment of Federal cavalry, about eighty in number, pass me in a sweeping gallop with drawn pistols, coming from the direction of Huntington. Just past me some Confederates had formed and poured a volley into them which sent them flying past me, and I fired both barrels at them at a distance of less than twenty feet with no visible effect. I loaded and capped my gun with fingers so numb I could not feel the caps, mounted and set off in a gallop after the fleeing Yankees. On the road we found one dead Yankee, and met two of our men coming back wounded. One I did not know. He was shot in the head or face and was very bloody. He said: "Boys, we whipped them, but they got me!" The other man was Anderson Hagar, of my company, shot through the lungs, and bleeding from his mouth copiously. According to my theory of the "death pallor," I decided that neither was mortally wounded. Nor did they die.

From Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, February 6, 1910.

# MUNFORD'S MARYLANDERS NEVER SURRENDERED TO FOE.

## Belonged to Famous Command Which Cut Its Way Out on Eve of Lee's Surrender.

### By JOHN R. STONEBRAKER.

After repulsing the Yankees when we made the last charge at Appomattox, and General Munford, having most emphatically declined to be included in the surrender of General R. E. Lee's army, General Munford's command moved off slowly and unmolested, reaching Lynchburg that afternoon. The First Maryland Cavalry crossed the James River about dark and encamped in the Fair Grounds. At sunrise the next morning, April 10, we were formed in line, and Colonel Dorsey informed us that it had been determined at yesterday's conference to disband the cavalry for a short time. Acting upon this agreement, we were free to go where we pleased until April 25, when he would expect every man to meet him at the Cattle Scales, in Augusta county. We at once broke ranks; our color-bearer, John Ridgely, stripped our beloved flag from its staff, placed it in his haversack, and carried it with him to Albemarle county, Va. The men scattered in every direction.

About April 15, while riding along the road, I was invited by a boy to the house of his mother, a widow, who owned a small place in Deep Gully, through which ran a small stream called Hickory Creek. Here I remained until April 24. On that date I started for our appointed rendezvous, met Lieutenant Ditty and Private Johnson, of our command, on the road, and together we crossed the Blue Ridge at Rockfish Gap. Upon reaching Waynesboro I left them and proceeded five miles farther to the Cattle Scales.

Here I found that a number of our boys had already assembled. By 10 o'clock next morning nearly every member of the command which had marched to Lynchburg was present. Colonel Dorsey then formed us in line and said:

"General Munford has ordered me to meet him at Salem, Roanoke county, with my battalion. From there we expect to go South and join General Joseph E. Johnston. I want every man to feel that he is at liberty to do as he pleases. Those who are willing to accompany me will side to the right and form in line."

Ridgely in the meantime had fastened our banner to a crude staff, under which every Marylander present rallied, and with Colonel Dorsey at the head of the little band, we moved forward, passing through Waynesboro, encamping for the night five miles south of the town. At sunrise the march was resumed, and proceeded southward for three days and a half, passing through Greenville, Midway, Fairfield, Lexington and Springfield. We crossed the James river at Buchanan and reached Cloverdale at noon on Saturday, April 29, 1865. We then went into camp and the men were given their discharge. The following address was read to the men by Lieutenant Ditty:

### THE FAREWELL ADDRESS.

"To the gallant band who claim Maryland as their song:

"Soldiers,—You, my veteran friends, who have weathered the storm, may now sing your song with proud hearts. It once could be heard on every lip, but after the Maryland campaign it was discarded and your gallant little band caught up another air from Virginia.

"Three years ago the chivalrous (Ridgely) Brown joined my old command, with twenty-three men—twenty-three Maryland volunteers, with light hearts and full of fight. If they had a care, a trouble or a wish, it was to whip the Yankees. They increased so rapidly that the captain reminded me of the old woman who lived in a shoe.

### HEROISM OF MARYLANDERS.

"As they grew in number their reputation and friends increased. They were soon too numerous to remain with me, and able to take care of themselves. It was here I learned to admire, respect and love them for all the qualities which endear soldiers to their officers. I tell you now, when I see you standing high above all other soldiers and alone, that my heart swells with pride to think that your career, so bright and glorious, was linked in a small degree with my old regiment. Would that I could see the mothers and sisters of every man of this proud old command, and tell them how well you have represented your State and our cause. But the people of Virginia will not forget you. The fame you have won in after years will be guarded by old Virginia with the pride she feels in her own true sons. You have fought the good fight, and the few remaining members of this old command and of Company K, might well say:

" 'When I remember all
  The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
  Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
  Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled and garlands dead
  And all but me departed.' . . . .

"It becomes us now to separate, but the ties which have so long bound us together will not be forgotten. They will live in memory, and in after years will revive amidst our joys and dangers, and whenever we meet we may say, 'This is my old and familiar friend.'

"The cause is not dead. I feel sure the great battle is yet to be fought. I have ordered the 'Old Brigade' to remain at home and be ready, and whenever and wherever we are called, I know the gallant Colonel Dorsey and his braves will rally again, and though Maryland and Virginia are now overpowered, we will yet join hands and fling our glorious battle flags to the breeze as the emblem of their majesty and strength.

"In conclusion, let me urge upon you to remain quiet and keep your armor burnished. You, who struck the first blow in Baltimore and the last in Virginia, have done all that could be asked of you. Had the rest of our officers and men adhered to our cause with the same devotion to-day we would have been free from the Yankees.

"May the God of battles bless you. With many thanks for your generous support and a hearty God bless you. I bid you farewell.

"THOMAS T. MUNFORD,
"Brig.-Gen'l, Commanding Division.

"Cloverdale, Botetourt county, Va., April 29, 1865."

The flag, by a vote of the officers and men, was given to Colonal Dorsey. He took each man by the hand, bidding each an affectionate farewell. I was paroled at Harrisonburg, Va., May 7, 1865.

I am not one of those who half-apologize by saying "we fought for what we believed to be right." I think we fought for what was right, and I have never had a regret for the part I took in the strife.

Baltimore, Md., January 29, 1910.

# EIGHTH VIRGINIA'S PART IN SECOND MANASSAS.

## Colonel N. B. Tells How His Regiment Shared in Honors of Memorable Victory Over John Pope.

On August 27, 1862, we filed into one of Robert Beverly's bluegrass fields, just west of the Thoroughfare Gap, to await the detour of General Wilcox by the Hopewell Pass to flank the enemy from the eastern end of the gap. This he did so thoroughly that when we passed through a little later there was not one of them to be seen, and it was well for them it was so, for the Eighth Virginia was just then in the temper to whip anything in sight. We had been fighting bumble bees all the morning, and bumble bees are very inspiring. It was really marvelous the number of bees we found in that field, or rather the number that found us.

There being no enemy around, we went into bivouac west of the Chinn House, and presently were ordered to prepare for a night attack. Soon after dark we were in line north of the turnpike, near Groveton. We had just started to move forward when the right encountered a pond. It might be ten feet deep for aught we knew. I had just given the order to double quick by the left flank to pass the obstacle, when a little fellow dashed up, exclaiming: "Your men are running, sir! Your men are running!"

"Yes," I replied, "and by my order. What have you got to do with it?"

We had quite a spat about it, but an order for our return coming just then, every one was soon in good humor. I do believe that Jim Dearing and a few more I could name really enjoyed a fight when the weather was bright, but fighting in the dark—well, "that is another story."

## MOVING INTO PLACE.

The next morning as we were forming line I found our right lapped by about one company of Jenkins', but he, fortunately coming just then, moved his men to the right, as our touch was to the left. I think the men moved off with a more elastic step, knowing we had Jenkins on one flank and the Fourth Texas on the other.

We passed though a light fringe of timber, and flushed a small body of the enemy, lying behind a fence. They went off in a hurry, taking with them some sort of conveyance, which some of our men—about twenty, I think— tried hard to catch, apparently supposing it contained something very good. It was impossible to stop the men. Under less serious circumstances the race would have been amusing, but as they ran far ahead of the regiment, several were struck going over the field. One man, Dave Hixson, was shot through the foot as he ran. We lost a good man in him, but Mosby gained one.

Jenkins presently changed direction to the left, intending, I suppose, to take a battery that had an enfilading fire on him. He came up on us, and as my men, having given up the chase, they joined his left. But very soon the battery was taken, and firing ceased. Who took this battery I cannot say, but I have always thought that both Hunton and the Fourth Texas had something to do with it.

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The enemy being gone, we returned to our bivouac and sent out a detail to look for our missing men. After awhile Aden Rogers, with one or two more, came in with a finely equipped horse, on which was French Gulick, with a broken thigh.

"Colonel," Rogers said to me, "this saddle and bridle is for you, but I want the horse to go courting on after the war."

Poor fellow, he rode no horse courting, but rode one to his death soon after his exchange to the cavalry. Awaking the next morning, I looked up towards Company D and thought Rogers and his horse had quickly come to an excellent understanding. Going up to them I found all hands asleep and Rogers reclining against the horse, which was dead as a mackerel. I saw then he had been shot through, though it had shown no signs of distress when brought in.

We started in pursuit, but the events of the next two or three days are so accurately related in McCabe's "Campaigns of General Lee" that every one remembers them. Our men were hungry, but cheerful. They did not expect the commissary to keep pace with Lee and Jackson, who were driving the enemy from hillock to hill, until finally they broke from Fairfax Courthouse for Washington.

We wanted to see our friends in Maryland, so turned north by the Fryingpan Road, and at night stopped near the home of some of my men.

"Colonel," a man would say to me, "my wife and children are just over that hill. I have not heard of them for months. Please get permission for me to go for a little while; I will surely be back before you move." Hardly knowing what to do, the next morning, I went to General Corse (we were happy to be under this gallant man even for a short time), and explained the situation to him.

"You are right," said he, "but you must have General Longstreet's permission. He has just passed up the road. I put out after him, and found him, dismounted and alone. I asked permission to send out one or two men to warn some absentees, as we were about to move. "Not a man," said he; "better hold on to all you have got."

These men joined us before night. We needed them.

## WHO WAS LAST SOLDIER TO LEAVE BURNING CITY.

The September *Confederate Veteran* contained a statement that there was dispute concerning what soldier, or command of soldiers, was the last to leave Richmond on the morning of April 3, 1865, and asked information. Colonel Clement Sulivane, of Cambridge, Md., replied in the December issue, and as his communication must be of interest to all *Times-Dispatch* readers as part of the history of Richmond, I beg leave to submit it for their benefit:

"There should be no dispute about it," to give Colonel Sulivane's answer verbatim. "It was a fragment of General G. W. C. Lee's command, known as the Local Defense Brigade, and attached to his division, placed under my command, then assistant adjutant of Lee's Division, by Lieutenant-General Ewell on the morning of April 2. This was immediately after receipt of the news that our lines had been broken before Petersburg. The last bridge over the James—Mayo's—at the foot of Fourteenth street, was guarded by this command from about 4 A. M., on April 3, until General M. W. Garey's Cavalry Brigade crossed at 8 A. M., and at 8:15 (in pursuance of instructions from Lieutenant-General Ewell given me just before daylight), I burned the bridge with my own hands, assisted by an engineer officer, who had placed barrels of tar along it at intervals from shore to shore for that purpose. I never knew his name, having simply found him there to await my orders. This was in the face of the cavalry of General Wetzel's army, who had poured down Fourteenth street in pursuit of Garey. I then marched on and overtook my division on the road to Amelia Courthouse about 2 P. M., that day."

### COINCIDENCE OF PROMOTION..

This same account was published in the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," issued by the Century Magazine some twenty-five or thirty years ago. That magazine, having learned in some manner that I was the last soldier of General R. E. Lee's army to leave Richmond, wrote to me for a narrative of the circumstances of my retreat.

Colonel Sulivane has written elsewhere: "Concerning that retreat from Richmond there has been a curious coincidence of record between Lieutenant-Colonel H. Kyd Douglas, of Hagerstown, Md., and myself. When not quite twenty-three we both left our homes in Maryland and enlisted as private soldiers in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1861. That fall we were both promoted to the staff as first lieutenants and aides-de-camp. In 1864 we were both in the Adjutant-General's Department with the rank of captain on the brigade staff. When our respective generals became major-generals in the early spring of 1865, we became entitled to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, but application was not made for our commissions as such, because we were both recommended to be made brigadier-generals. The order for such commissions was issued by President Davis, but did not reach us in the general turmoil and confusion of the last days of Richmond. When General Ewell was ordered by General Lee, on April 2, to evacuate the north branch of the James and march on to Amelia Courthouse, he selected me to command his extreme rear guard, and placed me in command for that purpose. When Lieut.-Gen. Gordon was directed by General Lee to cover his retreat on the south side of the James, that officer selected Kyd Douglas, in command of his brigade, for that purpose. And thus it happened that in that famous fighting army the same posts of honor and danger were entrusted to two young Marylanders, each twenty-six years of age. Each made good his retreat. One was the last to see the Capitol dome of Richmond, the other the last to see the spires of Petersburg. Finally we both surrendered within a week, and returned to our respective homes in June, 1865, after having served throughout the entire war in exactly parallel lines.

X. X.

# FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF SECOND COLD HARBOR.

**By JOSEPH V. BIDGOOD, Late Adjutant Thirty-Second Virginia Infantry.**

In a recent article Colonel E. M. Morrison, of Smithfield, Va., who commanded the Fifteenth Virginia Regiment of Infantry at Second Cold Harbor fights, wrote of Captain Campbell Lawson, who was wounded there. I remember very well the incident mentioned, and desire to add something that Colonel Morrison had forgotten. But before stating it I wish to tell what caused the pressure on our lines that day.

I had a first cousin, John Langhorne, a gallant fellow. No doubt many of the Richmond men remember him. He was just on the right of our line with two guns of his battery. The enemy had been worrying us a good deal with their artillery, and Lieutenant Langhorne made up his mind to give them some of their own medicine. He picked out a place just at the foot of a little rise in the ground, where, rigging his guns mortar fashion, and getting the range, he commenced to drop shells in their lines and battery that made the enemy think they had started the worst kind of hornets. Langhorne had his fun, but overlooked the fact that it was a game two could play. After standing it as long as possible, they turned loose all their guns on our lines.

### LOOKING FOR GENERAL CORSE.

We infantry boys did surely hug the ground. General Corse, our brigadier, had been near us just before the fuss commenced. My colonel, Montague, Major B. P. Lee and myself had picked out the safest place we could find, when all of a sudden the colonel said to me, "Bidgood, where is General Corse? Go out, find him and ask him to come with us." I looked at the colonel and said to myself, "Does he want to get rid of his sergeant-major this way?" The shells were coming as thick as hail, bursting and kicking up such dust as no tornado could. However, when the colonel ordered it, and it was my duty to obey, I started to find the general, but as "Old Grand Dad," as we called him, was a wise man as well as a good general, he had doubtless selected a safe place. I dodged the shells and took a hasty look, but nothing was to be seen, not a man, nothing but shells and dust. I finally made my way back to the colonel, and reported the general could not be found. Colonel Montague looked me full in the face, smiling, said, "Bidgood, this is the first time I ever saw you scared."

### LAWSON'S EXPLOIT.

I think it was the day after this the enemy commenced to press our picket line with so much vigor as to force Colonel Morrison to send Captain Lawson with a body of men to strengthen the line. I saw Lawson with his brave fellows go out, and nobly did they do their work. The attack was resisted and repulsed, but with much loss to us. Captain Lawson was shot, and as they brought him in our line on a stretcher, I went up to him and said: "I am truly sorry to see you are hurt; you made a big fight and saved the line." Looking me full in the face, the glow of battle still there and a smile, said: "Oh, I have a furlough for ninety days." He lost his leg, and, of course, never came back to the army. He was one of the gamest little soldiers I ever saw. Always ready for a fight. He had graduated from the V. M. I. in 1861, and died after the war in Maryland, though I do not know the date of his death. Colonel Morrison was also a graduate of the same school. He lost the use of an arm at Sharpsburg, I think, and for the rest of the war commanded his regiment with one arm.

From Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, August 1, 1909.

# THE GALLANT DEFENCE OF STAUNTON RIVER BRIDGE.

*Editor of the Confederate Column*:

Sir,—You recently published in your Confederate Column an inquiry from Philip Alexander Bruce for my address, and also expressed a wish for an article on the engagement at Staunton Bridge. I enclose a letter to Mr Bruce explanatory of the conditions and circumstances of that engagement, which you are at liberty to use in your Confederate Column.

Yours very truly,
B. L. Farinholt,
Late Colonel C. S. A.

West Point, Va., July 14, 1909.

*Mr. Philip Alexander Bruce,* 118 *Beachwood Place*:

Dear Sir:—Seeing a letter from you to Major Hunter, concerning the preservation of the fortifications which I had erected at Staunton River Bridge, and which enabled the forces under me to make such a gallant defense of the position and hold it against the bold and determined attack of about 6,000 of the best armed and well-seasoned veterans of General Grant's army, supported by three batteries of choice artillery, the whole constituting three brigades, under the command of their cavalry generals—Wilson, Kautz and Speer—I write to advise you of my address, and to tender my services in any way in which I can assist to further the laudable purpose which prompted your interest in the preservation of the fortifications, as yet plainly observable, but which time and the encroachments of nature, or perhaps those who have no sentiment or appreciation of the patriotism and heroism of the men who erected and defended these works, will within a decade or two efface entirely.

I am truly glad to know that, as one of the thoughtful leaders and prolific writers of Virginia in her palmiest days, you are yet sufficiently alert and watchful to advise the good old county of Halifax to preserve sacredly these fortifications, which will be a priceless heirloom for her sons and their posterity for all time, and an inspiration to guard and defend with their lives, if necessary, as did those brave men in June, 1864, the soil of Halifax from invasion; and Charlotte, Mecklenburg, Pittsylvania, Lunenburg, Nottoway and Amelia can well afford to lend a helping hand for this worthy purpose, as they each and all furnished men who did their part nobly in that battle; the momentous results from which were the saving of the most important bridge from Danville to Richmond, and from absolute destruction all the rolling stock of the Danville Railroad, which had been run just beyond my command, and also the saving not only of the road itself from Staunton River to Danville, but probably Danville, with its vast army stores, from being given to the flames. They had already destroyed the road and all the depots and telegraph officers from Burkeville to Staunton Bridge, and all rolling stock caught between these points, and their object was a complete destruction of the entire road to Danville and all cars and depots on the entire route.

Over this road much the greater portion of our supplies came for our armies around Richmond and Petersburg, and had I yielded to the superior force of the enemy or acquiesced in the Fabian policy adopted by some of our distinguished generals, fallen back and endeavored to gather a larger force and confront the enemy at Danville, as was discretionary with me, and which was advised, and possibly might have been creditably executed, but which I never entertained for a moment, it would then have been quite questionable if all the wagon trains in our service in Virginia at that time could have hauled the vast supplies needed at Richmond and Petersburg rapidly enough to have kept our armies from starving, or evacuating those cities nine months earlier than we did; as it was, we were weeks repairing the destruction on the road from Burkeville to Staunton River, and during that time every available wagon was called in use, and our quartermaster and commissary departments taxed to their utmost ingenuity until this connection was made over the damaged road.

Colonel Charles Marshall, of General Lee's staff, on several occasions talked with me of the anxiety expressed by General Lee for the safety of the Danville Railroad at this crisis, and of his satisfaction and gratification at the result of this battle, and as a further mark of his appreciation expressed his pleasure in a congratulatory order sent to me soon thereafter, which I had read on dress parade, where it was received with much enthusiasm by the entire command, my men being proud of this recognition from General Lee. What soldiers would not have been at any time, but especially when this commendation was not to seasoned veterans, but in recognition of their fortitude in their baptismal fire against a force far better equipped and numbering over five to one.

My artillery consisted of two twenty-pound guns, mounted in bastions at the outer angles of the fortifications, effective a distance of two miles, and two rifled six-pounders, and four smooth-bore six-pounders, these last more noisy than serviceable, carrying effectively barely 1,000 yards. The two twenty-pound pieces and the two rifled Napoleons I had but just received after persistent appeals following much procrastination on the part of our Ordnance Department.

I had only 1,238 men and officers, including Captain Paul Edmunds, with about fifty mounted men, whom I stationed to defend the first ford above the bridge, and Colonel Stanhope Flournoy, with about the same number, whom I stationed at the first ford below the bridge, each about one and one-half miles off as I now recollect, to prevent or advise me of the enemy crossing above or below, and attempting to get in my rear.

I shall always feel thankful to Col. R. E. Withers, who was commanding at Danville at the time, for his prompt response to my telegram to send me every available man from Danville, including every one in the hospitals able to handle a rifle.. These, with the two Danville companies added to my men and boys, made a more seasoned force, which I used effectively.

I am pleased to have you arouse the good people of Halifax to what is due to them and those who come after, in perpetuating the history of this spot in the borders of old Halifax.

The New England States attained a great deal of their prominence in the history of our country by the persistency with which they have noted copiously in all our histories the great importance of every battle fought during the Revolution of '76 to '81 within their borders. Yet many of them were not more important or fought against such odds as was the battle of Staunton Bridge, and even Big Bethel, the first affair between General Butler and General Magruder, was not fought with such dire catastrophy resting upon the result as was in the scales at Staunton Bridge had we been defeated. The boys from the V. M. I. are duly glorified for their intrepid charge and heroic fight at New Market, but they were trained to implicit obedience and under the immediate control of those who had drilled and instructed them in tactics and military duties for over two years, and each and every one of them knew well the duty of a soldier and the importance of alertness and cohesive action. It must be remembered that my command was a heterogeneous mass, the greater part of which had been assembled only three months, the rawest kind of recruits, from fourteen to twenty and from fifty to sixty-five years of age, whom I was as rapidly as possible instructing in the duties of a soldier when they were not working with pick and spade on the fortifications, and that to these I had added the volunteer citizens of the county and the force from Danville, both hastily summoned to my assistance, after being informed by a special messenger from General Beauregard that this large force of the enemy had been detached from General Grant's army and it was thought their object was the destruction of the Danville Road and bridges and rolling stock, then so important for us to hold at all hazards.

There was some criticism of my conduct of this battle by General Dabney Maury many years afterwards in the Richmond *Times*, based, I think, upon information furnished him by a man whose name I do not recall, who came to me just as the enemy was approaching and then in sight, requesting to be assigned to an officer's place over one of my recently improvised companies. As I had no place for him as an officer, I gave him a rifle and ordered him in the ranks. If he expected to perform proper service that was the place for him. At this he took offense, and as my duties called me imperatively elsewhere at the moment, I did not place him under arrest, as I should have done.

I should never have replied to General Maury's article and should have passed it by in silence, for General Maury had no just foundations for his criticisms, but meeting with General Fitzhugh Lee, who was a warm friend of mine, he, knowing all the circumstances of the engagement at the bridge, advised me not to let Gen. Maury's article go unnoticed, and I replied, though then as now, I think we had enough to do to fight the enemy.

Having been wounded and captured nearby the intrepid Armistead in the heroic charge where he led the remnant of Pickett's Division over the stone wall at Gettysburg; having been honored with this independant command after eight months' confinement and subsequent escape from Johnson's Island, and congratulated by President Davis, for, as he facetiously said, "arranging my own cartel," General Grant at the time refusing to exchange prisoners; having been fortunate to come out victor when attacked by so superior a force, and received the thanks and compliments of my superior officers and commanding general for the great service which they recognized had been accomplished only by handling to the best advantage undisciplined troops, though as brave and patriotic as seasoned veterans, I should have been and am content to let history and posterity take care of the facts.

I regret to have written at such length, especially as I have been so often disgusted with many magazine writers, who being invisible in war and invincible in peace, yet now know all about it, and from a perversion of facts draw false conclusions with a facile pen. And I have time and again promised myself not to talk or write anything more about the War between the States, but as no doubt Noah and his sons being saved in the Ark from the vortex of water talked about the flood for the next hundred years, so I think it likely those who participated in the War of the Confederacy and were saved from the crucible of fire through which the Army of Northern Virginia passed from Seven Pines to Gettysburg, and from the Rapidan to Appomattox, will be apt to talk about it as long as life lasts, and chronologically reckon everything from that era.

Yours very sincerely,

B. L. Farinholt.

From Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, February 19, 1905.

## FIRST DAY ON LEFT AT GETTYSBURG.

### General Early's Advice—An Oft-Repeated Incident Corroborated by a Witness Who Was There.,

### Major JAMES McDOWELL CARRINGTON Tells a Thrilling Story of Thrilling Deeds.

The article below is from the excellent pen of Major James McDowell Carrington, who in the battle of Gettysburg was captain of the Charlottesville Artillery, and is now a distinguished lawer of Washington city. The Major's statements confirm the close presence of General Early and Ewell on the field the first day at Gettysburg, and gives evidence as to one of the occasions upon which General Early advised an assault on Cemetery Hill that afternoon. Colonel Harry Gilmore, of Maryland, in his book, "Four Years in the Saddle," tells almost identically the same story as Major Carrington.

John G. Williams, Esq., a respected lawyer of high standing at Orange Courthouse, writes to the same effect on this topic, and I myself, was a personal witness of the fact, which I recall as if it were yesterday, of the message sent in my presence by General Early to General A. P. Hill before he met General Ewell, telling him that in his opinion assault should not be delayed, and that if General Hill would put in his corps, he, Early, would take the responsibility of joining the assault without waiting. The witnesses on this subject are so numerous and so reliable and General Early's own repeated testimony found in his book and in his historical papers which have been published, make the fact as plain as any fact about the war that Early was close upon the field in troops and both advised and urged an immediate assault. The account given by General Gordon in his book of this day's operations is erroneous when it refers to General Early, and it contains many errors which I suppose later to show with the proofs thereof. The time at which General Gordon speaks in his book of being commanded to halt was just at that time when Hay's and Hoke's Brigade (under Colonel Avery), and Captain Carrington's Artillery was being brought forward by Early on Gordon's left to capture Heckman's battery and to repulse the troops of General Custar, who were very troublesome at that juncture. The gallant Louisianians and North Carolinians did capture the guns and hurled back Custar's troops, but are not given even a scant reference by General Gordon in his book, although they were the adjacent troops of the division to which he belonged; nor does he give his division commanded any credit for the rapid and vigorous movement by which he accomplished this result. While Major-General Rodes, his comrade on many fields, and Brigadier-General Hayes, of Louisiana, likewise his comrade on many fields, fought gallantly and effectively on that day, the one to the right and the one to the left of him, so far as General Gordon's book is concerned, one would not know that these men ever existed. General Gordon had at that time, according to his report, which is in the war records, only about 800 men present with him on the field after his charge was over. Yet he speaks of my command "as if it were an army corps." If he alone could have captured the Federal works and driven away the Federal army from the summit of Cemetery Hill as his book intimates, he would have done with this handful of soldiers, had he not been halted, he and his brigade had better have been detailed to fight the war out by themselves for the rest of the Confederate army would have been a surplus quantity. I do not suppose that any general ever thought of assigning that job to one brigade. The truth is, no one ever had an idea that Gordon's brigade could have accomplished it, and at the time he was halted there was war-like business enough on hand immediately to his left (though probably not in his sight because of the undulating ground), that gave abundant occupation to two brigades of Early's division in their successful assault to which he makes no reference whatever.

Major Carrington does not refer to the intervening facts which induced General Ewell to advance his corps on the afternoon of the first against Cemetery Hill. That fact was the message that came from our left that the enemy were there appearing, and of this in all probability Major Carrington was not apprised at the time of the battle. Circumstances of the incident have often been related and it is needless to repeat them here. Major Carrington's article presents certain phases of the first day's fight accurately, and ably; and with a high spirit of comradeship and good grace, which are worthy of that officers's brave and honorable career.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

At the time of the battle of Gettysburg, I was captain of what was known as "The Charlottesville Artillery," and commanded it in that momentous struggle. This battery was one of four which composed Jones' Battalion, the other three being Courtney Artillery, Captain W. A. Tanner; Louisiana Guard Artillery, Captain C. A. Green, and the Staunton Artillery, Captain A. W. Garber. This battalion composed the artillery of Early's Division. Permit me to say just here that I think I knew General Early as well as could be expected of a young officer of my rank. I knew of him before the war; he was quite an intimate friend of my father, General Edward C. Carrington, Sr., and was major of the First Virginia Regiment in Mexico, in which my brother, General Edward C. Carrington, Jr., commanded the first company. I always entertained great respect for General Early. Like the rest of humanity, he had some weaknesses, but he was undoubtedly a brave man and skillful soldier. Eminent as a patriot, and intensely devoted to his native State, few men had stronger convictions, and dared to maintain them with more courage. He was kind and considerate to his subordinate officers, and was always ready to defend and advise them. He had a quaint humor, and a good deal of sarcasm, but with it all he was kindhearted and magnamimous. The termination of his splendid career as a soldier on account of the odds against him and the disadvantages under which he labored in his last valley campaign, was touching and pathetic.

I am disposed to do anything in my humble way to prevent any aspersion of his memory or any unjust criticism upon him. I had also great respect for General Gordon, and admiration for that distinguished officer. I believe he was the best citizen soldier of the war. If he had been educated at West Point, great as his achievements were, there is no telling what more he might have accomplished in the military line. He was daring and absolutely fearless in battle, and a most thorough and accomplished gentleman.

### GENERAL EARLY'S ENFORCED CONTRIBUTION.

When we went into Pennsylvania, of course, my battery moved with Early's Division, and we finally, on June 2, 1863, landed in the Fair Grounds of York, without any incident worthy of mention here. In that city we were treated with much kindness by many of its citizens, and there I met friends and acquaintances who were cordial and hospitable. General Gordon, in his article in Scribner's of July 1903, refers to the fact that General Early levied a contribution upon the citizens of York to satisfy the urgent necessities of his men; but I do not know that he "contracted to pay for these things some time after the independence of the Confederacy." It sounds a little characteristic of the old general, and like one of his jokes. Perhapes he had faith in the ultimate independence of the Confederacy, and considered he was making an honest contract. Maybe it was attributed to him as many jokes were attributed to Mr. Lincoln without any foundation. However, I think it was a fact that his men were more comfortable when they left York than when they entered.

On the morning of June 30th, we left York and moved along the turnpike towards Heddlersburg. After resting that night near that village, Early's Division, with Lieutenant-Colonel Hilary P. Jones' Battalion of Artillery accompanying it, marched toward Gettysburg, which was south of us, and near which we could hear the roar of the battle, in which Lieutenant-General Hill's corps had become engaged. On reaching a position, from which Gettysburg came in view, about a mile distant, we could see the battle raging on our right. My battery was halted in the road, somewhat further in the direction of Gettysburg, and on the north side of Rock Creek, an open undulating field lying between us and the suburbs of Gettysburg, which was situated on the slope approaching Cemetery Hill, and was about twelve hundred or fourteen hundred yards distant.

The other three batteries of Jones' Battalion had been ordered a short distance to the left of the road and immediately went into action, firing at Federal batteries that were coming into position over the northern side of Rock Creek and other side of Gettysburg. These Federal batteries responded almost simultaneously with the firing of our own, and it was at this point that the remarkable incident occurred of a solid shot from one of the enemy's guns entering and lodging in the muzzle of one of the guns of Garber's Battery. I suppose this is the only occurrence of the kind on record. While these batteries were thus engaged, I and my men became a little impatient, and General Early passed by towards the front. He paused for a moment, and I playfully stated this to him. He replied to me good-naturedly that I need not be impatient, that there would be plenty for me to do after a while. Now, this undoubtedly locates General Early on the northern side of the creek at that moment. He rode off, and I suppose an interval of ten or fifteen minutes elapsed, when I saw Gordon's men on the southern side of the creek gallantly advancing towards the enemy in the open field I have described. General Gordon in leading them presented a splendid picture of gallantry, there being nothing to obstruct the view. In a few moments an order came to me to move across the bridge in front of me over Rock Creek, and follow up Gordon's men. My recollection is General Early gave me this order in person, because I remember it seemed to be very hazardous, and I hesitated as to the best method of doing it. The enemy's batteries were throwing occasional shells at the bridge, and, if any of my horses had been knocked down, it would have blocked the way. The order was peremptory, and it was suggested that I should take one piece across at a time. This was done, and this order was given by some person in authority; and while I am not certain, I think it was no less a person than General Early himself. I did obey this order, and in a short time had my entire battery across safely.

After reaching the southern side, turned to the right and got into the field I have described, and there it is certain that General Early joined me and rode with me slowly at the head of my battery, in the direction of Gordon's troops and the town, General Early was silent as we rode together, most of the time, his attention being absorbed by what was going on in front. He was perfectly cool, but manifested the deepest interest. He stated to me very briefly in substance, that if anything happened to Gordon's men, he wanted me to unlimber my battery immediately; I suppose, as a rallying point, in case such a thing became necessary. When we got about the middle of the field, General Early suddenly turned his horse towards me and in quick sharp tones, ordered me to prepare my battery for action. My six guns were soon in line and unlimbered. General Early standing by when we executed the movement. Just then there seemed to be some halt or cessation, momentary in General Gordon's fire, which I did not understand. General Early then rode slowly in the direction of the town, and stopped for a few moments. I rode up, stopping my horse near him. My battery was then probably fifty yards in the rear of us, unlimbered and ready for action.

While in this position one of my sergeants rode up to me and stated that a wounded Federal officer was lying near the battery, and had expressed a wish to see me. General Early heard this, and in a kind manner said to me: "Go back and see what he wants." I did so, found lying between one of my caissons and a gun, a Federal officer in the uniform of a lieutenant-colonel. I got off my horse, told him I was captain of the battery, and wished to know what he wanted. He stated to me in a manly way that he was helpless from the effect of his wound, and asked me to remove him to a place of safety. I immediately said to him: "Certainly, Colonel, that shall be done." Four of my men took him up and laid him in the corner of the fence near by. I rode over to where he was, and had some conversation with him. I raised his head and placed his overcoat under it to make him more comfortable. At this he expressed much surprise, and intimated that he did not expect such kindness from a Confederate soldier. I remonstrated with him for such a sentiment. He had on a handsome pair of field glasses, which he offered to me. At first I declined them, reminding him of General Lee's strict orders in regard to such things. He insisted, however, that I should take them, saying that they would be a temptation on account of their value for some Federal or Confederate who might pass by, to knock him in the head. I at last accepted the glasses as a present. Some years afterwards I was in Gettysburg and related this incident. It got to the ears of Colonel Batchelder, who was in command there. He informed me that the officer was Lieutenant-Governor Lee, of Ohio. I have never heard personally from Governor Lee since. I then rode back to General Early. I suppose all of this consumed perhaps ten minutes. I had hardly reached the General when he suddenly and hurriedly started off, telling me to remain where I was until further orders. During all this time I do not remember any member of his staff, not even the courier, speaking to the General. I suppose they were all occupied elsewhere.

In ten or fifteen minutes perhaps, some of Hay's Brigade made their appearance upon our left, and on their left Hoke's Brigade soon came up. In a few moments afterwards the fight began again, in which Gordon's, Hoke's and Hay's brigades participated, and, I think, a part of General Hill's corps, on our right. The wild Confederate yell was soon heard by us, indicating victory. I rode a little further with my battery, and it seemed to me, as a youthful soldier, in the confusion, that the whole Federal army was routed. Such an impression speedily grew among my men and those about us. Much to my delight and that of my company, an order came to me to advance into the town. I had not advanced perhaps over four hundred yards into the main street. I think, of Gettysburg, when I received an order to halt. I did so, of course, and seeing the confusion ahead of me in the street, and not knowing what would turn up, I unlimbered three of my pieces and ordered my men to get several rounds of canister from the caisons and place them near the muzzle of the guns. I notice General Ewell says, in his report of the battle: "So far as I can learn, no other troops than those of this corps entered the town at all." I can add to that that no other Confederate battery entered and unlimbered in the streets of Gettysburg except the Charlottesville Battery, which I had the honor to command. I remained in this position for perhaps twenty minutes or half an hour, when I saw General Early ride up, and then General Gordon and several other officers, to join General in the field I had just left. I could not resist the temptation to ride up myself to see what was the matter, and why the battle had so suddenly stopped. I naturally and modestly held my horse a little back from this distinguished group, but caught portions of the conversation, but too indistinctly to attempt to repeat it at this late day; but I think I cannot be mistaken when I say that both General Early and General Gordon were earnestly urging an immediate and further advance. I could not hear General Ewell's language, but evidently General Ewell's manner indicated resistance to their appeal. We did not hear of General Lee's appearance about our lines, I should think, for an hour and a half or two hours after this. Then it became rumored amongst us that General Lee was on the grounds. Of course, I knew nothing of the interview General Gordon spoke about in the red barn, as he says that occurred at 2 o'clock at night, and at that hour I and my men and horses were enjoying much needed rest.

I do not know that General Gordon had any knowledge of what I have just written in regard to my movements with my company and General Early. I never made any report of it, and I do not know that General Early did; and General Gordon's attention, of course, was directed to the front. My battery was not engaged at all on the 2nd and 3rd. I was ordered back to a certain point on the railroad. My instructions were to remain there and guard that point. I do not know the object; and it turned out I had nothing to do. The consequence was that my horses and men were rested and in good condition, and I was ordered by General Early to carry up the rear of his division in the retreat.

I think it was very near daylight the next morning when I left Gettysburg. There appeared to be no hurry or confusion. My recollection is that Colonel White's battalion of cavalry remained between me and the enemy during the day, and acted as a sort of escort for me, though I had to unlimber several times to make a show against the enemy's advance, nothing of consequence occurred until we reached a place called Fairfield, on July 5th, when they brought up a battery upon the hills in the rear of us and killed several of my horses, and broke the tongue of one of my pieces. This blocked the road for a few moments, but it was not five minutes before General Early was by my side telling me not to leave the piece. I soon got fresh horses, moved into a field near by, ready for action; General Early moved off, and in a very few moments several of his brigade, if not the whole of his division, was in line of battle, ready to meet the enemy. This was done with wonderful quickness and skill, but the enemy did not advance upon us. There were no other incidents that I remember worthy of mention during the day.

### GORDON, EARLY, EWELL (?), LONGSTREET AND LEE.

I do not think General Gordon ever intended in his book, to say anything that might reflect upon the memory or reputation of his two distinguished comrades, Generals Ewell and Early, for it would be directly in opposition to the spirit indicated in his article, where he speaks of General Longstreet, and says:

"It is a source of profound regret that he and his friends should have been into such unprofitable and ill tempered controversy with the friends of our immortal chieftain."

He does, however, speak as follows:

"On the first day neither General Early nor General Ewell could possibly have been fully cognizant of the situation at the time I was ordered to halt."

Then General Gordon goes on and describes the scene, and says further:

"It is not surprising, from the full realization of the consequences of disobedience even then, but for the fact that the order to halt was accompanied by an explanation that General Lee was several miles away, and did not wish to give battle at Gettysburg."

He then goes on with the old story of what General Lee is said to have said about what would have occurred if Jackson had been there. General Gordon continues and says that he longed for the presence of General Jackson, &c.. ow this does imply that he, though the order coming to him, either from Ewell or Early was so ill-time, that he, as a subordinate officer, was inclined not to obey it, and he only obeyed it because he thought it was in accordance with General Lee's wishes.

With the memory of this great event before him, and the gallant and conspicuous part he had acted in it, I think General Gordon is pardonable for speaking in this enthusiastic way, without intending to accuse him of any reflection upon his departed comrades.

Now, on the other hand, what did General Early say about the matter? He delivered an address before the Washington and Lee University in 1875 or '76, I think (if you have not a copy of this, you can find it in the Congressional Library), in which he uses this language:

"There was a time, as it appears now, immediately after the enemy was driven back, when, if we had advanced vigorously, the heights of Gettysburg would possibly have been taken. But that was not then apparent. I was in favor of the advance, but I thing it doubtful whether it would have been resulted in any greater advantage that to throw back the two routed corps on the main body of the army, and cause the great battle to be fought on other grounds. Moreover, it is not improbable that the arrival of two fresh corps may have turned the fate of the day against our troops."

Now, that shows that General Early was in favor of the advance, but not apparently enthusiastic about it, and he is magnanimous enough to give his views about it, in order to shield General Ewell from adverse criticism.

Now, what does General Ewell say about it? "I notified the general commanding of my movements, and was informed by him that in case we found the enemy's force very large, he did not want a general engagement brought on until the rest of the army came up." Evidently there was a good deal for General Ewell to think about. In another part of his report he says: "The enemy had fallen back to a commanding position known as Cemetery Hill, south of Gettysburg, and quickly showed a formidable front there. On entering the town I received a message from the commanding general to attack this hill if I could do so to advantage. I could not bring artillery to bear upon it, and all the troops with me were jaded by a number of hours of marching and fighting, and I was notified that General Johnston's division (the only one of my corps that had not been engaged), was close to the town." Now, that is General Ewell's reasons assigned for not pushing the advantage of the first day. I am not military man enough to express an opinion as to their sufficiency. There are many different opinions upon the subject.

### GENERAL EWELL DEFENDED.

But what does General Lee say? "General Ewell was therefore instructed to carry the hill occupied by the enemy, if he found it practicable; but to avoid a general engagement until the arrival of the other divisions of the army, which were ordered to hasten forward. He decided to await Johnston's division, which had marched from Carlisle by the road west of the mountains to guard the trains of his corps, and consequently did not reach Gettysburg until a late hour." Now, General Lee left ie entirely to the discretion of his subordinate, when he might have given a peremptory order. Of course, that grand man is to magnanimous to blame him for the way he exercised this discretion. The responsibility placed upon General Ewell was tremendous. Instead of blaming him, for he says: "It was ascertained from the prisoners that we had been engaged with two corps of the army formerly commanded by General Hooker, and the remainder of that army, under General Meade, was approaching Gettysburg. Without information as to its proximity, the strong position which the enemy had assumed could not be attacked without danger of exposing the four divisions present, already weakened and exhausted by a long and bloody struggle, to overwhelming numbers of fresh troops."

General Hill says: "My own two divisions being exhausted by six hours' hard fighting, prudence led me to be content with what had been gained, and not push forward troops exhausted and necessarily disordered, probably to encounter fresh troops of the enemy."

Now, with such testimony as this, I coudl never never see the justice of the criticisms upon General Ewell. In fact, I think they are unjust, and I am inclined to believe that it was not entirely magnanimity upon the part of General Lee and General Ewell was very much influenced by their views. I am not one of those of the Army of Northern Virginia who is disposed to criticise the conduct of our brave comrades, who are not here to defend themselves. No man will doubt that Ewell and Early attempted to do, and did do, their duty as experienced, brave, patriotic soldiers should do, and it is temerity upon the part of any one who attempts to criticise at this late day these heroic soldiers.

JAMES M'DOWELL CARRINGTON.

From Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, June 20, 1909.

## MEMORIAL SERMON.

### In Old St. John's Church—" No Fight for Right and Truth and Honor Was Ever Truely Lost."

Delivered before the Oakwood Memorial Association on May 9, (8 P. M.), 1909, by Rev. R. A. Goodwin, the rector, Lee and Pickett Camps and committees from Hollywood and other memorial associations being present.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness."—Deut. viii, 2.

My Brethren: The present is the product of the past; the future will be the outgrowth of the past and the present.

That man is not without a heritage who can point with thankfulness and commendable pride to honest and God-fearing ancestors, especially if he makes it manifest by his conduct that his character is built upon the principles that govern them. And it is equally true that an honorable and glorious history is the most valuable asset of any people. Even barbarous peoples have their traditions which mark the ideal which they hope to attain.

The peculiarity of God's ancient people, Israel, was that God made His power and wisdom manifest in their history. By so doing He prepared them to receive "the oracles of God," that they might make His truth known to all people. And now in this "dispensation of the fullness of times," all Christian nations know that "God is in history." The evil one may try to subvert God's purposes, and he may seem to prevail; he may even change times, and seasons, and countries, but "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh him to scorn, the Lord shall have him in derision!" Because He causes the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath He restrains.

God is in our history as truly as He was in the history of Israel, and we should hear his word: "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led these forty years in the wilderness."

Over and over again God called upon his people to remember, that they might realize that He had been with them from the beginning, turning evil into good, saving them from what seemed certain destruction, chastening them as a father chasteneth his son; but ever turning what was intended to be a curse into a blessing. Only by knowing and keeping in mind the past could they have faith to meet present perplexities, and disturbing doubt about the future. We are here to-night for a memorial service—we are here to remember. As the years pass these services become more important. Those who were actors in the great strife for constitutional liberty are rapidly passing away. Those who are left are becoming feeble and broken, their heads are grayer than the loved uniform they made immortal. Another generation of men and women have become actors on the stage of Southern life. They are living amid scenes vastly different from those which thrilled and crushed the heart of our people from 1860 to 1875. Many of them do not remember how "the iron entered into the soul" of those who were left after '65, when "envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness" held sway over our beloved southland, when a determined effort was made, backed by bayonets, to subject the remnants of a brave and heroic people, who had honestly surrendered to "overwhelming numbers and resources," to a servile and hostile electorate. But some say, why revive that hideous night mare? Nay, my brethren, it was no dream, it was no midnight fancy; it was a stern reality, a hideous fact, it was a part of the wilderness through which we were led, in which "there were fiery serpents and scorpions." And—"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness." It was only by the Lord's mercy that we were not consumed, and that the ignorance and barbarism of a mixed negro race does not now hold sway in this "land of the brave, and home of the free."

Those brave boys who sleep in Oakwood fought and died to save us from this thing, and their example stimulated the remnant to determine that they would lie in the cemetery with them before this thing should be. It is not a dream but a disgraceful fact that old Virginia, the home of Washington, the father of this country; of Jefferson, the author of the declaration of this country's independence; of Marshall, the great Chief Justice became district number one. Our children and those who come to live among us should have these things in remembrance. Our rightful position in the government which our fathers founded will depend upon whether we are true to the principles of constitutional liberty for which the flower of our land died; and to the principles of self-government, self-defense, self-respect and loyalty to our traditions for which we have contended ever since Appomattox. By the good hand of God the past has made the present, we must see to it that, the future shall be worthy of the past and the present.

It is too late to be asking or discussing the question, Were we right? That has been proved and reproved, and proved again, to Him that hath an ear to hear, and who has not subscribed to the heresy that "might is right." My brethren, you know you feel it in your souls that you did not fight for "the right as you thought it was," or "as it was given you to see it," and so you may be forgiven, because you did it "ignorantly in unbelief;" but you fought for the right as it was, and hence we do not need, and do not ask for forgiveness for doing what was right. In those days it was not the custom of our people to discuss the question, "Is it expedient?" when we were satisfied it was right. And just so far as this cannot be truthfully said of our people to-day, do we need to look to the past, and stand by the graves of our heroes and remember.

Less than two weeks ago the President of the United States, in a public address, is reported as using these words: "They said that Grant had not the military genius that other generals displayed in the war. To my mind, his mind and brain represented the very genius of war to suppress the rebellion, because it was his mind that grasped the thought that until we had fought it out with our brave opponents and met them in the field and fought them as soldiers, until we convinced them by our strength that the battle was hopeless, we could not expect to have a united country. And therefore, from the time he began in Belmont until he accomplished the surrender of Lee, at Appomattox, he fought not cities, not points of strategy, but he fought the enemy, and he fought, and fought, and fought, until he wore out the opposition, because only by wearing them out could he hope to bring about the condition in which there would be a complete peace."

Here is, at last, a practical acknowledgment in public by the President of the United States to a Northern audience of the truth of the oft-repeated, concise statement of the case. We were not whipped, but we were worn out whipping the enemy! We read that these words of the President were applauded. How many of that audience understood what he so adroitly said about "the enemy" and about "wearing out the opposition?" The inference would naturally be drawn that he fought the armies of Lee and Johnston; but how? Lee was defending Richmond and Petersburg, and Johnston was holding points of strategy; and we read: "He fought not cities, not points of strategy—he fought the enemy!" Who were the enemy? Some of the enemy were prisoners of war, nearly starving amid plenty, while a greater number of Northern prisoners, nearly starving, because we had very little with which to feed our soldiers in the field, were dying in Southern prisons. But under no condition would they agree to exchange prisoners. Why not? Because it kept Southern soldiers off the field to guard them, and every Northern prisoner helped to eat the remnant of food in the South. They even refused to take home their sick and dying prisoners when urged to do so, none being asked in return.

This week a monument will be unveiled at Andersonville, Ga., to Major Henry Wirz, C. S. A. It will be recalled that he was executed, in the time of peace, while under the protection of a parole. "He was condemned to an ignominious death on charges of excessive cruelty to Federal prisoners. He indignantly spurned a pardon proffered on condition that he would incriminate President Davis." These words are upon his monument. But note, my brethren, the following words are on the other side of his monument: "It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. At this particular time to release all rebel prisoners would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our safety here. Aug. 18th, 1864. Ulysses S. Grant."

Who were the enemy? Follow in the wake of the army in the Valley of Virginia in '64. View the beautiful plantations on the lower James. Follow Sherman's army in its march to the sea, and read the general's report of how he fought the enemy. Burning barns, milch cows, which furnished sustenance for babes and sucklings shot and left to decay in the pastures; fowls shot and left in the barnyard; fields of grain, the hope of food for the winter, deliberately destroyed and trodden under foot; stacks of straw and hay lighting up the darkness of night!

The result was 9,000 ragged, starving heroes, eating parched corn, march from Richmond to Appomattox. And the surrender of Lee is accomplished! This was "the very genius of war that suppressed the rebellion." Yes, "they fought, and fought, and fought, till they wore out the opposition." But whom did they fight, and how? The Army of Northern Virginia is to pass through Maryland into Pennsylvania. Strict orders are given that all private property is to be respected, and noncombatants are in no way to be molested. The orders are signed by R. E. Lee, General.

The battle of Gettysburg has been fought; Lee's army is marching through the enemy's country on the retreat. As he is riding along, sustaining by his matchless bearing the courage of his tired army, he sees that some one has thrown down a worm fence around a Pennsylvanian's wheatfield. He dismounts, and with the bridle of his horse over his arm, he puts up that fence, rail by rail, that he may protect the private property of the enemy! Evidently Lee did not have that kind of the "very genius of war that suppressed the rebellion." My brethren, these are facts; and for our part, we are not ashamed of them! And we must see to it that history gives facts. Not that we would keep alive the embers of strife—God forbid! But we would preserve the truth. We would have our children and our children's children know, not that we fought bravely in a cause that was not just, and that we were magnanimously forgiven by a generous foe, because we did it ignorantly in unbelief, because we thought we were right; we would not have it believed that we fought on equal terms, and in the same way they fought; but that we could not be conquered, even by vastly superior numbers and inexhaustible resources, till the women and children of the South as well as the armies in the field were brought to the verge of starvation by the systematic destruction of the necessities of life. I tell you we are not true to the memory of our brave soldiers who died for us if we suppress the facts for the sake of peace!

I am a man of peace. I plead for peace and harmony, and a united country. But I would have it on true and scriptural grounds—"first pure, then peaceable." I would not have that peace which is gained by the cowardly yielding of principle for the sake of material prosperity. Truly, the Lord our God has led us through a waste howling wilderness, and we must remember all the way He has led us these more than forty years.

How often, with all power in his hands, He allowed His chosen people to be defeated, and how often He brought good out of evil! That did not make the evil good, but only showed that He was good and wise.

If prosperity is the worldly Canaan, we have, as Southern people, entered the promised land. When Israel stood at the entrance of Canaan, Moses said to the people: "Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life; but teach them thy sons, and thy son's sons."

"Thou shalt remember the Lord thy God; for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth." * * * "Lest when thy gold and thy silver is multiplied, thine heart be lifted up * * * and thou say in thine heart, my power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth; but thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth. * * * But if ye be drawn away and worship other gods, and serve them, ye shall surely perish." (Deut. 30:17.)

In the case of Israel, history teaches that they did not heed the words of their inspired leader. They did forsake the teachings of Moses, which contained the principles of liberty and true worldly prosperity, as well as the great truths of religion. They served other gods; and they perished as a nation. God intended them for an example for all the nations, that all might know that God is in history.

My brethren, what thoughtful man can fail to see that God is in the history of our country, and that this people has a great part to play in the onward march of the events of the world. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." He is not in haste like we poor mortals. He has eternity in which to work! And we must "not judge the Lord by feeble sight." This nation was rocked on the island of Jamestown. Its lullaby was the rippling waters of the James. The infant has grown to be a giant.

Those lovers of liberty from Old England landed here with the open Bible and the Christian religion. They dedicated themselves anew to God at the Lord's table; the emblem of redemption being served to them from a plank nailed to two trees.

Surely every one must see God's guiding and protecting hand over this people who reads the history of those days of starvation and massacre—of the little craft with the starving remnant sailing down the James, and meeting in Hampton Roads, at the right time, at the right place, the vessel with supplies and reinforcements—of the struggles with Indians and fever; of the determined contest for justice and equity with the mother country; of the cry expressing the determination of brave hearts, which sounded within these walls from the lips of Henry, and which was echoed in the hearts of the people of thirteen colonies; of the desperate struggle of the following eight years; of the struggle of parties which followed the revolution; of the growth of these colonies, till the country extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico; of the establishment of a government of the people, by the people, for the people, which was to be an example to the nations of the earth. Following this example America and Europe have established constitutional governments, and in our day we see Japan, China, Persia, and even Turkey, adopting constitutions, and giving the people a voice in governing themselves. Who can measure the influence of this country? God is in history; He is leading the nations to the light of liberty, so that His truth may make them free, and in a marvelous way He has used, and is using, our country to enlighten the world.

Without the love of liberty, and of the constitutional rights, which fired the hearts of our people in 1861, this country would not have remained. Many were going after other gods! Without the welding together of our people by the fiery trials of war, of reconstruction, of threatened servile domination, we could not have been the conserving power we have been. If this government is still to stand for liberty and freedom, it will be the South which will preserve it, and in the good providence of our God, bringing good out of evil, our sufferings will help to bring a blessing to all people.

Our real cause was not lost. No fight for right and truth and honor was ever truly lost. The spirit of the men of '61 goes marching on!

My brethren, this is our country. This is the land which the Lord our God hath given us to possess. He has loved us in the furnace of affliction, and He hath hardened the fibre of our souls that our pulse may beat true and firm for liberty and for truth. See that ye serve not false gods!

Millions of people who know not liberty are mingling with our people. False notions of government, of religion and of personal rights are proclaimed We have resisted and prevented the legalized pollution of Anglo-Saxon blood. Though in the minority, we have held the majority in check and saved our fair land. Let us see to it that we lose not our heritage; that we lose not the infusion of iron which entered into our souls through the trials and temptations and sorrows and oppressions of the past. "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee."

In a few days hundreds of those who came to Virginia as invaders will meet in Petersburg hundreds of those who resisted them. These visitors will be welcomed with genuine hospitality. On Virginia soil a monument to soldiers from Pennsylvania will be unveiled, for "they fought for the right as it was given them to see the right," and we can forgive their blindness. We can respect brave men who made an open, honest fight, though we may know they were on the wrong side.

It would not be hospitable to remind our guests, but history should record the fact, that in beautiful Hollywood there is a monument which was intended to grace the city of Philadelphia, but permission to place it there was refused.

It bears this inscription, in part:

"In loving and grateful memory of 224 known and unknown Confederate soldiers, from Virginia, * * * who lie buried in national cemeteries in Philadelphia."

On the other side may be read:

"Dying in captivity and tendered a monument in Philadelphia, where they lie buried, this stone is erected to their everlasting honor in the heart of the Confederacy."

Virginia can afford a monument for brave men from Pennsylvania. It is said that 6,000 bullets shot by Federal and Confederate soldiers will be in evidence in Petersburg, and that the menu cards will each have a Confederate bullet tied with a gray ribbon, and a Federal bullet tied with a blue ribbon. As brethren, they will sit at the same board, and with the evidence of bullet for bullet beside each plate, they will talk of the past, and then smoke together the Virginia cigar of peace. And they will respect, and, maybe, love each other, for they were soldiers! The blood so freely shed on those battlefields has consecrated the soil. The wounds on the breast of Virginia have healed, and the scars are honorable!

This birthplace of constitutional liberty was chosen in God's providence as the place where much blood from Northern and Southern hearts should mingle with the soil and make it more sacred to all the country. Virginia stood for four years as the bulwark of the South. She must stand in the future as the bulwark of the nation, because her soil holds the dust of more heroes than any other State.

My brethren, God is not on the side of the heaviest artillery, but on the side of truth; and truth is mighty and will prevail. Mothers and sisters, ye daughters of the South, brave, true, and faithful in the past, help us to make the present worthy of the past, that the future may be glorious.

Let your memorial to future generations be—They kept with perpetual care the graves of those who died for what we love. And see to it that the world shall know that for us it is more than a decoration, that it is even a thankful, loving, loyal tribute to those who died for us, and for the perpetual principles we love, and which we would have our children love. Yes for us, let it be Memorial Day!

Veterans, beloved and honored, it was given to you to live while they died; but you will ever be associated with them in the minds and hearts of your grateful countrymen. Let me remind you that even the paths of glory lead to the grave. When you reach that last breastwork—when you have to face to face and hand to hand fight with the last enemy, though your body may fall before him—may you be able to say with Jackson, and Lee, and Davis, and thousands of your comrades, who, like them, were soldiers of the cross—"Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

From Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, August 1, 1909.

# A PARTICIPANT IN THE MOST BRILLIANT BATTLE FOUGHT BY MOSBY'S COMMAND.

Replying to Captain W. L. White's inquiry in regard to the late Joseph Bryan's service as a soldier in Mosby's command, Colonel Mosby writes as follows:

Department of Justice,
Washington, July 16, 1909.

Mr. William L. White:

*Dear Sir*:—Your letter of inquiry in reference to Joe Bryan just received. I do not remember the date when he joined me, but do know that in 1864 he was wounded in a fight near Upperville; that in 1864 he was detailed to watch in the Bull Run Mountain, when I was lying wounded in Fauquier, and that in February, 1865, he was in what I have always said was the most brilliant affair of my command, when Major Richards with thirty-seven men attacked and routed a Major Gibson with 150 men (Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry), killing, wounding and capturing nearly the whole force. I was then absent wounded.

Very truly,

John S. Mosby.

# CLOYD'S MOUNTAIN BATTLE.

## Major Thomas L. Broun's Recollection of the Battle.

The Federal loss in this battle was 108 killed, 508 wounded and 72 captured or missing; the Confederate loss 76 killed, 262 wounded and 200 captured or missing. The casualties were mainly in the Forty-sixth Virginia Infantry Regiments, Morgan's dismounted men and the Forty-fifth Virginia Battalion. Crook's force was three times as great as that of the Confederate, under Jenkins and McCausland.

R. W. H.

*Editor of the Confederate Column:*

Sir,—The reports of the Confederate officers about this battle are published in the War Records, Washington, D. C., 1891, Vol. 38, part 1.

I was volunteer aide on Colonel Beuhring Jones' staff, of the Sixtieth Virginia Regiment, and was assigned to duty just where it turned out the battle was most hotly fought. General Jenkins, Major Tom Smith and I went into the fight together, and were at its close, taken off the field at the same time together in ambulances and left at Guthrie's house. There General Jenkins died on the tenth day after the battle. Major Tom Smith got well, and I was removed on a litter the Sunday following the battle (Monday, May 9), by the kindness of David McGavock, aided by his negro man, to Mr. McGavock's home, where I lingered for several months critically ill.

I was, when shot, executing an order Colonel W. H. Browne, of the Forty-fifth Regiment, gave me to gallop off, stop one of the artillery companies that was retreating, and open fire on the enemy, who had surrounded the Forty-fifth, and were playing havoc with them by shooting them and demanding surrender.

I did as was ordered, and had shot four times with cannon into the enemy on the right and left of the Forty-fifth, thereby enabling Colonel Browne to escape with the Forty-fifth, and retreat safely. On the fourth fire, I made with the artillery a volley from the Yankee sharpshooters killed several horses of the artillery company, one officer and wounded one, and a minie ball passed through me and knocked me nearly off my horse. Lieutenant Steele, of Monroe county, an officer of the artillery company near by, shouted out to me: "Cling to your horse, Major, he will take you right to the ambulances," which were a little ahead of me. This I did, and then I was taken off the battlefield.

General McCausland passed me in retreat just as I was shot, and his horse was then slightly wounded.

A squad of Yankee cavalry with surgeon were sent to Guthrie's dwelling house the day after the battle to make prisoners of us. They paroled Jenkins and Smith, but after examining my wound pronounced me dead, as in the opinion of their surgeon, I was bound to die that night, and I was then published in the newspapers as "killed in battle."

To check the invading army, aid was solicited to assist the Confederate forces. Rev. Mr. Hickman, of the Presbyterian Church, was one of several who volunteered their services and went into this battle. He was badly shot, and died Monday night on the battlefield, the Yankees declaring he was a bushwhacker, and entitled to no attention after he was shot.

I shall ever feel grateful to my Confederate friends in Pulaski county for the kindness and attention given me during my long and critical illness from the dreadful wound I received May 9, 1864, at Cloyd's Mountain battle.

It is now nearly forty-five years since I was wounded and published as "killed in battle," and yet I am decidedly alive, having a wife, three children and six grandchildren living, and much interested in my daily work, though eighty-five years old.

I send you a photo of Lee on Traveler and my letter about same, written in August, 1888.

Yours sincerely,

Thos. L. Broun.

# COL. ULRIC DAHLGREN, THE DEFEATED RAIDER.

*Editor of the Confederate Column:*

Sir,—In reply to the thrilling and romantic story of Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, and his attempt to enter Richmond and carry off President Davis, dead or alive, which appeared in the Confederate Column of your paper of March 21, ultimo, I have nothing to say; but that, if not drawn from the imagination of the writer, it may well be accepted as an interesting foundation for a war novel, but the incidents therein related, if true, were not creditable to the hero.

I have been, however, requested to state the facts about this young man's death and burial in the interest of history, as I may justly claim in this connection to have been "magna peri fui."

In March, 1864, an orderly of General Arnold Elzey, who at the time commanded the department of Richmond, came to my headquarters on the Williamsburg Road with an order, he stated, from President Davis, transmitted through General Elzey to me, to go the next morning to the depot of the York River Railroad with a detail of men from my command—the Tenth and Nineteenth Confederate Artillery, at the battery called the Richmond Defences.

Under this order, with a detail of some half-dozen men and a wagon, I went to the York River depot, and was shown the body of a man in a rough, undressed pine coffin, and found it marked in stencil on the lid of the coffin with his name—"Ulric Dahlgren."

Colonel Dahlgren had been killed by a squad of men while rapidly retreating from the attack on Richmond, in which he had been defeated. On his person was found the order to his men, should they be able to enter Richmond, to at once proceed to the Libby Prison and deliver the prisoners; and also to President Davis' house and take him "dead or alive" to Colonel Dahlgren or General Kilpatrick.

The Libby Prison, so called, and the President's residence were clearly described in the aforesaid orders, some of which were also found on the person of the few followers of Dahlgren who were taken prisoners by the Confederates.

The fact that Dahlgren had himself entered Richmond and thus familiarized himself with these locations was thus made plain.

The fact of these orders was made known to President Davis, and he directed that these orders and Dahlgren's body should be sent up to Richmond by the railroad. The lid of Dahlgren's coffin when I saw it had been removed, and was lying by the side of the rough box in which the body had been placed. He was apparently a young man, of about twenty-three or twenty-five years of age, dressed in an unbleached cotton shirt, and in green pants, apparently uniform pants. He had one leg cut off near the knee by a surgeon. There was no evidence of his having been shot apparent, as he was lying on his back in the coffin.

I at once had the lid of the coffin screwed on, and it was placed in the wagon, which proceeded immediately to Oakwood for burial. He was buried near the entrance, a young sapling only marking the grave, and there we left him, as we supposed, until the great resurrection.

A few days thereafter Colonel Ould, our Commissioner of Exchange, rode up to my tent, and, on dismounting, said that he knew that I had superintended the burial of Colonel Dahlgren, and that he wanted me to show him the grave; that he wished to disinter the body and take it down in the next leaving exchange boat and deliver it to his father. Admiral Dahlgren, who had communicated with him on the subject, and promised if his son's body was delivered to him that he would have General Grant's order forbidding all exchanges of prisoners revoked.

Having received an order from President Davis not to divulge the burial spot of Dahlgren to any one, I felt obliged to refuse Colonel Ould's request. A few days subsequently I received through Sergeant Maccubbin an autograph direction from Mr. Davis to show to Colonel Ould or his sergeant the place of burial of Colonel Dahlgren, for the return of his body would be of material advantage to the confederacy.

I at once ordered my horse and rode with Sergeant Maccubbin to Oakwood and pointed out the spot. I, after a few days, learned that Maccubbin had opened the grave, but had found the coffin had been removed, and I received a sharp reproach direct from Mr. Davis, in having, as he supposed, been disobedient to his directions, to show Colonel Ould where this body was laid. I replied that I had shown Maccubbin the grave where it was buried, and if it was subsequently removed, I knew nothing of it.

After the war, when I saw in a Washington newspaper a notice that Admiral Dahlgren had recovered the body of his son, and that there was an imposing funeral in Washington, I was greatly surprised, and expressing this in the presence of Patrick Gibson, who at one time was on the staff of the Richmond Examiner, he said he knew who had taken up the body of Dahlgren, and had been paid a handsome reward by his father for its delivery to him; that it was disinterred by Martin Meredith Lipscomb, who was at one time quite a well-known character in Richmond, and said to be during the war a Union man.

JOHN WILDER ATKINSON,
Late Commanding Tenth and Nineteenth Battalion, Artillery, C. S. A.

## A GOOD SHOT EXPLODED THE BOILER.

Sir,—Will you please allow me a little space in your paper to make a statement that I know to be a fact. In the Confederate Column of last Sunday's issue of The Times-Dispatch, there appeared an article written by Lieutenant Fielder C. Slingluff, in which he speaks of an ironclad car that disputed our passage across the river at what we heard called Green Spring Station, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He says the ironclad car was struck by a ball from the Baltimore Light Artillery, and immediately left. His memory is at fault. I was gunner of the piece, and I know, as I supposed every one present knew, that the shot entered the boiler and blew it up, thereby destroying its propelling power.

The ironclad car, or battery, was made up of four freight cars and a locomotive engine, the engine being in the centre. The cars were loop-holed for riflemen. The outer cars had one cannon each. The ironclad disposed of, we had yet a blockhouse to reckon with; so running the gun across the river we unlimbered in the water, then sent a flag of truce and demanded the surrender of the blockhouse, which was complied with, and we marched on, after burning the cars.

Where are all those men that I heard yell that morning when they saw the stream burst from that boiler? Isn't there one of them yet living who can attest to the truth of what I say?

Very respectfully,

G. W. McAlwee.

# SUFFERING IN FREDERICKSBURG.

## Refugees Returned After Battle to Find Chaos in Old City.

**By Mrs. FRANCES BERNARD GOOLRICK.**

What a scene met our eyes when we left the house after the shelling. Our pretty garden was strewn with cannon balls and pieces of broken shells, limbs knocked off the trees and the grape arbor a perfect wreck. The house had been damaged considerably, several large holes torn through it, both in front and back. While we were deploring the damage that had been done Lieutenant Eustace returned in breathless haste to say that he had just heard an order from General Lee read on Commerce street, saying that the women and children must leave town, as he would destroy it with shell that night sooner than let it fall into the hands of the enemy, who were rapidly crossing the river on pontoon bridges. They urged my mother to take her children and fly at once from the town. After resisting until the men, in despair, were almost ready to drag her from her dangerous situation, she finally consented to leave. The wildest confusion now reigned, the servants wringing their hands and declaring they could not go without their "chists," which they all managed to get somehow, and put upon their heads, but the men insisted so that we had only time to save our lives, that they would not even let my mother go back into the house to get her purse or a single valuable.

So we started just as we were; my wrapping, I remember, was an old ironing blanket, with a large hole burnt in the middle. I never did find out whether Aunt B— ever got her clothes on, for she stalked ahead of us, wrapped in a pure white counterpane, a tall, ghostly-looking figure, who seemed to glide with incredible rapidity over the frozen ground.

"She stopped not for a brake and she staid not for a stone,"
  Gates, fences and bars delayed not her flight;
One bound and she cleared them, not breaking a bone,
  Intent upon sleeping in safty that night.

We plodded along under the heavy cross-fire, balls falling right and left of us. We felt the town by way of the old "Plank Road," with batteries of Confederates on both sides. The ground was rough and broken up by the tramping of soldiers and the heavy wagons and artillery that had passed over it, so that it was difficult and tiresome to walk, and the sun got quite warm by this time and the snow was melting rapidly, the mud was simply indescribable.

### MULE WOULD NOT LEAVE TOWN.

I think the only vehicle we encountered (of which I often heard my mother tell in after years), was a dilapidated wagon, to which an old colored man had hitched a decrepit but vicious-looking mule, hoping to drive off from the wars, but lo! upon the steepest and most exposed place of a very high hill the mule had halted, planting his forefeet firmly in the ground, whilst with his hind legs he was displaying the usual agility of the mule species in kicking the spatterboard. No coaxing, cajoling, beating or "cussing" would induce him to budge one inch.

The exasperated driver, after many efforts, exclaimed, "fo' the Lord, Casbianca, you thick head brute, if t'warnt for de valeration uv yer harness I'd let you get kilt right heah." Suddenly his countenance brightened and he said, "But I gwine move yer now, 'cause I sees some corn comin'!" A man with a bag of corn was passing just then, and "Casbianca's" attention directed toward it by the old driver, he unstiffened his forelegs and started after it in a brisk trot, dragging the broken wagon and his irate master, who rained unmerciful blows on his hardened back. We had now reached the "resevoir," a wooden building over "Poplar Spring," and about a mile from town. I had already lost one of my shoes several times, because of having no string in it, and my little brother insisted on giving me one of his, so we sat down by the "Reservoir," feeling very secure, but were terribly alarmed in a few moments by a ball coming through the building and whizzing very close to our ears. No, this would not do, so we went, footsore and weary; sometimes we would meet a soldier who would carry one of us a short distance. All of our servants, except Ca'line, who was only seven years old, had taken some other direction.

### REACH SALEM CHURCH.

When we got about two miles from town we overtook many other refugees; some were camping by the way and others were pressing on, some to country houses which were hospitably thrown open to wanderers from home, and others to "Salam Church," about three miles from Fredericksburg, where there was a large encampment.

Our destination was a house not far from "Salem Church," which we now call the "Refugee House." Exhausted, we reached the house by twilight, found there some friends who had been there some weeks, and who kindly took us into their room and gave us every attention. And so great was our relief to feel that we had escaped from the horror of that day, that such small matters as having to sleep in the room with a dozen people, having no milk and no coffee, our principal diet consisting of corn bread, bacon and sorghum, seemed only slight troubles.

Next day G. F., the two L—— boys and myself walked up to the church. All was bustle and confusion. I suppose there were several hundred refugees there. Some were cooking outside in genuine gypsy fashion, and those who were infirm or sick were trying to get some rest in the cold, bare church. The leafless trees, through which the winter wind sobbed mournfully, the scattered groups seen through the smoke of numerous fires, and the road, upon which passed constantly back and forth ambulances and wagons full of wounded soldiers, presented a gloomy and saddening spectacle.

To our great astonishment we beheld Aunt B., the queen of an admiring group, giving orders right and left, her liveliness and self-importance in no degree abated, and being waited upon by all.

We remained at the "Refugee House" for three weeks, my mother in the meantime making efforts to get into town; each day she would walk almost there. When she did get there she found the vandalism was great, the beds ripped up, every mirror was run through with a bayonet, one panel of each door cut out, although none of the doors were locked, and the furniture nearly all broken up.

### CHAOS AT HOME.

The confusion and dirt were appalling and it required a stout heart to begin to put things straight. I think my mother had fondly hoped that she would find something left somewhere about the house, but of course everything of value was taken and all of the china broken into small bits. Our house seemed to have been used as a storage house, or something of that kind, from the amount of provisions we found, but of course we could not use any of them. We were very thankful to find no dead bodies there.

My mother went back to the "Refugee House" that night, and after several days there, having found a wagon going into town, she took us out to the public road and we bade adieu to to refugeeing for a time. My mother, with no assistance but what we children could give, succeeded in cleaning up the house and we took up our abode in one room, as we could barely find furniture for that.

A stove was found, and fortunately before the shelling, my mother had gotten a good supply of wood, which was in the cellar. That night about dark we heard a low tap on the window, and my mother asking who was there, found it was Beverley Brooks, a colored man, who had just heard she was in town and came with a loaf of bread and a pitcher of milk, and every night during the rest of that dreadful winter did he tap on the window and hand in a pitcher of milk and a loaf of bread.

He had staid in town during the shelling and had managed to keep his cow and all his belongings. We three children with Ca'line would sit around the stove every night and toast our bread on the old bayonet brother had found on the battlefield. My mother through the kindness of friends and through her own industry managed to find food during the winter, but each week did we stay in bed all day while she washed and ironed our clothes with her own hands, as she had no money to buy with, nor were there any stores in Fredericksburg from which she could have bought. After some weeks she succeeded in getting us more clothes, which was certainly more comfortable for us all.

In the spring, my mother, through the kindness of a friend, was enabled to go to Danville, Virginia, where we remained until after the war was over, but never, even if I live to be a very old woman, will I forget the horrors of the "shelling," or the different events as they appeared to me as a child, and though I may have forgotten other scenes of later date, those enacted during that terrible time are as present with me as if they had only happened yesterday.

# TREACHERY OF W. H. SEWARD BROUGHT FIRE ON SUMTER.

## Details of His Correspondence With Judge Campbell Showed Clear Design to Deceive Southern Leaders

### By L. W. WISE.

Of course, when the Confederate authorities found out how they had been treated and the bad faith which had been practiced towards them, they had no other alternative left but to open fire on the fort unless Major Anderson would agree peaceably to evacuate it. To give him a chance to do so, the Confederates opened negotiations with him. All they could get from him on April 11, was that he would evacuate it at noon on the 15th, which was then several days off. But he added this proviso: "Should I not receive, prior to that time, controlling instructions from my government or additional supplies." As the additional supplies were then on the way to him, the Confederates then notified him that fire would be opened on Fort Sumter in one hour, which was done early on the morning of April 12.

The Confederates were none too soon, for by 12 o'clock of that same day the relieving fleet began to appear off the bar of Charleston, and it would have been there earlier had it not met with bad weather on the way.

The next day, April 13, Judge Campbell, through whom Mr. Seward had given his assurances to the Confederate authorities in regard to the evacuation of the fort, wrote and published an open letter to Mr. Seward charging that systematic duplicity had been practiced upon the Confederates throughout. Though the Judge had been a strong Union man and had been heartily and earnestly in favor of perpetuating the Union, he was so disgusted with the duplicity and bad faith of Mr. Lincoln's administration in this Fort Sumter matter, that he resigned his position as a Justice of the Supreme Court.

### LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION.

Two days after the fall of Fort Sumter, April 15, 1861, Mr. Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for troops to "repossess," as he this time had it, "the forts, places, and property which have been seized from the Union." Of course this meant war and nothing else. In the circular which accompanied the proclamation and fixed the quota of troops to be furnished by each State, States like Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas and other Southern States which whilst they fully recognized the right of a State to secede at any time it saw fit to do so, had not yet seceded themselves, but had all of them refused to secede, were each called on to furnish their quotas of troops.

Now, of course, none of them could consistently furnish troops to Mr. Lincoln to prosecute a war which had been brought on by the bad faith and duplicity of his own administration.

As a result, they all refused. Governor Letcher, of Virginia, though he had been an ardent Union man, answered Mr. Lincoln: "You have chosen to inaugurate civil war," and that Virginia could furnish no troops to carry it on.

### ACTION OF VIRGINIA.

The Virginia Convention, then in session, which had, only eleven days before, on April 4, voted down an ordinance of secession by a vote of 89 against 45, now turned around and passed the ordinance by almost as large a vote. When this ordinance came before the people for ratification, though they had at the election for delegates to the Convention, voted for the Union by an immense majority, they now ratified it by a vote of almost exactly four to one. North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas all followed suit, and went out of the Union as quickly as they could; North Carolina by a unanimous vote of her convention; Arkansas with only one dissenting vote, and Tennessee by a vote of her people of considerably more than two to one. Thus, by the bad faith and duplicity of Mr. Lincoln's administration the country was plunged into the bloodiest war which the world has ever seen before or since, the cost of which during its actual continuance was enormous, aggregating considerably more than $10,000,000,000, or enough money to have paid for the 4,000,000 slaves at their full value three times over.

### PAYING FOR THE SLAVES.

The North could very well have afforded to consent that the United States should have paid the South a fair price for its slaves, considering the fact that of all the peoples of the earth next to the English, who, by the way, paid for the slaves which they set free in their dominions, they, the Northern people, were far more largely engaged in the business of bringing negroes from Africa to the South than any others. In fact, had it not been for the English and Northern people together, there would not have been a great many slaves in the South.

The course of Mr. Lincoln was also as inconsistent about this matter of slavery as it was about Fort Sumter, for in the very beginning of his inaugural address, March 4, 1861, he declared: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." And further on in the same inaugural he declared himself in favor of a constitutional amendment which, so far as the United States was concerned, would have made the negroes of this country slaves forever. His exact words were: "I understand that a proposed amendment to the Constitution (which amendment, however, I have not seen), has passed Congress to the effect that the Federal government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. Holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable."

### LINCOLN'S CHANGE.

As we have already said, this would have fastened slavery on the country forever, so far as the action of the United States was concerned.

And yet, in exactly eighteen months and eighteen days from that time, September 22, 1862, Mr. Lincoln issuing a proclamation to free the slaves in most of the Southern States, an act which he had declared in his inaugural, he had neither any purpose, any inclination nor any lawful right to do.

When Lincoln came in, one of the earliest acts of his Secretary of State Seward was to assure the Confederates in the most positive and solemn manner that Fort Sumter would be evacuated, and to repeat and repeat those assurances. Yet, as we have seen, while the Confederates were waiting for the promises to be fulfilled a secret expedition was fitted out and sent there to reprovision the fort. We will add that there can be no mistake about what Mr. Seward promised the Confederates, for after each interview with him, Judge Campbell would put down in writing what he had been told by Mr. Seward, and then after reading the same to Judge Nelson, the other Supreme Court Justice, who was present at each interview, and obtaining his sanction as to the correctness of the communication, he would then transmit it to the Confederate Commissioners, and after so doing, would report in writing to Mr. Seward what he had transmitted. Mr. Seward was, therefore, kept posted as to exactly what communications were being sent to the Confederates. And to place the matter beyond all doubt, in the very last communication which passed between Mr. Seward and the Commissioners, and which was on April 7, Mr. Seward was addressed in writing over the signature of Judge Campbell, and asked if the assurances which had been given were well or ill-founded. And he answered in writing, "Faith as to Sumter fully kept; wait and see," though the relieving fleet was at that time on its way.

# FORREST'S MEN RANK WITH BRAVEST OF BRAVE.

By **DAN W. BAIRD.**

When General Bragg returned from his Kentucky campaign Forrest furloughed his Middle Tennessee troops, with instructions to visit their respective homes and to secure as many recruits as possible. In recruiting they were highly successful, and when the Wilson county contingent joined the main command at Lavergne, November 2, 1862, Company C, of Starnes' Fourth Tennessee Regiment numbered about 180 men and boys, the majority of them wholly untrained either in cavalry or infantry tactics. On the same day they were furnished with arms and accoutrements, such as they were, Enfield rifles, Belgian muskets, shotguns and what were called "Mississippi rifles," probably because these guns were made in Nashville, Lebanon and various other towns.

Early next morning the command moved toward Nashville on the Murfreesboro Pike a few miles, when our regiment turned to the left, crossed the railroad under the bridge over a dry branch and were formed in line behind a rail fence. On the other side of the fence was a stubble field, in which Freeman's Battery of six brass Howitzers was engaged in a lively duel with a Federal battery which was out of our sight beyond a slight rise. The men of the Federal battery evidently saw our line, for an occasional shot or shell passed over our heads among the tree tops.

With the exception of frantic rearing and plunging of the new recruit horses, the men sat in their saddles like veterans, watching the actions of the artillerymen with absorbing interest. After about half an hour a Federal shell—a percussion shell—struck a corner of the fence about the middle of the line of our company, and exploded, throwing rails high in the air. I looked around to see how many were killed and saw about a hundred of our recruits riding pellmell down the hill to the railroad bridge. As the piers of the bridge were only about eight feet apart, they could not all get through quick enough and many of them galloped along the railroad fill until they found a place to cross over. The rest of the company remained until the batteries ceased firing and were ordered back to camp. Just as we turned to form into column by twos, a boy about 18 years old fell from his horse near me. There had been no small-arm firing heard, and it was a mystery where the minie bullet came from that struck him down. In assisting his comrades to place him on his horse—for he did not belong to our command—I took good notice of his face, an extremely handsome, boyish one, though covered with the pallor of death, and I can recall its lineaments now.

### MISSING RECRUITS.

When we reached camp we found about twenty or thirty of our recruits missing. They had gone home and we learned had scattered the report all over the upper part of Wilson county to the effect that the Southern Confederacy was whipped and the army gone to demnition bowwows, and that there were a million of Yankees in Nashville, and every one of them carried a double barreled, self-cocking cannon. That is what the other boys told on them after they were brought back. Except the unmerciful "guying" by their comrades nothing was said or done to them. It is a curious fact that the recruits gathered up or rather those who voluntarily attached themselves to the various companies in which they had friends and relatives, were never sworn into the service. I lived to see these same boys who ran away from one shell make the best soldiers and the most stubborn fighters that any army ever contained. I formed an opinion then that I hold still, that Forrest never attached as much importance to exact drill and strict discipline as most successful commanders. I doubt if he knew enough of Hardee's tactics to drill a squad properly. If a soldier would stay at his post and fight whenever and as often and as long as necessary, he was satisfied.

That same night a soldier—a stranger—came to me and asked how badly hurt did I think the young man was that I had assisted to place on his horse. I told him I thought he would die.

"Did you see the wound?"

"No," I replied, "but I saw the death pallor on his face."

Another soldier by his side said:

"I don't think so, because I left the field hospital since dark and one of the lady nurses told him he was resting quietly and the doctors said he was doing as well as could be expected." The two friends went to see him next morning. He was dead.

This incident and some others similar gave me a reputation that brought me into bad repute with our chief surgeon, Dr. Swanson. A few days after the incident a young man named Grandstaff was on camp guard duty. He had set the butt of his shotgun on a low stump and was twirling it around when it slipped off the stump, the hammer, or hammers, struck the top of the stump, the gun was discharged and one or both loads passed through his right shoulder, entering the armpit and came out between the point of the shoulder and the neck, grazing his ear and singeing his hair. Being on duty nearby I was among the first to reach him. I took a good look at his face and saw on it the "death pallor," Drs. Swanson and Gooch dressed the wound where the boy fell and he was removed to a nearby house.

Next day Lieutenant D. W. Grandstaff came to me and said there was a wagon in camp from his neighborhood, and that if he knew his brother would die he could hold the wagon over till next day and send the remains home for interment at once by his friends without trouble or cost The lieutenant was overcome with grief, as it was his only brother, and he a mere boy about 16 years old and the pride of his mother. He begged me, with tears streaming from his eyes, to give him my candid opinion as to his brother's chances to get well. For a long time I declined to say, but yielding to his pleading at last, I told him to hold the wagon till next day.

Dr. Swanson heard of it. He was an exceedingly hot-tempered man and the most comprehensive, exhaustive and fluent "cusser" in Forest's entire command. Having "cussed" me "out," he assured Lieutenant Grandstaff that his brother had a fair chance to recover. The wagon was permitted to go home. The young man died the next day.

We lay around to the south of Nashville with headquarters at various places, Nolensville, Franklin, Spring Hill and Thompson Station, doing outpost and picket duty, which involved some fighting every day.

Most of us thought we were having a hard time, but we found before the year ended that we were, in reality, having the best time of our lives. Food and forage were plentiful, the men and horses in good condition, and, as a matter of fact, most of us preferred a scout or a fight to lying in camp and doing camp duty—for if there is anything a cavalryman hates worse than another it is doing camp guard duty. And it really was of no practical service, for if a soldier wanted to spend a day off to see "his girl" and get a good dinner, all he had to do was to see a friend on guard duty. But even that was unnecessary, for the officers were very lenient and would sign a pass without a question when there was no prospect of fighting on hand. Even Colonel Starnes and General Forrest would countersign a private's pass upon a plausible request.

It was the best army, the best material and the strangest mixture of men that composed any army that history gives any account of. It was essentially a volunteer army. Young men whose parents were wealthy slave owners, and who had never blackened their own shoes or brushed their own clothes in their lives, served as private soldiers under a captain whose father was, perhaps, a tenant on his father's farm. When in camp and off duty the company officers were called by their first names, and even by their nicknames if they had one, and nearly every cavalryman had one. Yet these sons of rich men obeyed orders from their officers as promptly and more cheerfully than the privates in the United States regular army under officers educated at West Point.

This class of soldiers needed but little knowledge of military tactics. On the contrary, it is my opinion that a perfect drill would have detracted from their fighting value. A regiment of well drilled men was simply one fighting machine. A regiment of Forrest's troops was composed of so many hundreds of individual fighting machines, each endowed with sufficient intelligence to take advantage in a fight of every obstacle, as a stump, tree, fence, or rise in the ground, to shield himself from the enemy's fire and enable him to deliver his own fire with deliberation and accuracy. Starnes' men did not much fear to charge a line of Yankee infantry who fired by volley by word of command. It looked to be probable that every one of our men would be killed or wounded, but these terrible volleys were often without any effect, as the Confederate lines were open, and all the men who could were behind some obstacle, and when they could deliver their fire it was effective.

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From Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch,* November 26, 1909.

## ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY.

Because there has been some confusion between the Memorial Day observed by the women of the South since the war between the States and the day adopted for the decoration of the graves of Northern soldiers who fell in the same war, the following account, written for the *New York Herald* by Mrs. John A. Logan, is given here. Mrs. Logan writes: "In the spring of 1868 General Logan and I were invited to visit the battle-grounds of the South with a party of friends. The South had been desolated by the war. The graves of her soldiers, however, seemed objects of the greatest care and attention. One grave yard that struck me as being specially pathetic was in Richmond. Just before our visit there had been a memorable observance, and upon each grave there had been placed a small Confederate flag and wreaths of beautiful flowers. When I returned to Washington, I spoke of it to the general and said I wished there could be concerted action of this kind all over the North for the decoration of our own soldiers' graves. At that time General Logan was commander-in-chief of the Grand Army. The next day he sent for Adjutant-General Chipman, and they conferred as to the best means of beginning a general observance. On May 5 of 1868, the historic order was issued."

# HETH INTENDED TO COVER HIS ERROR.

## Colonel John S. Mosby Gives His Version of New Chapter in Lee-Stuart Controversy.

**By Colonel JOHN S. MOSBY.**

The Times-Dispatch of February 20, at the request of Colonel T. M. R. Talcott publishes a letter written by General Heth over thirty years ago in reference to the manner in which he brought on the battle of Gettysburg without order from General Lee. Heth's letter was published in the Southern Historical Society Papers; but they did not publish my reply. This is the way that history is manufactured in Richmond.

I refer in my book, "Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign," to Heth's letter and quote it on pages 150-151-152-154.

Heth gives an entirely different account in this letter of the way the battle was precipitated against orders by A. P. Hill and himself from both his own and Hill's official reports to General Lee. The latter says they went on July 1st after shoes: both reports say they went to make a reconnaissance and do not say they went after shoes; nor do they pretend they went under orders. Heth's motive in writing his letter was to create a diversion from himself and to put historians on a false scent.

### WHAT RECORDS SHOW.

He says that the letter was written to give information to the Count of Paris. He succeeded in fooling the Count. According to Heth's letter only his division went after shoes. The Records show that A. P. Hill took Pender's and Heth's divisions and two battalions of artillery to make what he calls in his report to cover his blunder, a reconnaissance; but which it is clear he intended as nothing but a foray. In my book (page 152) I say, "Now Heth's story is contradicted by A. P. Hill, the commander of the corps, whose report says that he put Pender's division in to support Heth's that was in distress, and that about 2:30 in the afternoon, Ewell with Early and Rodes' divisions came in and formed a right angle to his line and the field was won.

"Just as true an account of the battle as Heth's letter can be found in the Pickwick Papers. Rodes' report shows that Heth's story is a fable. The truth is that when Heth, early in the morning went into action, General Lee was ten miles away west of the mountain, Heth tries to make it appear that Lee was on the field."

### OTHER REPORTS ON THE MOVEMENT.

"Pendleton's report says they heard the firing when they were on the western slope of the mountain and that General Lee did not understand it. When Rodes arived on the field Heth's division was in fragments. Heth says he 'stumbled' into the fight; he ought to have said he blundered into it. He says that had the cavalry been in position, General Lee would have known of Reynold's approach to Gettysburg and would have occupied the place and made it impregnable. But the absence of cavalry was no reason for Heth's going there on a raid; it might have been a good reason for his staying in camp. This statement assumes that Gettysburg was Lee's objective point; it was not. Lee was as willing for Meade to be at Gettysburg as anywhere else; he had no idea of going there himself before he heard the firing. He went to the rescue of A. P. Hill and Heth."

"General Lee had known for a week that Meade was moving North from Frederick and that he must be in the vicinity of Gettysburg. As a cavalry division was already there, he knew without being told that Meade's army must be near. He selected and held Cashtown Pass as his point of concentration because nature made it impregnable. He would have a mountain-wall to cover his flank and the rich Cumberland Valley behind him.

"If he had ordered the army to Gettysburg he would have been with the leading division and would have occupied the place several days before, instead of halting Hill's corps at Cashtown.

"There was more reason for censuring Lee for being absent from the field than Stuart.

"It is impossible to believe that General Lee ever professed the ignorance of the movements of Stuart that Heth, Long, and his staff-officers have attributed to him. If he had done so, it would have been affectation. He knew that his and Longstreet's orders would carry Stuart for a while into a state of eclipse; around the enemy, out of sight, and out of communication with him.

"Heth delivered the judgment in his letter that 'the failure to crush the Federal army in Pennsylvania can be expressed in five words—the absence of cavalry; 'I would rather say it was due to the presence of Heth.'"

### THE MUCH-MOOTED LETTER-BOOK.

"In another letter in the Philadelphia Times of December 27, 1877, Heth professes to have read in General Lee's letter-book his instructions to Stuart to keep in close contact and communication with Longstreet. Now the contents of the letter-book have since been published and I have read the original copies. Heth's account of what he read in the book is pure fiction. Instead of ordering Stuart to keep on Longstreet's flank, he ordered him to leave Longstreet in Virginia, cross the Potomac, and join Ewell on the Susquehanna—a hundred miles away.

"It was all the same to Lee at what ford Stuart crossed the Potomac.

"Heth's letter was written to give information to the Count of Paris. It is the origin of his criticism of Stuart in his History of the War.

"As for cavalry there were as many with Ewell as there were with Reynolds that day. Buford fought his two brigades dismounted in the morning when Heth attacked him. There were no cavalry charges on either side. If there had existed any necessity to make a reconnaissance Lee's headquarters were near and so were Ewell's cavalry. The order should have come from the commander-in-chief. Hill and Heth never informed him of the exploit they meditated. He would never have sanctioned it."

Now Heth says that if our cavalry had been there there would have been no battle at Gettysburg. He does not say how cavalry could have kept him and Hill away; he unconsciously pays a high tribute to the commander of the cavalry and criticizes General Lee. Stuart was away by Lee's orders. If anybody was to blame for the absence of the cavalry it was General Lee.

### STUART COULD HAVE DONE NO MORE.

All that Stuart could have done if he had been there would have been to tell Hill and Heth that if they went to Gettysburg they would be sure to precipitate a battle before the army was concentrated and where Lee did not intend to fight one.

A body of cavalry could have done no more. But Hill and Heth were not blind—they knew the enemy held Gettysburg; so they did not need cavalry to tell them. They evidently expected to bag a few thousand Yankees, return to Cashtown, and present them to General Lee that evening. But to use a common expression "they bit off more than they could chaw." They left Cashtown at 5 in the morning in as gay spirits as John Gilpin's when he started off to Edmonton to have a wedding feast.

It was after all not much of a feast.

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## WISDOM'S FAMOUS RAID.

### Heroic Journey Recalled by His Death in Alabama.

GADSDEN, ALA., July 29.

John H. Wisdom, who died near here to-day at the age of eighty-seven years, won fame in 1865 by a daring all night ride from Gadsden to Rome, Ga., a distance of sixty-seven miles, which resulted in the capture by the Confederate cavalry leader, General N. B. Forrest, of General Abel D. Straight, and the saving of the Confederates of the foundries and stores at Rome.

Wisdom started from the east shore of the Coosa River shortly after night-fall on his perilous trip, covering the distance in less than seven hours, and using on the trip seven horses. He arrived at Rome six hours ahead of General Straight, and the city was prepared for the latter's coming, General Straight and many of his raiders taken prisoners.

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